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THE ARGUMENT FOR BELIEF.

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ONE of the characteristics of the present age is the boldness with which many of its most active minds bring all beliefs, howsoever ancient and sacred, to the test of reason. Although there is a danger that men who too readily change their views will be led into error by specious arguments, and we must all, in many things, be content to accept the general opinions of our ancestors, since life is too short to inquire adequately into all branches of knowledge, there can be no doubt that this habit of mind has tended in modern times to the advancement of truth. This tendency of our age makes it necessary, however, that the logical grounds for a belief in the fundamental truths of religion should be restated in various forms. Otherwise a destructive criticism, which has the charm of novelty, may receive undue weight, and the very love of truth be productive of error.

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It is of importance, in the first place, to determine what is the exact position to be assigned to our reasoning faculties. Are they the only source of knowledge, besides our bodily senses, so that we can only be said to know what we have either learned by our senses or proved by our reason? Or have we other spiritual faculties which may give us even a greater certitude?

Our consciousness is sufficient to teach us that we know things apart from our senses and our reason. Neither sense nor reason can make us sure that the world around us has any objective reality; yet we are sure of our own existence and of that of the world in which we live. Indeed, intuition, although even it may lead us into mistakes, seems to be the surest of all sources of knowledge. The use of reason seems to be, partly, to extend by in-

ference the knowledge which we derive from our intuitions and our senses, and, chiefly, to test the information so derived. It enables us to detect, and entitles us to cast aside, beliefs which can be shown to be false. It may go far, in some cases, to show that particular beliefs are true; but it does not entitle us to reject all knowledge of which we are unable to give logical proof.

If this is the true province of reason, it must be of the greatest importance to determine whether a belief in the usually received doctrines of Christianity is reasonable.

Is there a God? That is the first question which a serious person will ask himself. Upon the answer to that question his right course of conduct must, in large measure, depend. It has been said that it is impossible for man to know that there is a God. Certainly, it is impossible to know completely any being who has the attributes of a God. Those attributes necessarily involve the idea of infinity, which our minds cannot comprehend. Moreover, no being can expect fully to understand that which is greater than itself. A God who could be fully comprehended by man would be inferior to man himself, and less worthy of worship. It seems, however, equally clear that any being, although infinitely great, can reveal to men His qualities, and enable them to know Him as certainly, although not as completely, as they know the material objects around them. Even matter is itself only imperfectly understood; its real nature is unknown; but we are not therefore ignorant of its qualities. All the material universe is a finite part of that which is infinite, revealed to finite beings; for we cannot but believe that space, although we perceive only the finite part of it, is infinite. Again, we can not only understand the qualities of matter, but we can learn, and that even more perfectly, the effect which material objects have upon ourselves. There is, therefore, nothing contrary to our experience in an infinite Being revealing to us His attributes in a finite form, and teaching us what is His will and what will be His conduct toward us.

If, then, we ask whether there is in fact a Being who has thus revealed Himself, a strong probability that there is arises from the fact that this has been the almost universal belief of mankind. Such a belief

can hardly be accidental. It must spring either from the belief being one which commends itself to our nature or from the fact having been at some time made known to men and a tradition of the truth having been handed down. The fact of the existence of God, however, is capable of logical demonstration from our primary intuitions. The belief that all change has a cause is one of our intuitive perceptions. Either, then, the material universe has always existed or there is some other Being that brought it into existence. In either case there must be an existence which has been from everlasting. Moreover, we see around us constant changes; we give the causes of them various names, such as "gravity," "attention," "vital force;" but the changes show either that matter has in itself powers of activity or that some external Being is daily causing the motions of the universe. In either case there must be an existence which has been from eternity and is still instinct with action and power throughout infinite space. Such an existence may well be denominated God.

The question is, Is this God intelligent? immediately arises. The adaptation of means to an end implies intelligence. If a geologist finds in the ground a stone not only chipped into the shape of an axe, but with a hole for a handle, he instantly assumes that it is the work of a man, not the result of chance. He is obliged to believe that the cause must have had intelligence. The world is full of instances of the adaptation of means to ends. The eye is an elaborate instrument; the insects have special means of concealment from their enemies; the different joints of the body are adapted to the purposes for which they are required. All these are proofs of intelligence. It may be said that Darwin has shown that they are the result of the laws of natural selection. Even if this be so, the argument is not affected. A piece of machine-made lace, although in the actual making of it no thought may have been needed, is no less a proof of intelligence than a piece of lace that is made by hand. The lace is a proof of intelligence either in the making of the fabric itself or in the making of the machines by which it has been woven. Thus, if the instances of adaptation in the world are the results of the laws of nature, the laws are themselves proof that there is an

intelligent cause to which they owe their origin, which can only be God.

Two important inquiries remain. (1) Is the material universe God? or is God a spirit who has created and sustains it? (2) If God is a spirit who created and is sustaining the material universe, is He a person in the sense in which we are each conscious of a separate individuality, having feelings, desires, and wills of our own?

The existence of spirit as distinct from matter is known to us by our personal consciousness. Although some scientific men may have reasoned themselves into the belief that their material bodies are the whole of themselves, and are the source of feelings, of will, and of thought, the almost universal belief of men has been to the contrary; and most men have an intuition of the same kind as that by which they recognize the reality of the world around, that they themselves are distinct from their material bodies, although closely connected with and dependent upon them. Scientific men admit that they cannot explain how our bodies should think and feel; nor can they produce from matter any phenomena in any degree resembling those of thought and will. Thus, there is no evidence to contradict that afforded by our own consciousness. If there are spirits distinct from and superior in power to mere matter it is almost certain that God is a spirit. Otherwise, the less would be producing and sustaining the greater. Besides, if the only intelligences we know are spirits, the probability is that God, the infinite mind, also is a spirit.

Similar reasoning leads to the belief that God is a person. Our consciousness tells us that our personality is one of our highest attributes; and all the spirits that we know are persons. It is reasonable, therefore, to believe that God is an intelligent and personal spirit. The certainty of this can be derived only from individual consciousness, or from a revelation made by Him to mankind.

It should never be forgotten, that although we may be able to show that this view is reasonable, it either is or is not true in fact. Our belief, or non-belief, cannot affect its reality, or lessen the result of our opposing or incurring the anger of God if His existence is real. Further, it must be remembered that it is reasonable to act on probabilities. Only a fool

will fail to provide against a probable danger because it is not certain to befall him. In daily life our actions are seldom guided by a certain knowledge of results. It is true that personal intercourse with God needs trust and fixed belief. Probability, however, should suffice to lead a man to follow the moral law, and to seek to know God, opening his heart to receive any teachings that may be given him. To men who do so there comes a certainty from the consciousness of their own spirits holding communion with the Divine Spirit. Such certainty, if above reason, is not contrary to reason. Facts and inferences, as we have seen, are confirmatory.

The next question to be considered is, Has God revealed His will to men? and, if so, in what way?

It would certainly seem probable that a personal God having control over men, and moved by wishes which must necessarily have some relation to their conduct, would make those wishes known to them. This would be the case with the only personal spirits of whom we have distinct knowledge, from whose conduct we may fairly reason by analogy. There are two ways in which it might be supposed that God would thus reveal His will. Either He would so create men that they should have an instinctive knowledge of His will, or He would communicate it to the minds of some men, and lead them, either by speech or by writing, to communicate it to the rest of the race. There is a third possibility. In itself it does not seem probable; but it has been expected by a large part of mankind. God might assume the human form, and make known His will by example as well as by precept. Such a revelation, although, like all finite revelations of the infinite, only partial and incomplete, would be more nearly perfect than any other.

In setting out to inquire whether a revelation has been made in one, or in all, of those ways, we must remember that a revelation, as we have seen, is not, as is often assumed, improbable. Whether there has or has not been a revelation is a matter of fact to be inquired into, like any other matter of fact. The evidence for and against it must be weighed and compared.

First, then: Are men possessed of a nature which itself teaches them what is, and what is not, according to the will of

God? That a large majority of men are conscious of a feeling of right and wrong no one, probably, will deny. This sense of right and wrong is not the same as the consciousness of what is desirable either for ourselves or for others; nor can it be explained as the result of long experience of what is advantageous to ourselves or to society. That might give rise to a tendency to act in a particular way, but it would hardly create a feeling of duty. On the other hand it is a fact that different races and persons have different feelings as to right and wrong. On most points, however, there is a very general consent. The most reasonable view, therefore, seems to be that the Creator has imbued us with a consciousness of His will, but that this has in some way become imperfect.

Secondly: Has God revealed His will by making certain men speak or write under His influence or teaching? There has been a belief among many nations that He has done so, and many writings are said to have been thus inspired; but the real interest of the question centres round the Bible, which has for centuries been believed by many of the ablest and noblest men to be a revelation from God. The fact of the existence of other sacred books may be used as an argument both for and against the Bible. The general belief in inspired writings seems to imply either that they are probable or that such writings are known to exist. On the other hand, the existence of such other books clearly shows that books may be received as divine which are not really so; and, therefore, the evidence of the inspiration of the Bible should be carefully examined and weighed.

The nature and extent of God's influence in the preparation of the books (or, in other words, the nature of inspiration) may be considered separately. The first and most important question is whether this collection of books, which professes to contain a statement of the character of God, of His will respecting men, of the cause of the imperfections of conscience and the disobedience of men to its dictates, and of a means by which men can be restored to perfect goodness and happiness, is or is not an imposture? It is impossible even to summarize here all the arguments that may be used. The following considerations, however, may show

that it is not unreasonable to believe that the Bible is a revelation from God.

1. As we have shown, there is nothing *a priori* improbable in this. On the contrary, a written revelation is probable; and there is no other book having such evidence of inspiration as the Bible. It is for those who say that the Bible is not inspired to prove their assertion.

2. The teachings of the book are wholly opposed to imposture and deceit, and leave upon the mind of the reader an impression of truthfulness.

3. The book appeals to our consciences, and generally agrees with them; and so conscience and the Bible may be presumed to be the work of the same Being.

4. The book contains prophecies the fulfilments of which are too remarkable to be the result of accident: prophecies which cannot be explained as the result of human foresight.

5. The effect of the study of the book is to produce, both in nations and in individuals, the highest character and a special love of truth.

6. It contains in its description of the character of Christ the most perfect ideal that has ever been known, even according to the admission of those who disbelieve in its divine authority; and its description of man is entirely consistent with known facts. It can hardly be expected that these would be found in a work of impostors or of fanatics.

There are arguments on the other side; but those arguments rest mainly upon alleged imperfections in the moral teachings of the Bible, or untruth in its statements in matters of history and science. It is improbable that a divine revelation should contain such imperfections and errors; but our experience of the imperfections of conscience, and our knowledge (from observation and the Bible) of the imperfections and sins of man, lessen the improbability; nor can we ever judge with much certainty of the actions of an infinite Being.

Moreover, even those who feel most strongly the imperfections of the Bible would almost always admit that in the character of its ancient history, in the beauty of its morality, and in its effect upon character, it far excels all other ancient writings.

It is often said that any supernatural fact, such as an inspired book, ought only

to be accepted on absolutely conclusive proof. This affirmation rests upon a misconception. If the existence of a revelation is probable (although it must from its very nature be supernatural—that is, outside, and apart from, the usual experiences of the natural world), then, if the Bible can be shown to be the only book which fulfils the necessary conditions, it should be accepted until it is disproved. There will be in its very existence a sufficient justification of its claim to guide our actions according to the principles upon which we usually act.

Thirdly, we have to inquire whether there is evidence to show that God has appeared in human form, teaching by example as well as by precept.

That Jesus Christ lived and taught, and died is proved not only by the accounts of His life, the Gospels, which, if not contemporaneous, are certainly of an early date, but by references in Josephus and other Jewish and heathen writers. It is proved also by the very existence of the Christian religion, and of the rites of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper, which cannot be explained otherwise. The question of vital importance to man's faith and conduct is, whether He was only a man, or was, in any real sense, an incarnation of the Divine Spirit and a revelation of God.

It may be well at this stage to repeat what has been said with regard to another matter. 1. The divinity of Christ is a matter of fact which cannot be affected by men's opinions respecting it. He either was or was not divine; and facts, whether we believe them or not, have an effect upon our lives. 2. There are means of knowledge other than our senses and our reason; and the chief function of reason is to test knowledge, howsoever derived.

Most Christians assert that they have a present personal relation to Christ which makes them certain of His existence and divinity. Such intuitive knowledge is not impossible; but the force of the statements as evidence to persons who do not share the consciousness is weakened by the fact that similar statements have been made with respect to other divinities, which must be fictitious if Christianity is true. The statements of Christians, however, are specially worthy of credit, because those who make them include many of the wisest and best men of the most enlightened age and country; and because

they are usually accompanied by a change of character and life, which can be explained only on the ground that the statements are true. Apart from this direct evidence the proofs of the divinity of Christ are of many kinds. The character of Christ is not consistent with the theory that He was an impostor or a fanatic. Yet He must have been one of these if He made a false claim to be divine. That He did make that claim is certain, unless the Gospels were either written with an intention to deceive or are spurious and were written later than they profess to have been written. The former hypothesis is disproved by the character of the writings themselves; the latter is contrary to the best and most modern critical evidence. The effect of Christianity in changing savage and barbarous men into men of merciful and holy lives, and in raising the nations among whom it spreads to the highest civilization and power, shows that, unless an imposture can have such an effect, to believe which is contrary to our intuitions as well as to our experience, the Gospels are a real revelation. All the evidence for the inspiration of the Bible is evidence of the divinity of Christ, for the divinity of Christ is plainly asserted in the Bible. If that is inspired, Christ must have been divine.

Some of the reasons usually adduced for denying that Christ is divine must be considered.

The fact that a divine person is outside our experience is no evidence against His existence. In the nature of things, He must be unique. If it could be proved that the Bible was of no special authority this would only take away one branch of the argument in favor of the divinity of Christ. It would be no evidence against it. No attempt has been made to show that there is anything in Christ's character or life, as disclosed in the Bible, inconsistent with divinity. It has been said that so great and surprising an event as the Incarnation ought to have the strongest proof before it is believed. The greater the issues at stake, however, the more reasonable it is to act upon the faintest probability. Very slight evidence that the house was on fire would induce a person to escape, or to take steps to extinguish the fire; and the issues dependent upon the divinity of Christ are the greatest that can be conceived. We have al-

ready seen that, although the Incarnation is important and unique, there is no inherent improbability in an Incarnation. Any evidence in its favor ought, therefore, to be sufficient to influence our conduct. Other opponents rely on the fact that Christianity has been disbelieved by some of the greatest men of modern times. But the greatest men in the two professions whose training best fits them to judge of evidence and to appreciate mental phenomena, lawyers and politicians, have in our generation accepted Christianity. Lord Cairns, Lord Hatherley, Lord Selborne, Lord Herschell, and Lord Halsbury (the last five Lord Chancellors), Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury (the last two Prime Ministers), have been avowed Christians. It is perhaps true that most of the present leaders of physical science do not believe in Christ; but professors of physical science are the persons whose opinion on this question is the least deserving of weight. Our powers and faculties are always dependent upon use. No one would apply to a musician on a question depending on delicate sight; or to a London artificer, instead of to an agricultural laborer, to have omens of the weather interpreted. By the very nature of their pursuits, the professors of physical science are obliged to study only the phenomena of the material universe, and to seek no explanation of that which they observe from spiritual sources; and thus their powers of discerning spiritual facts are necessarily weakened. Some of them, of course, apart from their scientific pursuits, will keep up a relationship with spiritual truth; and men like Stokes and Huggins, of our own day, like Maxwell, and like Faraday and Newton, in former generations, have been among the greatest men of science and yet devout believers in revelation. It must also be remembered that religious questions such as those with which we have been dealing are those in which bias is especially likely to arise and to influence the judgment; and in regard to which, therefore, we have least reason to rely implicitly on the opinions of persons distinguished only by intellectual eminence.

The evidence in favor of each of the truths which we have been discussing is greatly increased when the truths are viewed as a whole. The chief ground upon which many scientific truths, such as

the law of gravitation, are believed is that they afford a reasonable explanation of facts that are known to exist, or, at least, of so many of them that the imperfection of our knowledge may well account for their appearing to be inconsistent with the rest.

The same argument may be used in favor of the existence of God, and the truth of His revelation in the Bible and in Christ. We find a world marked by intelligence and goodness, yet full of suffering and apparent defects; we find men with consciences, whose moral nature is imperfect. The Bible gives a reasonable explanation of these incongruities. It tells us of a God, perfect in love and in power, but ruling by laws which cannot be broken with impunity; and of a plan adopted by God for saving His creatures from the result of their sin, without lessening the authority of His laws. The difficulties which appear in this explanation have been shown in the famous work of Bishop Butler to be found also in the facts we actually experience in the world. Therefore, they cannot be a well-founded objection to Christianity. The fact that Christianity deals largely with matters that are infinite accounts for its containing much that is incapable of proof, and even some things that are apparently contradictory; and prevents the latter from affording any argument against it. It may at first sight appear that this would afford an answer to the objections to the other schemes which have been put forward by the opponents of Christianity to account for the phenomena around us. Such schemes, however, are founded on material and finite considerations, and we can, therefore, state with certainty that they would not account for the results which we observe.

Although any one who has admitted the reasonableness of the conclusions at which we have arrived will find in them sufficient to lead him to spend his life in the worship and service of God, there are two further questions upon which he will naturally seek to form an opinion.

First: In what sense is the Bible a revelation? Is it such a direct revelation that we may trust it implicitly? and are bound by its statements and commands? Or is it only a book containing the opinions of wise and holy men, made so by divine influence, from which, by the aid of our

own reason and conscience, we are to learn what is God's will concerning us?

It might have at first appeared certain that if God gave a revelation to man it would have been sure to be a perfect one; but the fact that our consciences are imperfect destroys any such presumption. The question, therefore, is one that must be considered upon its own evidence. The only person whose opinion on the subject ought to be conclusive is Jesus Christ. He, if divine, must have known the mode in which the Bible was written, and in what sense it is the Word of God. Whatever He has said upon the subject must be taken in due relation to the knowledge and belief of those who heard Him; but He could not, it would seem, without a failure in truthfulness, have used as conclusive what He knew was not so, or stated the Bible to be infallible, and the Word of God, when He was aware that it was not. There appears to be no doubt that the Jews had the Old Testament, in the days of Jesus Christ, substantially as we have it now, and that it was this Testament that He used. The important question, therefore, is, What did He say regarding it? The four Gospels profess in several passages to give an account of His sayings respecting it. At this stage it cannot be assumed that they are strictly accurate; but as writings by contemporaries, and in some sense a revelation, we may accept them as giving His teachings substantially. What the four Gospels state to be His teachings on this matter each person must decide for himself. The facts are well summarized in a little book by the Swiss Reformer Gaussen, entitled *It is Written*. It can hardly be doubted that Christ everywhere treats the statements of the Old Testament as entirely trustworthy, and its history as true. On several occasions, when quoting passages not differing, apparently, from the rest of the Psalms, or other book that He is quoting, He used the expression, "The Lord said," or "God said." Putting all the passages together, any one who was merely seeking to ascertain His opinion, as he might seek to ascertain that of any theologian from his writings, would not doubt that he thought the Old Testament was a binding record of the will of God, and that it contained not merely the teachings of holy men, but teachings which God in some way made them put down as His

message to men. To adopt the expression which Paul uses of the opinions of the Thessalonians about his own teaching: He accepts it not merely as the word of man, but as the Word of God. If the Old Testament is in this sense a revelation from God, few will doubt that the New Testament is equally so. It has all the same characteristics. It has had the same effect upon men's character. It has been equally accepted by the best men as truly inspired. It is necessary to complete the revelation shadowed forth by the Old Testament, with which it is in accord. If we turn to the writings of the apostles, who were the companions of Christ, and must have known His opinions, and who themselves claim to be under a divine influence, we find them also treating the Bible as a divine revelation. The question then arises: Are there such conclusive reasons for thinking that the Bible is not in this sense the Word of God, as to outweigh the evidence as to the opinions of Christ and His apostles, or the reliance that we should place in them?

Before considering some of the arguments that are relied on by the supporters of the opposite view, let us see what is involved in a statement that the Bible is a revelation from God, written directly under His influence, so that it may be truly called His Word.

I. It does not follow that a text taken at random will be true in fact or in its teaching. To write a dialogue in which one person should state false views, and the other should give the answers to them, may be the best way of conveying truth; yet no one would quote a sentence from the former as expressing the writer's own opinions.

II. Physical facts will be spoken of according to their apparent rather than according to their real nature. An astronomer, as well as the most ignorant person, would speak of the sun "rising" and "moving across the heavens;" yet no one would accuse him of untruthfulness.

III. Whatever was the nature of the inspiration under which the books of the Bible were written, it has been left to man to preserve them during a succession of ages, and to make them known, by translations, to the different races of men; and in both processes errors are likely to have found their way into the English Bible. This does not prevent the question

whether, as originally written, the Bible was correct from being of importance. We are able, by care and study, to attain more and more closely to the original words; but if these cannot be relied on we have no means of correcting them.

IV. A revelation, intended for all ages, must contain parts specially suited to different nations and times, and should not be judged entirely from one point of view. The lessons which a wise teacher gives to a child are different from the advice which he tenders to the youth going forth into the world, or to the man who is perplexed amid the duties of life; and teaching which is appropriate to Christian civilization would have been useless to the early Jewish nation. The morality, indeed, cannot be inconsistent if the whole Bible is a revelation of the Divine Being, nor the statements of His character or nature contradictory; but different views of duty may be given, and the revelation may be fuller as men are prepared to receive it.

It is impossible here to consider all the arguments that have been adduced to show that the Bible is not a revelation, or that it is, at most, only a book from which, by the aid of our own consciences and intuitions, we are to extract the truth. One or two of them, however, may be dealt with; and certain general considerations tending to show that the balance of evidence is in favor of the view expressed may be suggested.

It is said that the books of the Bible are clearly composite, and that, in particular, the early chapters of Genesis are formed of parts of two earlier documents. Whether this be so or not, there is no ground for saying that the way in which God influenced the writers to convey His will would be by original composition only, and not by compilation from existing documents. The nature of the action of the Divine Spirit upon the human spirit is outside the range of our reasoning faculties, and the fact that its result is not what we should have expected will not, therefore, render the belief in it unreasonable. It would appear, moreover, both from our personal experience in the present day, and from the fact that the personal characteristics and style of the writers are as marked in those prophetic passages, which must have been the result of verbal guidance, as in any others, that inspiration, whatever its nature may be, does

not prevent the personal action of the mind of the writer.

It is said, also, that the style and the dialect of the earlier books of the Old Testament show that they were written long after their professed dates—probably after the Babylonian captivity. This is not an opinion held by all biblical scholars in the same way as the Copernican system is held true by all scientific men. The dates of the writing of the books of the Bible are not facts which can be proved by experiment like a fact in nature. These late dates only represent the opinion formed by certain scholars. Scholars of as great learning, heretical and orthodox, have, until a late period, held views different from those to which I have adverted, and there has been no discovery of fresh documents or facts which would prevent the opinions of earlier students from being of weight. Similar opinions have from time to time been held respecting other authors; and they have not always, after further inquiry, proved correct. The question appears to be one upon which an ordinary reader may to a great extent use his own judgment. A spurious book can usually be detected by the ordinary reader. It is indeed a grave disadvantage to read only a translation, in which the marks of a late origin may be concealed; but against this we may set the fact that a student whose mind is constantly employed in examining minute matters is apt to exaggerate their importance, and to lose the consciousness of those broad characteristics which are yet the most important marks of genuineness.

It is objected that the Bible contains an account of miraculous events, and vouches their reality. Now, if a miraculous revelation is probable (as has been shown), miracles cannot be improbable. In all human affairs those who make general laws or rules act apart from them in special circumstances. There seems no ground, therefore, in the fact that the God, who made the universe, governs it by general laws, for supposing that He will not act apart from those laws when occasion arises. A miracle without any reason for it is improbable. A miracle in connection with a divine revelation is not.

Lastly, it is said that the Bible is full of contradictions, of statements which can be shown to be inaccurate, and of doctrines which are contrary to true morality

as taught us by our consciences or by other parts of the Bible itself. With regard to the Bible's opposition to our conscience, it must be remembered that the use of a revelation is to correct our consciences, and that it will probably, therefore, differ from them on some points; but if it is otherwise proved to be a revelation it should be used to correct our opinions, and should not be subordinated to them. A revelation which is only to be followed when it agrees with our previous views cannot be of much avail. Of the inaccuracies, some are, doubtless, due to mis-copys and mistranslations. Some statements which seem inaccurate seem so because of our own lack of knowledge.

With regard to the contradictions in doctrine, and in statements, which are to be found in the Bible, it must have been noticed by any one accustomed to biblical study that many apparent contradictions which have seemed quite insoluble have been shown by some happy suggestion to be no contradictions at all. The question to be settled, therefore, is, whether it is more likely that there are explanations in the other cases, which we have not discovered or heard of, or that the divine revelation should have contained contradictions. On the one hand, the imperfection of our consciences shows that a divine revelation is not necessarily perfect or complete. On the other hand, there are the arguments already brought forward—especially the teaching of Christ and His apostles—to show that the Bible is altogether trustworthy. There is a danger that Christian men, in weighing these arguments, should lean unconsciously to the view of the modern critics. The dread of so-called narrowness (although where the truth is narrow this can be no fault) influences some. The fact that, in some cases, the opinions of Christian men have had to be changed to accord with the discoveries of science leads others to the unscientific view that facts suggested, but not yet proved, may be treated as certain, and that, therefore, Christian belief should be made to accord with them. Many assertions supposed to be statements of facts will in the future be disproved; and, if the preponderance of evidence (taking due account of the Bible and religious probabilities) be against them, it is unreasonable to believe them. It is a tendency too hastily to accept facts and theories that

have not been established, rather than a tendency to narrowness, that is the danger of the present age.

On the whole, the weight of authority and evidence at present constrains us to believe that God influenced the spirits of certain men from time to time in such a way as to lead them to write or to compile books which, with a view to the wants of succeeding ages, were the most fitted to convey His will to men; that those books may be relied on for our guidance in morality and in religion; and that as originally written they contained nothing that could not be fairly put forth by a Being who knew all things and was truthful, and, indeed, Himself the Truth. We are bound to submit our consciences to the teaching of those books. This view of the Bible appears to be strongly confirmed by the influence which the book has, upon those who read it reverently, in producing characters the general excellence of which is acknowledged by all.

It remains to consider the substance of the revelation which is contained in the Bible and in the life and death of Christ, and whether there is anything in it contrary to reason or conscience. It is sometimes asserted that the division of Christians into sects shows that there is no certainty what the revelation is. The fact that Christians do not feel bound to agree on all points gives, on the contrary, additional certainty that the main points, those on which they do agree, are really the substance of the revelation. Their differences in other and minor matters are in accordance with those of other works of God, which are always marked by variety in form and structure. There is a practical unanimity among Christians upon certain points. Christians are unanimous that men are sinners, who have broken the divine law, and are liable to a punishment which is described as death and involves great suffering; that Christ, the divine revelation and incarnation, died to save men from their sin; that, in consequence of His death, some men will escape the punishment of their sins, and will have an everlasting life; and that, at any rate in the case of those who have heard of Christ and His offer of pardon, this requital depends upon their believing in Christ and their acceptance of His offer. Some doubt whether salvation depends upon the death of Christ, and not only on

the example and teaching of His life, has been expressed. The sacrifices in the Old Testament which were prophetic of Christ's salvation, and the two memorial rites of the New Testament, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, are representative of His death; and it can hardly be denied that, according to the teaching of the apostles (which must be accepted if the Bible is a revelation), we are saved by the death of Christ. Is such a doctrine reasonable? Wherever men are associated together, whether in places of business or in political states, it is necessary, in order to secure their happiness, that rules should be laid down for their government. This is more necessary as their numbers are larger, and their interests more complicated. It would seem reasonable to suppose the same thing must be of supreme importance in the government of the universe. It is easy to see that in the natural universe it is only the perfect regularity of what we call material laws that makes any provision for the future, or, indeed, any happy existence in the present, at all possible. There can be no reason to doubt that the same is true with respect to moral laws. All such rules and laws necessarily have a sanction. It would be impossible in any human institution to give such effect to the laws as is necessary to the happiness of the community, if those who broke them were left unpunished. Thus, in large establishments the kindest masters often feel bound to prosecute in a case of theft, although the criminal is sincerely

repentant. They would gladly overlook the crime if he alone had to be considered. It would seem that if pardon is ever to be given it must be under conditions which would prevent other transgressors expecting to escape, and secure that the guilty persons themselves should not repeat the offence. The Law-giver Himself suffering the penalty, in whole or in part, would seem to afford the necessary assurance of His determination not to treat lightly the transgression of His law, and thus to enable Him justly, and without danger to others, to forgive those for whom He suffered the punishment. It would also seem to give the offenders the strongest motive, the motive of gratitude, not to repeat the offence; but this only if they have accepted the pardon offered and recognized the Law-giver as their Saviour. Moreover, the apostles teach that the acceptance of pardon through Christ is accompanied by a spiritual influence which causes a change of character, and that those who really believe may be known by their holy lives. The experience of actual life confirms this. The apparent exceptions are no more than would be expected to arise from the profession of faith being often hypocritical, and from the defects of human nature rendering all human holiness imperfect. The plan of salvation revealed to us in the Bible, and resting on the life and death of Christ as a divine man, is thus in accordance with human experience and the teachings of reason.—*National Review*.

THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE.*

BY PROFESSOR T. E. THORPE, F.R.S.

MOST people who take any interest in those larger problems with which men of science are nowadays concerned are aware that there are certain questions relating to the chemistry and physics of the sun which, at present, can only be solved by observations made during the fleeting moments of the total phase of a solar eclipse. Thanks to the action of the *Nautical Almanac* office in this country, and of similar institutions in other countries, we

have not only ample warning of the advent of an eclipse of the sun, but we are furnished with such details concerning the time of its occurrence, the direction of the path of the moon's shadow on the earth, and the duration of the various phases, that we are enabled to decide whether it is expedient to attempt to seize the precious seconds during which the sun is obscured by the moon, in order to get further light on those questions which, as has been said, can only be at present solved, or at least studied, at such times.

The general phenomena of a solar eclipse

* A discourse delivered at the Royal Institution, on Friday evening, June 9th, 1893.

are now matters of common knowledge ; their character is well calculated, indeed, to affect even the dullest imagination. We have all read of the peculiar shadows cast by the sun as the moon seems to advance across his disk ; of the curious crescent-shaped spots formed, for example, on the earth by the sunlight shining through the interspaces among the leaves of trees ; of the greenish-yellow light which seems to pervade the air a short time before totality ; of the gloom and fall of temperature ; of the amazing rush of the mighty shadow which sweeps along with a velocity far greater even than that of the swiftest cannon-ball ; of the curious quiver in the air ; and of the fringes, or alternate light and dark bands, which are seen on every broad white surface. As the last glint of yellow light disappears, the observer for the moment is dazed by the sudden transition to gloom. The darkness is not really very great, and as the eye becomes accustomed to the change there is little difficulty, at least under ordinary conditions, in discerning the time on a watch. The black disk of the moon is now seen to be surrounded by a kind of aureole or corona, in which the evidences of "structure" are discernible by the naked eye, and are very readily seen in a telescope of even moderate power. The color of this aureole is a pearly gray. Its form is seldom symmetrical or concentric with that of the moon. Sometimes it tends to be almost square, or roughly quadrangular, although here and there are long streamers or pointed rays, extending to a considerable distance beyond the general outline. Here and there, too, are dark spaces or rifts reaching, not unfrequently, right down to the limb of the moon, showing that the matter of the appendage, whatever its real nature may be, is not uniformly distributed throughout the entire region. The brightness of this aureole is very unequal in different parts. Close to the limb it may have a brightness three or four times that of the moon, but the intensity diminishes rapidly as we proceed outward, although the rate of diminution is not in accordance with the law of inverse squares. In the lower regions of this aureole and resting, apparently, on the very edge of the lunar disk, are bright-colored spots or points, sometimes of a rosy-red color. Occasionally they are seen to be detached from the limb and

appear to be suspended in the true corona. These are the so-called "prominences" or "protuberances ;" their forms and motion can nowadays be studied without the intervention of an eclipse. Indeed, they are now systematically watched and mapped in observatories specially equipped for the purpose. Their number varies with the solar cycle. At times of many sun-spots they are relatively numerous, while as a minimum sun-spot period is approached they become gradually fewer. Hence, then, the number seen during a total eclipse is, broadly speaking, dependent on the period of the solar cycle at which the eclipse occurs. Thanks, however, to the spectroscope, we are no longer concerned with these prominences during a total eclipse, and accordingly we can concentrate all our energies at such a time on the observation and study of the corona. But the growth of our knowledge of this mysterious thing is, under present conditions, necessarily very slow ; indeed, we can never hope to answer all the numerous questions which arise concerning it until we are in the same position in regard to it as we are in respect to the chromosphere and the prominences. So long as we were dependent on eye-observations alone, made during the few seconds of totality, and under a state of great mental strain, the statements were certain to be contradictory and perplexing. The conditions under which the observations have to be made are so completely foreign to our common experience, that even the most imperturbable of men cannot be wholly unaffected by them. The curious light, the sudden gloom, the extraordinary sight which bursts, as it were, into existence, unconsciously influence the imagination. There is a story told by Arago of an incident which occurred during the well-known eclipse of 1842, which every eclipse-observer, at least, can appreciate. A poor girl watching her flock, in blissful ignorance of an event which had roused an extraordinary amount of interest in Europe, saw the sun slowly darken in the cloudless sky. As the last trace of the yellow crescent disappeared, the terror-stricken child cried out for help. But in a very few seconds the first ray of reappearing light shot out from behind the limb of the moon, and, crossing her hands, she exclaimed in the *patois* of the province : "*O beou Souleou !*"—"Oh beau-

tiful sun!" Few men, however impulsive, would be altogether free from the influence of the feeling which moved that child. It is not surprising, therefore, that, under such conditions, we should meet with the most startling discrepancies and discordances in the statements of different observers. Well might Sir George Airy say, that to reconcile these conflicting statements the character required is not an astronomer but a police magistrate accustomed to judge on contradictory evidence, and he should be accompanied by a medical man accustomed to nervous disorders.

Luckily for science, the camera has no imagination, and the disorders of the photographic film, however numerous, are happily not of a nervous character. The application of the methods and resources of modern photography has proved of incalculable service to eclipse work. The 18th of July, 1860, when the late Mr. Warren De la Rue directed his photoheliograph to observe the eclipse of that date, is a red-letter day in the history of solar physics, and from that time the photographic department became one of the most important features in the organization of an eclipse expedition.

Total solar eclipses are not such rare phenomena as is commonly supposed; about ten occur in eighteen years. But since the path of the moon's shadow is on the average less than a hundred miles in width, it follows that the eclipse is seen to be total on a small fraction only of the earth's surface. Moreover, the direction of this path over the surface of the earth is rarely the same. On the average, about three hundred and sixty years must intervene before a total eclipse is seen again at any one place. Hence, therefore, if we desire to help forward the knowledge of the constitution of our great luminary, we can only do so, at present, by following this shadow about on the earth wherever and whenever it may happen to fall.

But eclipse expeditions are necessarily costly affairs, and a number of circumstances need to be carefully considered before they are decided upon. Such observations as we are at present concerned with can only be made on land. Questions of accessibility, the chances of good weather, the length of the totality, have all to be weighed against the trouble, risk, and expense which such journeys entail.

Luckily in the present case many of these questions settled themselves.

During the eclipse of last April the moon's shadow swept over a considerable expanse of land. It touched the coast of Chili in latitude 29° S. at about 8.15 A.M. of local time, passed over the highlands of that country, across the borders of Argentina and Paraguay, and over the vast plains and forests of Central Brazil, emerging, at about noon of local time, at a short distance to the north-west of Ceara on the North Atlantic seaboard. Crossing the Atlantic, at about its narrowest part, it struck the coast of Africa north of the river Gambia, and finally disappeared somewhere in the Sahara. It would seem, therefore, there was ample choice in the selection of stations. But all situations were not equally good or equally available. Probably the best places along the track would be found among the highlands of Chili, where there was an almost absolute certainty of a clear sky and a perfectly transparent atmosphere. A station, for instance, on Cerro Blanco, which is some 10,000 feet above the sea-level, or on the Cerro de Peineta, which is 8000 feet high, and almost exactly on the central line, would apparently be an ideal position. At these places, as Consul King informs us, the air is almost absolutely dry; the sky is dark-blue, and the sun rises white and dazzling, without a trace of any other color. The hills, the rocks, and the bushes throw dark shadows, and even every pebble the size of a hazel-nut casts its shadow, so that in the early morning the gravelly ground seems half-wetted with a shower; one side of every pebble is in bright light, the opposite in deep shadow. To get to such stations would, however, have involved a long sea-voyage, and a difficult, and probably expensive, journey inland. Argentina, Paraguay, and the central regions of Brazil were even more inaccessible. Ceara, or, rather, some position a little nearer the central line of the shadow, say about forty miles along the coast to the north-west, could no doubt be readily reached, but there was the risk of bad weather, owing to the fact that the month of April is in the middle of the rainy season in that part of the world. On the other hand, there was an almost absolute certainty of a cloudless sky in Senegambia at that time of the year, as the rains seldom begin there until

the middle of June, and there was little doubt that a suitable station could be reached either from Dakar or from Bathurst, both ports of call for regular lines of steamers. The moon's shadow, it is true, lay over the low swampy region to the north of the Gambia, a notoriously unhealthy district, especially during the season of the rains, but there was good ground for hope that care and quinine would ward off any danger from malaria. There were, indeed, special reasons why every effort should be put forth to observe this eclipse as completely as possible. To begin with, it had an unusually long totality—upward of four minutes at places at or near the central line of the shadow. Next, it occurred at about a period of maximum solar energy, and hence we had an opportunity of solving certain questions as to the connection between the character of the corona and the solar cycle. Further, it was hoped that by multiplying the stations along the path of the eclipse, and therefore by making observations at considerable intervals of time, the photographic records might decide upon the possibility of changes in the form and internal disposition of the corona—a question of the greatest importance in regard to the physical nature of this solar appendage.

For these, and other reasons, the Government Grant Committee of the Royal Society willingly acceded to the request that a sum of £600 should be given for the purpose of observing the eclipse of April 16th; and a committee representing the Royal Society, the Royal Astronomical Society, and the Solar Physics Committee of the Science and Art Department was formed to administer the grant.

After careful consideration of sites, and of the various suggestions which were made as to the nature of the work to be undertaken, the committee decided to send two observers to Para Curu, in the province of Ceara in Brazil; and four observers to some station in Senegal, preferably Fundium, on the Salum river. Substantially the same scheme of work was arranged for the two parties. Spectroscopic observations with the Prismatic Camera and a series of photographs with what is now known as the Duplex Coronagraph were to be taken at each station. In the case of the African station, it was further decided that photometric measurements of

the coronal light should be made by the method adopted by Captain Abney and myself on the occasion of the West Indian eclipse of 1886.

The observers selected by the committee were:—Brazilian station, Mr. Albert Taylor, F.R.A.S. (in charge), and Mr. Shackleton. African station, Prismatic Camera, Mr. Fowler, F.R.A.S.; Coronagraph, Sergeant Kearney, R.E.; Photometric observations, Professor Thorpe, F.R.S. (in charge), and Mr. P. L. Gray, B.Sc. Shortly before the African party left England, Captain Hills, R.E., and Mr. James Forbes, jun., both at that time attached to the Royal College of Science, volunteered to accompany the expedition to Senegal, and to undertake such work as the committee might entrust to them. The committee gratefully accepted the services of these gentlemen, and it was arranged that Captain Hills should make observations with the slit spectroscope, while Mr. Forbes should have charge of the integrating photometer.

It will be understood, then, that the work of both parties was entirely confined to the study of the corona. In the first place photographic records of its form, its extension and internal structure were to be made according to a uniform plan at both stations. The apparatus to be used consisted of a sort of double camera, in one compartment of which was placed a 4-inch lens of 60 inches focus, belonging to Captain Abney, which has already seen much service in eclipse photography. It was employed in Egypt in 1882, in the Caroline Islands in 1883, in the West Indies in 1886, and in the Salut Isles, in French Guiana, where that veteran eclipse observer, Father Perry, lost his life, in 1889. One special reason for using this lens was that the continuity of the series of photographs which have been obtained by it might be maintained. It gives pictures on the scale of about half an inch to the moon's diameter. In the other compartment was a 4-inch Dallmeyer photo-heliograph lens mounted in combination with a 2½-inch Dallmeyer negative lens of 8 inch negative focus, giving with the total length of 68 inches pictures on the scale of over 1½ inch to the moon's diameter. This double camera was fitted with special plate-carriers, enabling two plates to be exposed at the same time, one to each lens, so that by one operation of changing

and exposing, two pictures of the eclipsed sun could be simultaneously obtained. The times of exposure were so arranged that the longest exposed picture with the enlarging combination should receive the same photographic effect as the shortest exposed picture with the Abney lens. The whole arrangement was equatorially mounted, so that the plates were kept in a constant position with respect to the sun during the times of exposure.

Three different methods were employed to obtain photographic records of the spectrum of the corona. In the first, which was suggested by Professor Norman Lockyer more than twenty years ago, the eclipsed sun was to be photographed through a prism attached to a telescope of six-inch aperture. In this manner an image of the corona would be obtained corresponding with each kind of light emitted by it. Thus if the corona consisted entirely of glowing hydrogen, there would be an image in the position occupied by each of the lines in the hydrogen spectrum. If, as may be expected, the materials composing the corona are different in different regions, the images obtained will not exactly resemble each other, but the form of each image will depend upon the distribution of that particular spectral line through the corona. The complete spectrum of every part of the corona which is bright enough to be photographed will, therefore, be obtained with a single exposure.

The other method of studying the spectrum of the corona is by means of the ordinary slit spectroscopes. The arrangement, employed by Captain Hills, consisted of two spectroscopes, each provided with a condensing lens and camera, mounted on an equatorial stand. The spectroscopes were of different dispersive power, one having two prisms, and the other one. The slits were placed parallel to each other, and were so arranged as to cut across opposite limbs of the sun at right angles to the sun's equator. An image of the sun is thrown on the slit by the condensing lens, and the slit is long enough to cover the whole width of the corona. The resulting photographs ought then to show at least three different spectra: a continuous spectrum over the dark body of the moon, on either side of which will appear the prominence spectrum, and outside of which again will be the true

corona spectrum, which may or may not be broken up into bands by the occurrence of rifts or dark spaces in the corona. This method has the great advantage of discriminating between the different spectra of every portion of the corona along the line of the slit; the main difficulty connected with it is the want of light, which makes it almost impossible to give a sufficient exposure unless the slit is opened rather wide. It was decided, therefore, to make only one exposure with each spectroscope; this was to last as nearly as possible the whole time of totality, and the most rapid photographic plates procurable were to be used.

The measurement of the visual brightness of the coronal light was to be effected by the following arrangement. An image of the corona is accurately focussed on a white screen by means of an equatorial of 6-inch aperture and 78-inch focal length, and the intensity of the light from different portions of the corona at definite distances from the limb is compared with that of a standard glow-lamp by means of an arrangement constructed on the principle of the Bunsen photometer, the light from the standard glow-lamp being varied by introducing a variable amount of resistance into the current and measuring the current strength at the moment of comparison.

In order to ascertain the total intensity of the coronal light, Mr. Forbes employed a similar contrivance, his screen, however, having only one large translucent spot or disk, as in the ordinary Bunsen photometer. Concurrently with these observations it was arranged that the photographic intensity of the coronal light, as distinct from the visual intensity, should also be measured by a method devised by Captain Abney, which consists in impressing standard intensity scales along the edges of the photographic plates to be exposed in the coronagraph, these being developed at the same time as the coronal pictures. The photographic plates to be used in the slit spectroscope were also provided, in like manner, with standard scales, with a view of measuring the comparative luminosity of different portions of the coronal spectrum, a point which has an important bearing on the question of the possibility of photographing the corona in ordinary sunlight.

So much then for our programme. Be-

fore I proceed to indicate how far we were successful in carrying it out, it may possibly not prove uninteresting if I give some idea of the nature of the country to which we were sent, and say something concerning the conditions under which the work had to be done.

The African party left Liverpool in the British and African Company's steamship *Teneriffe*, on March 18th, and, after a pleasant detention of a day at Las Palmas, in Grand Canary, and a short stay at Goree, arrived at Bathurst, at the mouth of the river Gambia, on Good Friday, March 31st.

Bathurst, the headquarters of the British possessions on the Gambia, is situated on a low, sandy, swampy island, not more than a few feet above the sea-level, near the entrance and close to the left bank of the river. The population of the place is about 9000, mostly Mandingoes and Wolofs. There are only about forty Europeans in the place, and these are mainly French. Africa, as seen from the estuary of the Gambia, is not a land of promise. Imagine to yourselves a low, flat coast, not more than a few feet above high-water mark, lined with sandbanks, and shelving so very slowly that a vessel is in five or six fathoms long before she can make out the land. This low coast is covered with scrub, but as a rule nothing can be distinguished from even a moderate distance save a few large trees in the mirage. The district to the north of the Gambia is clothed with dense bush. The grass grows to a height of from six to ten feet, and at some seasons is so saturated with dew in the early morning that if one strays from the narrow winding paths which constitute the roads, and which are made by the natives in walking in single file from village to village, one is soaked through and through in a few minutes. It is impossible to see more than a few yards ahead in any direction. Patches and stretches of primeval forest occur here and there, in which there is a thick tangled undergrowth of bamboos and creepers. The villages are usually placed in the neighborhood of isolated cotton, baobab or taba trees, some of which are of magnificent proportions.

The Mandingoes in the neighborhood of Bathurst profess Mohammedanism, although they are all more or less given to fetishism, and many of them are Sonninkis or spirit-drinkers. To the north of

the Gambia the people are mainly Wolofs, who seem to be the original inhabitants of the district. They are a tall, well-formed race, jet black in complexion, and with woolly hair. Fervid Mohammedans, they have the character of being the most mendacious, quarrelsome and licentious of the coast tribes. The people in the Salum district, in which Fundium is situated, are chiefly Sereres. They are a distinct race of negroes, and their language has no affinity either to the Mandingo or Wolof. They are the most degraded of the tribes in Senegambia. Absolute pagans and inveterate drunkards, they have hitherto resisted all attempts to convert them to Islamism and sobriety.

This otherwise dreary land offers many inducements to the sportsman. Lions, leopards, hippopotami, hyænas, jackals, and different varieties of antelope are to be met with up the rivers, the waters of which contain both the alligator and the crocodile. Among the birds are the bush-turkey, partridge, Barbary quail, horned owl, blue jay, green pigeon, yellow palm-bird, together with the crown-bird, the marabout, and a great variety of plovers. In the woods are to be found the long-tailed squirrel, chameleons, iguanas, and monkeys. The python is not uncommon. In the swamps are many tree-frogs; the roots of the mangrove-trees swarm with oysters, and the banks of the creeks are sometimes literally covered with land crabs. The mangrove swamps, extending inland for miles from the banks of the rivers, are full of slimy mud, exhaling fætid gases; hosts of ferocious red ants and mangrove flies inhabit the trees; sand-flies cover the drier ground, and, at certain seasons, the evening air is simply thick with mosquitoes.

At Bathurst we found H.M.S. *Alecto* waiting to receive us and to convey us to the station we might finally decide on. This vessel had been kindly placed at the disposal of the expedition by the Admiralty. A light-draught river-boat, with a hurricane deck and airy cabins, she was, in every respect, admirably adapted to the purpose for which she was lent. Moreover, she was officered by gentlemen who showed, in every possible way, their earnest desire to promote the success of our venture. My instructions were, if possible, to proceed to Fundium, a small town on the Salum river, about thirty miles

from the sea, and in territory under the protection of the French, although I was free, for good and sufficient reasons, to take up any other position which might seem more advantageous or expedient.

To get up to Fundium was, however, a matter of no little difficulty. What is styled the Salum river on the charts and maps is in reality a long and comparatively shallow creek full of mud-banks, and lined with mangrove swamps: the entrance to it is very narrow and tortuous; there is a bar in mid-channel; and on account of the low character of the coast there are no good leading marks such as a stranger could pick up. Moreover, the *Alecto* possessed no accurate chart of the approach. That made by Captain Boteiler in 1828, although subsequently corrected, is no longer trustworthy, as the depth and configuration of the channel have completely altered during the last fifty years. Luckily I was able to obtain, through the kindness of the captain of the *Teneriffe*, a small sketch chart made by the master of a French trading vessel; and at Goree I was furnished, thanks to the courtesy of the captain of the port, with some official directions as to the mode of entrance which had been recently issued by the French Hydrographic Department. In addition, Captain Lang, of the *Alecto*, obtained the best local assistance available in the shape of a Wolof pilot, who professed every confidence in his ability to take the vessel up the creek—a confidence based, I verily believe, upon the circumstance that from his enormous height he would have been able, in the event of the vessel taking the ground, to walk ashore. On the afternoon of Sunday, April 2, the *Alecto*, with our instruments safe on board, and with such a stock of provisions as she could get, dropped down the Gambia and anchored for the night a few miles to the southward of the entrance of the Salum. At daybreak next morning she was again under weigh, and made for the channel on a rising tide. The outlook was not very reassuring: the yellow turbid water all round us showed how shallow the sea was, and the lines of breakers on every hand sufficiently indicated where, at least, the *Alecto* would not float. Sogee Soak, the Wolof pilot, quickly showed that, metaphorically speaking, he was considerably out of his depth, and when the leadman sung out, "A quarter less two," the situa-

tion became extremely interesting, and for a moment one had prospects of a total eclipse of a kind rather different from that we had come out to see. Thanks, however, to the vigilance of the officers, we shaved the bank and got safely over the bar. We reached our destination in the early afternoon, and came to near the wharf of one of the French trading companies.

Fundium, contrary to the statement on the map of the Intelligence Department, which places it to the north, is on the south side of the Salum. Here the bank is about ten or twelve feet above the water-level, and in the dry season there are no swamps or mangroves near. The land is one vast plain, as flat as the Fen district, the only objects breaking the monotonous line of green being a few coconut palms and cotton or baobab trees, and the great mounds of ground-nuts to the rear of the trading-stores. The population, to the number perhaps of two thousand, consists mainly of Sereres and Wolofs. They live in low huts of cane, thatched with long coarse grass, and arranged in squares enclosed by a light bamboo stockade, and separated by broad lanes set regularly at right angles.

The ground-nut, or pea-nut, or monkey-nut, is the chief article of export from this part of the world, and is the fruit of *Arachis hypogæa*. This, which is a leguminous plant, has the peculiarity of pushing its pod down into the ground, where the seed matures, when it is dug up and dried. It contains upward of half its weight of a non-drying oil, and is sent mainly to Marseilles, Bordeaux, and Rotterdam, to the extent of some sixty thousand tons a year, to be made into the finest Lucca oil, Gruyere cheese, and Dutch butter.

As the *Alecto* drew up to her anchorage near the wharf, we quickly perceived that other people, in addition to ourselves, had discovered the advantages of Fundium as an observing station. Two small equatorials showed themselves above one of the stockades, near a light iron structure, evidently of recent erection. It was with no surprise, therefore, that when the health officer came off, we learned that M. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory, and who, we knew, had been sent out to Senegal by the Bureau des Longitudes to observe the eclipse, had established himself at the place.

Before nightfall of the day of arrival a considerable number of the packing-cases containing the instruments were landed, and the rest were brought on the ground before the close of the next day. But it was almost impossible to work during the noontide heat; and hence we arranged our working-hours as far as possible during the cooler parts of the day. We were ashore each morning at about seven, after an early cup of cocoa and the indispensable ration of quinine, and knocked off at about eleven, going on shore again at about four, and working until sundown. During the early morning it was occasionally even chilly, and the nights on shipboard were always cool and refreshing. A variation of from 20° to 25° F. was not uncommon during the twenty-four hours. The erection of the huts and instruments went on rapidly, and before the end of the week everything was in adjustment, and we had a clear six days before us for drill and final preparations. Our main trouble was the dust, which was excessively fine and light; however, by covering the ground on which the huts stood with layers of the shells of some variety of *Cardium*, which were found in large numbers near the beach, we to some extent kept down the cloud which every footfall otherwise raised.

The systematic drill, as usual, revealed many weak places. The air was at all times very dry; at noon there was often a difference of about 20° between the wet and dry bulb thermometers, and, with the exception of the day before the eclipse, there was not even a trace of dew at night. This excessive dryness, combined with the high temperature at noon—it occasionally rose to 110° or 112° in the huts—was very trying to the woodwork of the cameras and slides, and frequent re-adjustments were necessary in consequence. These drills or rehearsals can hardly be too frequent, for it is absolutely necessary to success that everything should run smoothly, and that the observers should do their work with the confidence and mechanical precision which frequent repetition can alone ensure. It must be remembered that we had only about four minutes in which to carry out our programme, and that the jamming of a slide, or a hitch in the running of an equatorial clock, might throw an instrument completely out of gear or jeopardize a whole series of observations.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVIII., No. 3.

These drills took place, in the first instance, in the late afternoon, so as to spare the men as much exposure to the sun as possible. Later on they were made at about the actual time of the eclipse, that is, at about 2 P.M., and occasionally after sunset, in order to accustom the observers to the gloom of totality.

On the day preceding that of the eclipse the French gunboat *Brandon* came up the river, bringing with her the Governor of Senegal. His Excellency M. de la Mothe, together with the administrator of the district, M. Allys, to whom the expedition is indebted for many courtesies, paid a visit to the English camp and witnessed the final rehearsal of our operations. They arranged for a guard to protect the enclosure during the time of the eclipse, and gave orders that all chanting, screaming, or beating of tom-toms in the village was to be forbidden.

On the afternoon of the 14th the weather changed slightly for the worse; the wind went round to the west, the temperature fell considerably, and there was much more cloud and haze in the sky, and a considerable amount of dew in the evening.

On Sunday, the 16th, the day of the eclipse, although the morning was bright and clear, the effects of the comparatively moist winds from the sea were to be seen in the changed color of the sky and the prevalence of thin haze. Still the sky was almost cloudless, save for a few thin wispy cirri, which floated almost motionless near the horizon. A gentle air from the west made scarce a ripple on the yellow waters of the Salum. As the day advanced, the sky became even lighter in color, and there was a perceptible haze in the neighborhood of the sun; the wind almost died away, and everything betokened that we should have to face—as indeed we fervently hoped might be the case—the pitiless glare of that fiercest of all suns—the African sun at noon. At 12.30 our party went ashore, the huts were uncovered, the equatorials adjusted, clocks wound, and the instruments set running on the sun. Shortly before 2 P.M. the officers and men from the *Alecto*, bringing their lanterns, came to the camp and took up their several positions. As the light waned there was a distinct feeling of chilliness in the air, and the wind suddenly rose in sharp short gusts. The few natives who had congregated round the stockade began to

show signs of trepidation, but no sound of distress or fear was heard save the plaintive cry of a tethered goat near the administrator's house. There was a great hush as the last gleam of sunlight died away. The corona seemed almost to flash into existence, so suddenly did its light grow in intensity. Faint indications of its appearance could, indeed, be perceived on the photometer screen some seconds before the last trace of the yellow crescent disappeared. The phenomenon known as "Baily's beads" was plainly visible. The lower corona was wonderfully bright, and a whole row of prominences started into view. The panaches, sheafs, and other evidences of "structure" were distinctly marked on the white screen. The general sky illumination was so great that only some five or six stars were visible. The gloom, indeed, was nothing like so intense as I had seen in previous eclipses, and there would have been little difficulty in reading the second-hand of the chronometer or the scales of the ammeters without the aid of the lighted lanterns. And now the oft-repeated programme was being gone through for the last time with a quickened sense and a concentrated earnestness springing from the consciousness that the veritable four minutes—the 240 and odd seconds—on which our thoughts for months past had been dwelling were now speeding away, and that with the first rush of sunlight on the other side of the black disk of the moon our opportunities would be gone forever. The silence was most impressive; it was broken by the stentorian voice of the quartermaster as he told us at intervals, by the aid of his log-glass, the number of seconds that still remained to us. Now and again, too, one heard from the adjoining huts the command to expose, and the sharp click of the carriers as slide after slide was inserted and withdrawn. Thanks to the repeated drills, everything went with the smoothness and regularity of clockwork. There was no hitch or stoppage, and no undue haste on the part of anybody. Sergeant Kearney secured ten out of the twelve corona pictures that he had been instructed to make. Mr. Fowler, in all, made thirty exposures in the prismatic camera, including a number taken during the five minutes before and after totality; and Captain Hills obtained both his slit spectroscope photographs. Mr. Gray and I

made twenty photometric measurements of the light from different parts of the corona, and Mr. Forbes obtained eleven concordant observations of its total intensity. The full measure of our success was not yet known to us, but every man had the certain knowledge that he had secured enough to make the eclipse of April 16, 1893, take its place as one of the best observed eclipses of recent times, and that his work, done at the sacrifice of much personal comfort, and under the trying circumstances of a fierce temperature and an unhealthy climate, would contribute toward the solution of one of the most profoundly interesting of all physical problems.

After a short rest the command, "Down huts," was given, and in a few hours the *Alecto*, with all our cases once more packed and safely stowed, was groping her way among the shallows and banks of the Salum down to the sea. The memory of our green-canvassed structures and of the strange instruments of brass and iron with which we English sought to shoot the moon for trying to eat up the sun has now doubtless become one of the traditions of the Wolofs and Sereres of Fundium.

M. Deslandres, I am happy to say, was not less successful. In a communication which he has just made to the French Academy he gives a brief account of some of the main results he has gathered from the photographs which he was able to take. His instrumental equipment enabled him to obtain photographs of the corona, to study its spectrum, to examine the coronal light in the most refrangible part of the ultra-violet, and to measure the rotation of the corona by the method of displacement of the lines in its spectrum. His coronal photographs showed luminous jets of a length equal to twice the diameter of the sun, while the general form was similar to that usually observed at times of maximum sun-spot frequency. The spectrum photographs have revealed the existence of at least fifteen new coronal and chromospheric lines. But the most novel of M. Deslandres's observations relate to the rotation of the corona. His negatives showed the spectra of two points on exactly opposite sides of the corona, situated in the equatorial plane of the sun, at a distance equal to two-thirds of his diameter. The lines in the spectra indi-

cated large displacements, and from the measurements M. Deslandres concludes that the corona must travel nearly with the disk in its motion, and thus be subject to its periodical rotational movement.

M. Bigourdan, who had been stationed at Joal, on the coast of Senegal, since December last, for the purpose of observing southern nebulae and making pendulum observations, was commissioned by the Bureau des Longitudes to search during the eclipse for the intra-mercurial planet which Leverrier assumed to exist, and which he named Vulcan. M. Bigourdan was also requested to make careful determinations of all the four contacts, with a view of obtaining additional data for correcting the tables of the motion of the sun and moon.

As regards Vulcan, M. Bigourdan was not more successful than his predecessors, but he determined with great accuracy the time of the total phase at Joal, which he found to be 4 min. 1 sec. My own observations at Fundium, which is about as much to the south of the probable central line as Joal is to the north, gave 4 min. 3 sec. as the time of totality, which is in very fair accord with M. Bigourdan's determination. M. Coculésco, a young Roumanian astronomer, who volunteered to accompany M. Deslandres to Fundium, found 4 min. 11 sec.

As yet we have only meagre information of the results obtained by other observers. In spite of the many chances against them, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Shackleton were successful at Para Curu. Although large portions of the sky were covered with cumuli, the sun was not clouded over at the period of totality; the atmosphere, of course, was nearly saturated with aqueous vapor, but no haze or precipitation of moisture seems to have occurred, and in consequence of the remarkable transparency of the air the photographs are certain to be of exceptional interest.

The Americans, who were mainly stationed in Chili, were equally fortunate. At Minas Aris, the Harvard College station, the atmospheric conditions are said to have been all that could have been wished for; there was no passing cloud or haze to mar the observations. The corona is reported by Professor Pickering to resemble that of 1857, as portrayed by Liais, and that of 1871, as observed by

Captain Tupman. There were four streamers, two of which had a length exceeding the sun's radius, or stretching out more than 435,000 miles. Several dark rifts were visible, extending outward from the moon's limb to the utmost limit of the corona. No rapid movement was observed within the streamers. The moon appeared of almost inky blackness, while from behind it streamed out on all sides radiant filaments, beams, and sheets of pearly light. The inner corona was of dazzling brightness, but still more dazzling were the eruptive prominences which blazed through it, to use the words of Professor Young, like carbuncles. Generally, the inner corona had a uniform altitude, forming a ring of four minutes of arc in width, but separated with more or less definiteness from the outer corona, which projected to a far greater distance, and was much more irregular in shape. The outer corona seems to have been much larger than in 1879 or 1889, as, indeed, might have been expected at a period of maximum solar energy. The party seems to have been successful in photographing for the first time the "reversing layer" of the solar atmosphere.

Professor Schaeberle, from the Lick Observatory, who observed at Mina Bronces, in the Desert of Atacama, reports that the corona was similar to that of 1883. He obtained in all fifty photographs, eight of which are ten by twenty inches in size, and one of which shows an image of the sun four inches in diameter, the corona covering a plate eighteen by twenty-two inches—a truly "record" result. The photographs are said to afford strong presumptive evidence of the truth of the mechanical theory of the corona which is associated with Professor Schaeberle's name.

I cannot close without some reference to the debt of gratitude we are under to Captain Lang and his officers, for the readiness, zeal, and intelligence with which they co-operated in our work. Indeed, the whole crew of the gunboat did all in their power, often 'under circumstances of no little personal hardship, to minister to our success, and to contribute to our comfort. The best-laid schemes of astronomers, as of other men, "gang aft a gley." There is a spanner to make, or a bit of soldering to be done, or a piece of wood-

work to be altered. Assistance of this kind was always most cheerfully and promptly rendered. Lastly, it remains to be said, the recollection of the hospitality of H.M.S. *Alecto* and of H.M.S. *Blonde*,

which took us away from the fever-stricken coast, will ever remain one of the pleasantest of the associations connected with the successful expedition of the African eclipse party.—*Fortnightly Review*.

TWO PRINCESSES OF THE HOUSE OF BOURBON.

A SINGULARLY interesting little volume, truly unique of its kind, has been lately published in Paris.* It is the diary of a child, daughter of the martyred King Louis XVI., who alone of the royal family survived the terrible events of 1789-94, and who, during her captivity in the Tower, had kept a record of the harrowing march of events which successively deprived her of father, mother, aunt, and brother; blighting the May-day of her youth ere it had well unclosed, and leaving her at the threshold of life a saddened and sobered woman.

We are often told nowadays that people do not care to hear anything further about the great French Revolution; that its stock of horrors has been so widely illustrated by brush and pen as to afford no further material for picture or romance,—the sufferings of the martyr-king and of his family so exhaustively treated as to be no longer capable of producing the faintest emotion in the breast of a blasé and satiated generation. Yet when—as in the present case—a voice reaches us, so to say, from the grave, relating with the authority of an eyewitness the story of last century's great tragedy, in simple, childlike language, and with an absolute veracity of detail which brings before us the scenes described with a vividness unachieved by the ablest historian, is not the tale thus told of far deeper and more pungent interest than the most thrilling romance that ever was penned?

The original manuscript of these memoirs, which it is our purpose here to discuss, is traced, as we are told in the preface, in a common school copy-book of extremely coarse paper containing thirty-

five and a half written pages of 31 centimetres height and 22 centimetres breadth. This copy-book is covered with a sheet of the same coarse paper, bearing this inscription:—

“ *Mémoire*
écrit par Marie-Thérèse Charlotte
de France,
sur la captivité
des Princes et Princesses ses Parents
depuis le 10 Août 1792
jusqu'à la mort de son frère
arrivée le 9 Juin 1795.”

In order to introduce this interesting journal to the English reader, we cannot do better than transcribe the opening words of the distinguished French writer (the Marquis Costa de Beauregard) to whose able pen we already owe many interesting works relating to the history of those times.

“A hundred years have passed since the King Louis XVI. entered the Temple,* and since his daughter Madame Royale, in tracing the first lines of this memoir, opened the mournful account where were successively to be recorded the tortures and outrages of each day.

“The irregular lines of her manuscript are, so to say, still quivering with the tremulous motion of her little hand and the accelerated beatings of her heart. Like that strange instrument which has succeeded in imprisoning sound, this writing has become the receptacle of infinite sufferings. And as moaning these now escape, childlike yet, despite the century in which they have grown old, can there remain a soul unthrilled by the sound?

“Their voices, alas! do not stray through the playgrounds of imagination. What they are re-telling here is a true history, where ignoble buffets and a crown of thorns have left their mark as on Veronica's veil.

“This passion-story likewise is entitled to its centenary! When on the threshold of 1893 France turns back to salute once more her great ancestors, does not justice demand that

* *Mémoire écrit par Marie-Thérèse Charlotte de France, sur la captivité des Princes et Princesses ses Parents depuis le 10 Août 1792 jusqu'à la mort de son frère arrivée le 9 Juin 1795. Publié sur le manuscrit autographe appartenant à Madame la Duchesse de Madrid. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et C^{ie}.*

* August 13, 1792.

above their heads she should contemplate those whom they have crucified ?

* * * * *

"Nothing more would remain to be said as introduction to the memoir of Madame Royale, if it were not necessary to make known how it came to reach us, and if some hitherto unedited letters were not there to complete, by the account of her departure from the Temple, that of her terrible captivity."

The chronicler goes on to relate how, on the 15th of June, 1795, Madame Royale, who, since the departure of her aunt Madame Elisabeth, had reached that extremity of suffering where all hope of remedy, relief, or consolation has ceased to be, heard her prison door open. She was reading at the time, and did not even turn round her head, trembling to encounter the face of some bloodthirsty monster. But no; the new-comer was a woman, who fell down at her feet, and the young princess saw two tearful eyes regarding her with an unmistakable expression of affection.

The stranger told her name—Madeleine Hilaire la Rochette, wife of one citizen Bocquet Chanterenne. Having heard that the committee of general security had decided to place a woman as companion to the daughter of Louis Capet, she had offered herself, inspired by a secret devotion to the king's unfortunate daughter, and had succeeded in obtaining her nomination, in recognition of certain services rendered to the Republic by her husband as well as her father.

Instantaneously all the pent-up affection of Madame Royale's young heart, which during the last sad years had been famished and starved from want of love, was transferred to this new companion. Madame de Chanterenne's arrival in the Temple was like a ray of sunshine, come just in time to save from perishing this poor little prison flower, deprived so long of air and light.

On Madame de Chanterenne likewise devolves the painful duty of breaking to Madame Royale the deaths of her mother, aunt, and brother, and there are few things in history more intensely tragic than the following scrap of dialogue recorded by M. de Beauchesne in his work entitled "Louis XVII.":—

"Madame has no more parents."

"And my brother?"

"No more brother."

"And my aunt?"

"No more aunt."

Despite, however, the terrible sufferings she has undergone, Madame Royale is still a child at heart, and it is inexpressibly touching to see how, under the unwonted influence of sympathetic affection, her long-forgotten gayety reasserts itself in unexpected fashion. Within a very few days of her new friend's arrival into the Temple, we find the Princess writing playful little notes to Madame de Chanterenne, whose more formal appellation is soon exchanged for her Christian name of Renée, caressingly metamorphosed into Renète; and it is into this friend's trusty hands that Madame Royale, on leaving the Temple on the evening of the 18th of December, 1795, deposits the precious MS. which forms the subject of this paper.

Madame de Chanterenne did not accompany the Princess on her journey to Vienna, for the Austrian Emperor, Joseph II., had made the cruel stipulation—for what reason is not very apparent—that none of the women attached to Madame Royale during her captivity in the Temple were to remain with her when she left the country. That poor Madame de Chanterenne was cruelly wounded by this hard decree is sufficiently betrayed by the following letter addressed to her by Madame Royale on the eve of her departure, and which furnishes the best possible proof of the young princess's tender heart as well as of her wholesome common-sense.

"My dear, good, little Renète, do not grieve so much: you increase my grief by your own. Can you believe that I shall ever change toward you? No, never. I shall always have pleasure in remembering my little Renète. I hope to see you again. Nothing is impossible. As to the present moment, I beg you to keep calm, and, above all, to grieve less and not to fall ill. You are a philosopher—well, try to be so just now.

"To-morrow will be a very sad day for you. But, my Renète, try to occupy yourself—think of the happiness of seeing your family again. It is so sweet to be with our relations and friends. Do not think of me too much, since it afflicts you. I shall have every care for the persons whom you recommend to me, and, above all, I shall remember you and your respectable family. I thank you, my Renète, for all your goodness and obligingness toward me during the six months we have spent together: I shall never forget that time. I end, my Renète, for I know not what I am saying. To-day is a great day for me, and my head is troubled.

"Farewell, lovely, good, sweet, amiable, gay, obliging, frank, charming Renète."

As this manuscript, as well as all the

letters of Madame Royale, had not left the hands of Renête, they might be supposed to be absolutely inedited. Such, however, is not quite the case, at least in so far as the record of the captivity in the Temple is concerned; and, as the narrator goes on to explain, the public may have caught stray glimpses of it in the following manner:—

One day at Mittau, it seems, Madame Royale desired to have back the MS. which she had given to Renête. This was in 1805. Did she wish, perhaps, to compare her prison sufferings with those which she had to endure after her departure from France? Perhaps. Howsoever this may have been, Madame reclaimed the MS. from Madame de Chanterenne by the hands of the faithful Clery, and herself made of it a copy. She added a few phrases, suppressed a few others, and finally, on her return to France, she sent back to Renête the original so much prized by her.

The copy made at Mittau was given to Madame de Soucy, probably in memory of the journey in which she had, after the departure from the Temple, accompanied Madame to Vienna.

How and why Madame de Soucy permitted herself in 1823 to print these pages, is what we are unable to say. But she did so, and great indeed was Madame the Duchesse d'Angoulême's displeasure on learning this indiscretion.

By her orders all the copies that could be discovered were bought up and destroyed. Of these, two or three, perhaps, had escaped the search. Monsieur Nettelement had taken cognizance of them. Monsieur de Pastoret made use of this source, from which likewise Monsieur de Beauchesne made numerous extracts. Finally, Monsieur le Baron de Saint-Amand has drawn from it largely for his book entitled "*La Jeunesse de Madame la Duchesse d'Angoulême*."

But these different publications only serve to accentuate the interest of these reminiscences, which until now have never been published in their authentic text.

Monsieur de Pastoret, in especial, has treated the writing of Madame in such cavalier fashion as to deprive it of the great character of simplicity, surest proof of this relic's authenticity.

"A relic indeed, whose strange destiny bears some analogy to that of the saint who has be-

queathed it to us; storm-tossed until a last wave has brought it to Frohsdorf.

"A few months only before the death of Monseigneur the Comte de Chambord, the grandson of Madame de Chanteret had sent the MS. to the prince as a sort of supreme homage.

"Madame, the (late) Duchess of Madrid, inherited this treasure in her uncle's succession; and it was at Viareggio that the august princess permitted that the autograph of Madame Royale should be, so to say, retraced by a faithful hand."*

In giving the following extracts from the journal of Madame Royale, we have carefully preserved the faulty spelling of some of the proper names, as well as the omission of certain words which have been overlooked in the original MS., but which, for the reader's elucidation, have been parenthetically inserted.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF MADAME ROYALE.

"The king, my father, arrived at the Temple with his family, Monday the 13th of August 1792, at 7 o'clock in the evening.

"The cannoneers wished to conduct my father alone to the tower and leave us at the castle. Manuel had received on the way a decision of the commune to conduct us all to the tower.

"Pethion [Petion] calmed the rage of the cannoneers, and we entered the castle. The municipals kept my father in view. Pethion went away. Manuel remained.

"My father supped with us. My brother was dying of sleep. Madame de Tourzel conducted him at eleven o'clock to the tower, which was decisively to be our lodging.

"My father arrived at the tower with us at one o'clock in the morning: there was nothing here prepared. My aunt slept in a kitchen, and it is said that Manuel was ashamed in leading her there.

* * * * *

"On the second day there was brought to us during dinner a decree of the commune, ordering the departure of those persons who had come with us.

"My father and mother opposed this, as did likewise the municipals on guard at the Temple.

"The order was then momentarily revoked. We spent the day all together.

"My father instructed my brother in geography; my mother taught him history, and made him learn verses; my aunt taught him to reckon.

"My father had luckily found a library, which kept him occupied. My mother had tapestry to work at.

* * * * *

"My father was no longer treated as king; no respect was shown to him, and he was not

* M. Gabriel de Saint Victor.

called 'Sire,' and 'His Majesty,' but 'Monsieur,' or 'Louis.'

"The municipals were always seated in his chamber, and had their hats on their [heads]. They took from my father his sword, which he still had, and searched his pockets. . . .

"Pethion sent Clery to my father to serve him.

"Pethion also sent as turnkey or jailer, Rocher, that horrible man who forced my father's door on the 20th of June 1792, and thought to assassinate him.

"This man was always at the tower, and sought to torment my father in every conceivable fashion: now he would sing the 'Carmagnole,' and a thousand other horrors; now he would send a puff of tobacco smoke at him as he passed, well knowing that my father did not like the odor of the pipe.

"He was always in bed when we went to take supper, because we had to pass through his room; sometimes even he was in his bed when we went to dinner.

"There are no sorts of torments and insults which he did not invent. My father bore everything with meekness, forgiving this man with all his heart."

The passages relating to the Princesse de Lamballe's death, and the inhuman manner in which the Royal family were informed of the event, are full of interest, affording a vivid insight into those mental tortures which assuredly were harder to endure than even the personal restraint and physical discomfort to which they were subjected. On the morning of the 3d of September the king had been positively assured of the wellbeing of Madame de Lamballe, as of those other persons who had been removed to *La Force*; but at three o'clock of that same afternoon they heard horrible cries proceeding from the rabble outside, accompanying the head of the murdered princess, which was carried in triumph at the end of a long pole. On inquiring the cause of the tumult, the king was coolly informed that it was Madame de Lamballe's head, which the people desired to show him. A struggle ensued, in which the populace endeavored to force the prison doors, while some of the guards, with a last remnant of humanity, were desirous of shielding the unfortunate princes from the horror of a spectacle which even upset the nerves of indifferent spectators. Finally, the guards had to give in, and permitted a deputation of six of the assassins to carry Madame de Lamballe's head through the rooms of the tower, stipulating only that the torso, which they had likewise desired to drag with them, should be left at the door.

This horrible scene is succeeded by many other minor affronts and petty outrages, all tending to aggravate the sufferings of the unfortunate prisoners. Sometimes, however, among the guards there happen to be men who betray feelings of genuine pity and attachment for the captives under their charge, and to each of these compassionate individuals the Princess devotes a few words of grateful recognition. Once it is a sentinel who had a long conversation through the keyhole with Madame Elisabeth, and who did nothing but weep during the whole time that his service retained him at the Temple. "I know not what has become of him," writes Madame Royale; "may heaven reward him for his profound attachment to his king!"

Most beautiful and edifying it is to see how, though condemned to a life of discomfort and restraint, and harrowed by suspense as to their ultimate fate, the king and queen yet continue to direct their children's education with methodical precision; and there are constant allusions made to the daily tasks and exercises which have to be written or recited, as exactly as had ever been the case in their life at the Tuileries, although these studies were carried out in face of considerable difficulties, for the journal tells us that whenever Madame Royale copied out extracts, or made arithmetical tasks, there had always to be a municipal who looked over her shoulder in order to make sure that she was not engaged in some treasonable correspondence.

It is probably also on account of some such suspicion, that pens, paper, ink, and pencils are subsequently ordered to be given up by the royal prisoners—a command which is, however, obeyed by the king and queen only; while Madame Elisabeth and her niece, with admirable feminine duplicity, contrive to conceal their writing implements from the Argus-eyed searchers.

Newspapers reach the Temple prison but rarely, and then only when a number containing some specially dastardly attack on the monarch is carefully conveyed to his notice.

Madame Royale's own account of their daily life may here be given in full:—

"This is how my august parents spent their days.

"My father rose at 7 o'clock, prayed God till eight, then dressed himself with my broth-

er till 9 o'clock, when they went up stairs to my mother to breakfast.

"After breakfast my father came down with my brother, to whom he gave lessons till 11 o'clock; then my brother played till noon, when we went to walk all together, whatever might be the weather, because the guard which was relieved at that hour, wished to see my father, and be assured of his presence in the Temple.

"The walk lasted till two o'clock, when we dined; after dinner my father and my mother played together at trictrac or at piquet.

"At 4 o'clock my mother returned to her room with my brother, because my father then used to sleep.

"At 6 my brother came down; my father made him learn and play till supper time.

"At 9 o'clock after supper my mother promptly undressed my brother and put him to bed. After this we went up, and my father did not go to bed till eleven o'clock.

"My mother led nearly the same life: she worked very much at tapestry.*

"They gave us back the newspapers in order that we should see the departure of the strangers, and the horrors against my father with which they were filled."

We shall now skip some intervening pages of the journal relating to the king's trial, to take it up again shortly before his execution.

"On the 26th of December, St. Stephen's Day, my father made his will because he expected to be assassinated on the following day, in going to the Convention. On the 26th my father went still to the bar with his usual courage. He left M. Desèze to read his defence: he went away at eleven o'clock and returned at 3 o'clock. My father saw his counsellors every day.

"At last, on the 18th of January, the day on which the sentence was pronounced, the municipals entered my father's room at eleven o'clock, and told him that they had orders to keep him in view. My father asked them if his fate were yet decided, but was assured that such was not the case.

"On the following morning M. de Malsherbes came to inform my father that the sentence was pronounced. 'But, sire,' he added, 'the rascals are not yet the masters, and all honest people will come to save your majesty or perish at your feet.' 'No, M. de Malsherbes,' returned my father, 'that would compromise many persons,—would unchain a civil war in Paris. I prefer to die, and I beg you to order them from me to make no movement for my rescue.'

The detailed account of the king's last twenty-four hours only tends to confirm what has so often been said of the admirable fortitude and Christian resignation

with which Louis XVI. met his awful and unjustifiable fate.

He dined as usual on the day preceding his execution, much to the surprise of his jailers, who had expected to see him attempt his life from terror or despair; he gives good religious counsels to the son whom he is embracing for the last time, recommending him to nourish no thoughts of revenge toward the assassins; and finally, on leaving the prison to go to the scaffold, he humbly asks pardon of an insolent turnkey whom he had had occasion to reprimand on the previous day.

Marie Antoinette, along with her children, had desired to pass the last night with the king; but this he refused, having, as he said, need of rest; and he secretly gave orders that they are not to be admitted again next morning, in order to spare himself and them the agony of a final leave-taking.

"The morning of this terrible day, after having slumbered through the night with a painful sleep, we got up.

"At 6 o'clock our door was opened, and they came to fetch Mme. Tison's prayer-book for my father's mass. We thought that we were going to go down, and we continued to have this hope till the joyful cries of a demented populace came to announce to us that the crime was accomplished.

"In the afternoon my mother asked to see Clery, who had been with my father in his last moments, and who might, perhaps, have been charged with messages for my mother,—which was true, for my father had charged Clery to restore to my mother his wedding-ring, saying that he only parted from it with his life.

"He had also given him, for my mother, a packet of her hair, saying that it had always been dear to him.

"The municipals said that Clery was in a dreadful state, and could not come.

"My mother charged the commissaries with her demand for the council general, as well as to be allowed to wear mourning.

"Clery was refused,—my mother could not see him; she was permitted to wear mourning.

"Clery passed another month in the Temple, after which he was put at liberty.

"We received a little more freedom, the guards believing that we were going to be sent away. We could see the persons who brought our mourning garments, but in presence of the municipals.

"The grief that I had increased the pain in my foot: my doctor Brunier [Brunyer] was sent for and the surgeon Lacaze; they cured me in a month.

"My mother would not go down to the garden to take the air, because she required to pass before my father's door, and that grieved

* Marie Antoinette was most industrious with the needle: a set of chairs worked by her are still to be seen at Castle Frohsdorf.

her too much ; but, fearing lest the want of air should do harm to my brother, she asked to go up on the tower at the end of February, which was granted.

"In the municipals' chamber it was noticed that the sealed packet, containing my father's signet, his ring, and several other things, had been opened : the seal was broken and the signet carried off. The municipals were disturbed, but they ended by believing that it was a thief who had taken this seal, which was set in gold. The person who had taken it was well intentioned,—it was not a robber. The man who took it did so for the best, but he is dead."

Soon the prison life began to tell upon the little Dauphin, and his sister pathetically informs us that he suffers from a chronic stitch in the side which prevents him from laughing. Poor little boy ! the wonder is rather that he should still be able to extract any cause for merriment out of his dismal surroundings. However, his laughing days, such as they are, will not last much longer. He is first stricken down by fever, and when the agonized mother at last succeeds in obtaining medical assistance for the suffering child, she is haunted by the yet greater terror lest the medicines prescribed should contain poison. Scarcely has the Dauphin recovered from this first illness than a decree of the Convention ordains that he is to be separated from his family, and delivered over to the charge of the shoemaker Simon. This cruel order is broken to the queen on the 3d of July at ten o'clock at night, after the child is already undressed and in bed. On learning what is required of him, he utters fearful cries, and throws himself into his mother's arms, demanding not to be separated from her ; but despite his tears, and the energy with which Marie Antoinette attempts to defend her son from the persecutors, she is forced to give in, and herself assists him with his clothes in order that he may accompany his new jailers—bitterly weeping as she does so, as though she had foreseen that she was never to see her son again.

"My mother thought herself at the height of misfortune at this separation from her son. She believed him, however, to be in the hands of an honest and educated man : her despair increased when she learned that Simon the shoemaker, whom she had known municipal, had been charged with the person of her unfortunate child.

"My mother asked several times to be able to see him without being able to obtain it : my brother on his side cried for two whole

days, unable to console himself, and asking to see us.

* * * * *

"We often ascended the tower. My brother went up there every day, and my mother's only pleasure was through a little window to see him pass from a distance : she remained there for hours in order to watch the moment of catching sight of this beloved child.

* * * * *

"Simon ill-treated my brother severely, because he wept at being separated from us : the child, frightened, did not dare to weep any more."

With what would seem to be a refinement of cruelty, the Royal family are often disturbed at night from their slumbers in order to be searched or otherwise molested. Madame Royale gives the account of one of these searches, which, resulting only in the confiscation of a stick of sealing-wax, a MS. prayer for France, and an old hat which had belonged to the deceased king, lasted from 10.30 P.M. to four o'clock A.M.

It is likewise in the night that, on the 2d of August, at two o'clock A.M., they are roused in order to be informed of the decree ordaining that the queen is to be removed to the *conciergerie*, there to be tried. Marie Antoinette is forced to rise from bed, and there, in presence of the gendarmes who have come to fetch her, to dress at once. Her clothes are made up into a bundle, which, however, is taken from her to be opened at the tribunal, and she is only suffered to retain a pocket-handkerchief and a smelling-bottle, for fear of being attacked by faintness. Arrived at the *conciergerie*, she is put into the dampest and most unwholesome room in the prison, and is moreover forced to endure the presence of a gendarme, who has orders never to leave her night or day.

"My aunt and I inconsolable, we spent the night in tears. They had assured my aunt when my mother [left] that she might be easy, and that nothing would ever happen to her. It was a great consolation to me not to be separated from my aunt whom I loved so well ; but, alas ! everything was changed, and I have lost her.

* * * * *

"Some days later my mother sent to ask for some of her things, and among others for her knitting, of which she was very fond, because she was making a pair of stockings for my brother : we sent it to her, but subsequently learned that they had not given it, for fear lest she should harm herself with the needles."

News of the little Dauphin reaches the

two women but rarely, although he is lodged directly beneath them, and they can hear him daily singing the "Carmagnole" and other revolutionary songs with Simon at the open window, in order to be heard by the guards. The brutal shoemaker has likewise taken away the boy's mourning clothes, and forced him to wear a red cap, as well as to utter horrible curses against God, the aristocracy, and his own family. Marie Antoinette is luckily spared this last anguish, for, having left the Temple, she is ignorant of her son's further fate. The change of life and the bad treatment caused the prince to fall ill again at the end of August. Simon having forced him to eat and drink excessively without taking proportionate exercise, the child had fattened extremely without growing in height: attacked by fever, the remedies administered but serve to derange his health yet further.

Madame Elisabeth and her niece are now treated with redoubled severity and want of respect. "*On nous tutoya beaucoup pendant l'hiver*," says Madame Royale, with naïf pathos. Their tapestry work is taken away from them because the pattern they are tracing is believed to have some cabalistic and hidden signification; they are, moreover, compelled to make their own beds and do out their own rooms, all menial assistance having been now denied to them. But harder yet by far than these physical discomforts and petty annoyances is the state of doubt in which they are left as to the queen's fate. Let her daughter here speak for herself.

"We could receive no more news except by the *colporteurs*, and then but badly. We were forbidden to ascend the tower; they took away our sheets lest we should let ourselves down by the window; they gave us instead coarse and dirty ones.

"I think it was about this time that my mother's trial began. I learned since her death that there had been a project of saving her from the *conciergerie*, and that unfortunately this charming plan had not succeeded. I was assured that the gendarmes who guarded her, as well as the wife of the *concierge*, were gained over, and that she had seen several persons in her prison, among others a priest who administered to her the sacraments, which she had received with great piety.

"The stroke to save herself failed, because whereas she had been recommended to speak to the second guard, she had made a mistake, and had spoken to the first one. Others say that she was already outside her room, and had descended the staircase when a gendarme

opposed her departure, notwithstanding that he had already been gained over, and that he forced my mother to return to her room, which caused the project to fail.

"We knew nothing of all this at the time; we only learned that my mother had seen a knight of St. Louis, who had given her a carnation in which there was a note, but as we were locked up we could not know the sequence.

* * * * *

"My aunt and I were in ignorance of my mother's death, and though we had heard a *colporteur* cry that she was to be summarily judged, hope, which is so natural to the unfortunate, led us to believe that she would be saved.

"We also could not believe in the contemptible conduct of the Emperor, who left the queen, his relation, to perish on the scaffold without taking any steps to save her. This is, however, what actually took place, but we could not believe in this last mark of indignity of the Austrian house.

* * * * *

"I remained in this unfortunate state of doubt a year and a half, when I learned the misfortune and death of my virtuous and august mother.

"By the newsmongers we learned the death of the Duke of Orleans, the only piece of news which reached us during the winter.

* * * * *

"The winter passed quietly enough. Many visits and searches, but they gave us wood.

"On the 19th of January we heard a loud noise at my brother's, which made us conjecture that he was leaving the Temple; and we were convinced of it when, looking through a hole in our shutters, we saw a great many packets being carried away.

"On the following day we heard his door opening, and, still persuaded that he was gone, we thought that some German or foreign prisoner had been placed down there, and we had already dubbed him Melchisedec, in order to give him a name; but I subsequently learned that it was only Simon who had gone away. He had been given the choice of being municipal or guardian to my brother, and had decided for the former charge, and they had had the cruelty to leave my unfortunate little brother alone.

"Unheard of barbarity, to leave an unfortunate child of eight alone, shut into his room under bolt and key, having no assistance, and only a wretched bell which he never pulled, preferring to want for everything than to apply to his persecutors.

"He was in a bed which had not been made for six months, my brother not having the strength to make it, fleas and bugs covered him—his linen and his body were full of them. . . . The window was never opened,—one could not stay in the room on account of the stench. He was dirty and indolent by nature, for he might have taken more care of his person.

"Often they gave him no light: the unfortunate boy was dying of fear, but he never asked

for anything. He spent his day in doing nothing, and this manner of living did him a great deal of harm, both morally and physically: it was not surprising that his health should have subsequently become deranged, but the length of time that he was still in health testifies to his good constitution."

Soon the unfortunate princess was to lose her last remaining companion; for on the 9th of May, just as they were preparing to go to bed, her aunt, Madame Elisabeth, was fetched away to the *conciergerie*, there to await her trial.

"On the morrow she was taken to the tribune. Three questions were put to her—

"'Her name?'

"'Elisabeth.'

"'Where were you on the 10th of August?'

"'At the castle of the Tuileries, near my brother.'

"'What have you done with your diamonds?'

"'I do not know. Besides, all these questions are useless. You have resolved my death: I have made to God the sacrifice of my life, and am ready to die.'

"She was condemned to death. She had herself conducted to the room of those who were to die with her. She exhorted them all to death.

"In the cart she preserved the same calm, encouraging the women who were with her.

"The populace admired and did not insult her.

"Arrived at the foot of the scaffold, they had the cruelty to make her die the last. All the women coming out the cart asked permission to embrace her, which she allowed, with her usual sweetness encouraging them.

"Her color did not abandon her till the last moment, which she bore with fortitude and religion, when her soul was separated from her body in order to go and enjoy beatitude in the bosom of a God whom she had always loved."

The last chapter of this little journal adds but another touch to the profound gloom of this picture of human agony and endurance. After Madame Elisabeth's death—of which, however, she remains for long in ignorance—Madame Royale is condemned to a life of absolute solitude, knowing nothing of what is passing outside, and without books or other occupation wherewith to fill up the weary hours. Yet, strange and almost incredible force of vital energy and of youth's elasticity, she remains uncrushed by these accumulated misfortunes; and nothing can be more touching than the gratitude expressed whenever her jailers condescend to treat her with somewhat less cruelty. In spite of the many tears she has shed, the young princess has yet not forgotten how to

smile whenever her lot becomes a little less unbearable. Thus, whereas on one page we find her lamenting that she has no other distractions than some prayer-books, some travels which she has read and re-read till she knows them by heart, and a piece of knitting which she complains of as very tiresome, a little further on she expresses her satisfaction at the kindness of her jailers, who had consented to let her have wood for firing, as well as some other books by way of amusement.

Meanwhile the poor little Dauphin, languishing down-stairs in solitude, has likewise become the object of a little more humane treatment. He is allowed to take a bath in order to cleanse his skin from the vermin which infested it, and his filthy bed is exchanged for a fresh one. But these tardy attentions are powerless to arrest the malady which is gradually consuming him. His joints have begun to swell up from debility and want of exercise, and he can scarcely be induced to leave the fireside in order to breathe a little fresh air; while his mind, from the combined effects of terror and neglect, has begun to sink into a gradual state of imbecility. Let us quote Madame Royale's own account of her unhappy little brother's end, which forms the conclusion of the journal.

"Luckily his illness did not cause him much suffering: it was rather a sort of stupor and depression than active pain; he was consumed like an old man. He had several violent crises, fever seized him, and, his strength always diminishing, he softly expired without agony on the 9th of June, at 3 o'clock of the afternoon, after having had the fever eight days, and lying in bed for two days. He was aged 10 years and 2 months.

"The commissaries wept bitterly, so much he had made himself beloved by them for his amiable qualities.

"He had a great deal of intellect, but his prison had done him much harm, and it is even to be feared that had he lived he might have become imbecile.

"He had all the good qualities of his father. Without the prison he would have been a great man, for he had character, loved his country and the great things which were to be done.

"It is not true that he was poisoned, as was and is still said. This is false by the testimony of the doctors who opened his body, and did not find the slightest trace of poison.

"The medicines which he took in his last illness were analyzed, and found to be wholesome.

"He might have been poisoned by the commune, but that is false. The only poison

which curtailed him of days is the want of cleanliness in which he lived for nearly a year, and the harshness with which he was treated.

"Such was the life of my virtuous and unfortunate relations during the last years of their august life.

"I attest that this memoir contains truth.

"MARIE-THÉRESE CHARLOTTE.

"*Done at the tower of the Temple this 14th October [1795].*"

If this journal, which comes to us, so to say, from the tomb, has power to touch the most indifferent bystander, to the writer of these lines its value is enhanced and its pathos intensified by a deeper and more personal feeling. As was said a little while ago, the original MS. of this journal was latterly in possession of the late Duchess of Madrid, with whose gracious permission it was last autumn prepared for the press; and it was from H.R.H. herself that I received a copy of this work, bearing on the fly-leaf an affectionate dedication, and accompanied by a long interesting letter dated Viareggio, January 25, 1893.

Little, indeed, did I then think that this would be the last letter I should ever receive from the friend I had loved and revered for over thirty years; that scarcely four days later the hand which wrote it would be cold and stiff, and that bright and dauntless spirit have left us, to find in a better world that happiness denied to her here on earth!

A threefold exile through her father, her mother, and her husband, Princess Marguerite de Bourbon's life may be said to have been one long flight from land to land, everywhere seeking for rest and peace, but finding them nowhere. Daughter of Princess Louise de Bourbon, the last Mademoiselle de France, H.R.H. belonged by her mother's side to the exiled French Bourbons; by her father, the Duke of Parma, she was of the Italian Bourbons, expelled by Victor Emmanuel in 1859; and by her husband and cousin, Don Carlos, she was, as the rightful and legitimate Queen of Spain, likewise exiled from that country.

When her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Parma, who, since her husband's assassination, had been acting as regent for her son, Duke Robert, was expelled from Italy in 1859, it was on the shores of Lake Constance, just over the Swiss frontier, that she established herself at Chateau Wartegg, placing her two daugh-

ters, the Princesses Marguerite and Alix, to complete their education at the adjacent convent of the Sacré Cœur at Riedenburg, by Bregenz, situated at the other, or Tyrolese side of the lake.

Our mothers had already been friends since childhood, ever since the time when the exiled King Charles X. had made of Holyrood Palace his temporary abode, along with his grandchildren, the Comte de Chambord and Mademoiselle, son and daughter of the murdered Duc de Berri; and here at Riedenburg thirty years later, it was my good fortune first to know the Princess Marguerite, and to form an acquaintance which, like that of our parents, speedily ripened into a lifelong friendship.

Gifted with a rare intelligence, a truly wonderful memory, and a genuine passion for study, Princess Marguerite de Bourbon would, even without the prestige attached to a royal name, have always been one of the most noteworthy and prominent figures in this school, numbering about a hundred boarders. Treated with strict impartiality by her teachers, she distinguished herself in almost every branch of science and literature, and the numerous prizes she carried off over less favored companions were fairly won without favor or flattery.

Unaffected and genial in manner, the Princess was beloved by all her school-fellows, for she had the rare gift of putting herself in sympathy with every one she met, and of never making a single enemy. In the autumn of 1863 she left school; and soon after, in February 1864, had the misfortune to lose her idolized mother, carried off at Venice by gastric fever after a few days' illness. After this bereavement she found a home in the house of her uncle, the Comte de Chambord, with whom she remained until her marriage in 1867 to her cousin Don Carlos of Spain, her junior by a year, and nephew to the Countess de Chambord.

This union—in every way a mistaken and ill-advised one—was further disturbed by political complications and intrigues, which space forbids me to do more than touch upon here, so that even the paltry boon of a quiet retreat was for many years denied to the unfortunate Princess. From 1868, when she left Austria to join her husband in Paris, in view of the then preparing Carlist movement, till 1882, when she finally settled down in Italy, it

was her fate, Ahasuerus like, to flee from land to land, in search of that repose which continued to evade her. When at two different times Don Carlos was peremptorily forced to leave Paris, she followed him into exile, first to Switzerland and then to England, with rare self-abnegation, careful only to devote herself to her children's education, and shield, so far as lay in her power, her husband's position and dignity.

Finally, in 1882, when it had become evident that Don Carlos's chances in Spain had come to an end for the nonce, the Duchess retired with her children to Viareggio, near Pisa, a property which she had inherited from her grandfather, Charles II., Duke of Parma, who in 1849 had abdicated in favor of his son, Charles III.,* where she made her permanent residence, save for a few months in summer occasionally spent at Frohsdorf, near Vienna—Don Carlos, on his side, selecting Venice as his principal home.

Here, therefore, at Viareggio, surrounded by her five children, and leading a simple patriarchal life, the Duchess, as she herself expressed it, found at last some degree of that peace, if not happiness, which had hitherto been denied her. An early riser, and of active habits, she was an excellent housekeeper, and devoted much attention to gardening and the vine-culture on her estate, as well as to the education of her children, every detail of which she personally directed; while simultaneously contriving to find time for decorative painting on porcelain, wood, and parchment, for which she possessed considerable talent, as well as for very extensive reading of every sort in French, Spanish, German, English, and Italian, all of which languages she spoke and read with almost equal facility. Essentially French in the quickness and vivacity of her turn of mind, the Duchess had inherited from her mother the gift of singularly brilliant conversational powers, which rendered her most fascinating in society, without, however, the slightest trace of that conceit or undue self-assertion which so often attaches to otherwise gifted persons; while her sparkling wit and keen sense of humor were chastened and counterbalanced by shrewd common-sense and

a rare intuition of human nature. Her vivid and rapid perception of the ridiculous was absolutely untainted by the slightest shade of ill-natured sarcasm; and if her temper was occasionally quick—as could not be otherwise in a person of her temperament—so was she likewise endowed with a great and generous sympathy for others, as well as a consideration most uncommon in persons of her rank for the feelings and requirements of her dependants.

Possessing in superlative degree the almost forgotten art of letter-writing, those who, like myself, had the privilege to be among H.R.H.'s regular correspondents, were able to appreciate the extent and variety of talents which it is scarcely too much to define by the name of genius.

Her active brain would not permit her to remain idle for a single moment, and those who have been able to watch her in the intimacy of daily life can only marvel that a woman's brain should have been capable of bearing the strain of such ceaseless and continued exertion. She never took a rest, never suffered herself to enjoy a single day of mere idle relaxation, and it may well be that this excessive mental activity served to accelerate her death. Once only, when I ventured to remonstrate with H.R.H. on the subject of the little rest she allowed herself, she answered me with an expression I shall never forget,—"I cannot do otherwise than keep my mind busy from morning to night, for I dare not allow myself to stop and think." Another time, when I had advised her to go and see Sarah Bernhardt in one of her great tragic parts, which I had been describing as delightfully harrowing, she replied that this was unnecessary, as she could get all the tragedy she wanted out of her own life without the trouble of having to go to the theatre for it, and that when she went to the play she preferred to see a good comedy which would make her laugh. Yet such was the power of self-control of this admirable woman, that few but her most intimate friends were able to guess at the depth of suffering hidden away beneath her apparent high spirits, and which would only assert itself at rare moments of despondency.

The Duchess of Madrid had long been suffering from a nervous disorder, clearly the result of the trials she had endured;

* Charles III., Duke of Parma, and father of the Duchess of Madrid, was assassinated in 1854.

but it appears to have been a stroke of cerebral paralysis which, swiftly and painlessly, put an end to her life on the morning of the 29th of January, 1893.

Deeply pious by nature, the Duchess fulfilled the religious duties of her Church with conscientious precision; making it also her special care that all those under her charge should do the same. Along with her children and the members of her household, she attended daily mass in the chapel at Viareggio, and had there received the sacraments on the morning preceding her death.

Though in appearance Princess Marguerite de Bourbon's career was marked by less tragic incidents than that of her angust relative, Madame Royale, we who have had occasion to look behind the scenes, do not hesitate to affirm that she

as fully deserved a martyr's crown as any member of the unfortunate Royal family interred in the Temple a hundred years ago. There are greater degrees of human torture than those to which the senseless fury of an uneducated rabble exposes its victims, and those sufferings are often the keenest to which is refused the solace of proclaiming them aloud. If, therefore, the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. has a strong claim on public sympathy, may not in like manner the great-granddaughter of the last French monarch be entitled to some share of the interest attached to those whose heroic and blameless lives have furnished the strongest argument in favor of the monarchical system, by worthily illustrating the truth of the time-honored adage that *noblesse oblige*?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

LIFE AND LABOR.

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

You have done me a great honor, and afforded me great pleasure, gentlemen, in selecting me to preside over you on this occasion. There is no better, no more delightful companionship than that of youth, no audience more inclined to sympathy or in whose presence the heart opens more widely in a desire to be loved and to be heard.

For my part, alas! I am now reaching an age when a man begins to regret that he is no longer young, when he begins to feel concerned with regard to that press of young men whom he perceives climbing the hill behind him. By those who come after us we are destined to be judged and continued. In them I seem to behold the birth of the future, and at times I ask myself, with a certain amount of anxiety, what of us they will reject, what of us they will retain, what will become of our work in their hands; for it is only by and through them that it can definitively take rank—it will only subsist provided that they accept it, enlarge its scope still further, and complete it. And, for this reason, I passionately watch the fluctuations of ideas among young men of the present day, reading those newspapers and reviews which form the advance-guard of the contemporary Press, seeking to acquaint my-

self fully with the new spirit which pervades our schools, in a word, striving to ascertain to what goal you are all tending—you, who represent the will and the intelligence of to-morrow.

Certainly there is some egotism in all this: I will not conceal it. I am somewhat like the workman who is finishing the house in which he hopes to shelter his old age, and who feels anxious as to the weather that may hereafter be in store for him. Will the rain damage his walls? Should the wind blow from the north, will it not tear off his roof? Has he built his house strongly enough to withstand all the forces of the tempest, sparing neither resistive materials nor hours of hard toil? It is not that I deem any literary work to be eternal and decisive. The greatest writers must resign themselves to the idea of only representing a brief moment in the endless evolution of the human mind. It would be very glorious to become, for an hour even, the spokesman of a generation! And since there is no fixity in Literature, since the evolution is ceaseless and ever begins anew, a man should be prepared for the advent and rise of those juniors who are destined to replace him and who, it may be, will efface even the memory of him from the minds of pos-

terity. I do not say that the old fighter within me does not experience an inclination to resist when he thinks that he can detect an attack upon his work. But in all truth, at the present time, face to face with the coming century, now rising up before us, I feel more curiosity than resentment, more ardent sympathy than personal alarm; and, indeed, may I perish and may all my generation perish with me, if we are really only fit to fill up the ditch, so as to help those who are following us to march onward toward light!

I hear it said upon all sides that Positivism is in its last agony, that Naturalism is dead, that even Science is on the road to bankruptcy, with regard, at all events, to the mental peace and human happiness which it is alleged to have promised us. You can readily understand that I do not undertake here to solve the grave problems raised by these questions. I am only an *ignoramus*, without any authority to speak on behalf of Science and Philosophy. I am, if you will allow me to say so, a mere novelist, a writer who may have occasionally guessed correctly, and whose competence, if I have any, is simply due to much examination and much toil. It is, therefore, solely as a witness that I will venture to tell you what my generation has been, or rather what it desired to be—that generation of men who now are in the fifties, and on whom your generation will, before long, look back upon as ancestors.

I was greatly struck lately with the characteristic aspect of the rooms at the opening of the Salon of the Champ de Mars. People assert that the pictures shown by our artists are always the same. This is an error; the evolution is possibly a slow one, but how stupefied folks would be could the Salons of former times only be conjured up before their eyes! For my own part I well remember the last of the academical and romantic exhibitions, held in or about 1863. The open-air school had not then proved victorious. The general note was one of bitumen; every canvas looked grimy or was at least dull in tone, with dim lights suggesting the semi-obscurity of the studio. Then, fifteen years later, when Manet's much-debated influence had proved victorious, I recollect the new exhibitions, when the clear note of sunshine burst brightly upon one. There was, so to say, an invasion of light,

and so much feeling, such care for truth, that each picture-frame became, as it were, the frame of an open window, through which you gazed out upon nature bathed in sunbeams. And yesterday, after the lapse of another fifteen years, I noticed a kind of mystic haze rising up amid the fresh limpidity of these latter-day works. Concern for clear painting is still certainly shown, but reality is being deformed, the human figure, as portrayed upon canvas, grows longer and longer, a hankering for the characteristic and the novel is transporting our artists into the dreamland beyond life.

If I have indicated these three steps of contemporary art, it is because to my mind they resemble and powerfully illustrate the fluctuations of our ideas. My generation, indeed, coming after illustrious forerunners, whose continuators we have simply been, has striven to throw the windows wide open upon nature, so as to see and say everything. We, even those among us that have been unconscious workers, are or were the outcome of the long stubborn effort of Positive Philosophy and analytical and experimental Science. We swore only by Science, which enveloped us on all sides; we lived upon it, for it thoroughly pervaded the atmosphere of our period. Nowadays I may confess that I was a sectarian when I strove to transport the precise, stiff methods of the *savant* into the domain of letters. But where is the man who in the heat of the struggle does not go beyond the bounds of utility, who is content to triumph without compromising his victory? Moreover, *I regret nothing*; I still believe in the passion which exercises the faculties of will and action. And then, what enthusiasm and what hope were ours! To know everything, to be able to do everything, to conquer everything! To raise humanity to a higher plane, to make it happier by the sole force of truth!

And now, gentlemen, your turn arrives—yes, youth appears upon the scene. I say youth—youth which is vague, distant, deep like the sea; for what is the youth of the present day? What will it really become? Who is empowered to speak in its name? At all events I must confine myself to the ideas that are ascribed to it, and if these ideas should not be those of some among you, I ask pardon beforehand, and refer all complaints to those who

may have deceived us by erroneous statements, more consonant, possibly, with their own desires than with actual facts.

However this may be, we are told that your generation is breaking off all connection with ours. It is asserted that you no longer put all your hope in Science, that you have discovered that there would be so much moral and social danger in building everything upon a scientific basis that you have resolved to plunge back into the past, and to fashion for yourselves a new belief out of the remnants of the old ones. There is, I admit, no question of a complete divorce from Science; it is understood that you accept the new conquests and have resolved to extend them. Your mentors are willing that you should keep account of the proven truths of modern times—indeed, attempts are even made to reconcile these truths with ancient dogmas. But, in substance, Science is ousted from its position as a faith, thrust back to its old place as a simple exercise for the intelligence, an instrument of investigation that may be tolerated so long as it does not presume to inquire into the supernatural. The experiment has been made, it is asserted, and has failed. Science is incapable of repeopling the heavens which it has emptied, and of restoring happiness to the souls whose artless peace it has destroyed. Its period of lying triumph is ended, and it must now be very modest, since it has been shown that it cannot, at one stroke, learn everything and enrich and cure all. And although people do not as yet dare to tell intelligent young men to fling their books away and desert their masters, there are already saints and prophets travelling about the earth who sing the praises of ignorance, the serenity of simple minds, and insist upon the need there is for humanity—humanity which has become too learned and too old—to seek a renewal of strength by reverting to the life of the pre-historic villages—the life which our forefathers led, when barely raised from the soil, before there was either any society or any knowledge.

I do not deny the existence of the crisis through which we are passing, the lassitude and revolt prevalent at this end of a century of such feverish, colossal labor, whose ambition has been to know and to say everything. It seemed—when this era of ours came into being—that Science, which had just reduced the old world to

ruins, was to build it up afresh and with all promptitude, in accordance with our approved patterns of justice and happiness. People waited twenty years, fifty years, one hundred years even. Then, finding that justice did not reign, that happiness did not come, many gave way to a growing feeling of impatience, lamenting and denying the possibility of reaching the abode of happiness by the path of knowledge. This is a familiar development however; there is no action without reaction, and what we now witness is the fatigue that inevitably attends long journeys. The wayfarer sits down at the roadside, and at sight of the interminable plain—another century, as it were—still spread out before him, despairs of ever reaching his goal. Doubt even arises in his mind as to the distance already travelled, regret that he did not lie down in a field to sleep through all eternity under the stars. What can be the use of marching on and on, he asks, if the goal is ever to recede? What is the use of knowing anything if one can never know all? 'Twould be better to retain the artless simplicity, the ignorant happiness of a child. And thus, according to some among us, Science, which is said to have promised happiness, is, at this moment, under our very eyes, becoming bankrupt.

But has Science ever promised happiness? I do not believe this. Science has promised truth, and the entire question is whether we shall ever be able to fashion happiness out of truth. If we are ever to content ourselves in this respect we shall assuredly need to be possessed of much stoicism, absolute self-abnegation, and a satisfied serenity of intelligence, such as would seem only possible among an *élite*. And, meantime, how despairing is the cry which arises from suffering humanity: "How can one possibly live without lies and without illusions? If there be not somewhere another world where justice reigns, where the wicked are punished and the good rewarded, how can this abominable human life be lived without a feeling of rebellion? Nature is unjust and cruel, Science seems to resolve itself into the monstrous law that might is right; and that being so, all moral doctrines crumble, all societies tend to despotism." Moreover, in this reaction to which I am calling attention, this lassitude following upon a surfeit of Science, there is also a

shuddering recoil from truth—truth as yet ill-explained and still of a ferocious aspect to our weak eyes, which are unable to penetrate and understand all its laws. "No, no!" the sufferers call, "bring us back to the pleasant sleep of ignorance! Reality is a school of perversion; it must be killed and denied, since it is impossible for it to be aught else than ugliness and crime." And thereupon men soar into dreamland, deeming no salvation possible save by escaping from the earth, by setting their confidence in that which is yet beyond human ken, in the hope that they will there at last find happiness, and the satisfaction of our common desire for fraternity and justice.

Such is the despairing cry for happiness which we hear to-day. It fills me with infinite pity. Notice that it ascends from all sides like a mournful wail amid all the stir and din of Science ever marching on, stopping neither its machines nor trains. "Enough truth!" cries the voice, "give us chimeras! We shall only obtain rest by dreaming of that which is not, by plunging into the Unknown. There and there only bloom those mystical flowers whose perfume will soothe our sufferings to sleep." Already has music responded to the call, literature in its turn is striving to satisfy the new thirst, painting also is beginning to follow the fashion. I was alluding just now to the exhibition of the Champ de Mars—you will there see all the flora of our old stained-glass windows, slim, slender Virgins, apparitions shrouded by the shades of twilight, personages in the stiff, angular attitudes common to the primitive school. This is the reaction against Naturalism, which is said to be dead and buried. At all events, the movement cannot be denied, it has extended to all manifestations of the mind; and it is needful that we should take account of it, study and analyze it, if we would not despair of to-morrow.

In the opinion of an old hardened Positivist like myself there is here but a halt—such as was to be expected—in the forward march. Nay, it is not even a halt, since our libraries, our laboratories, our operating-rooms, our schools are not deserted. And another circumstance that reassures me is that the social soil has not changed, but is still the democratic soil from which our century sprouted and grew. For a new art to flourish, for a

new belief to change the course of humanity, a new soil would be needed, a soil in which that belief could germinate and grow; for there is no new society unless there be also a new soil. Faith does not resuscitate; once a religion is dead it can only be turned into a mythology. And so I believe that the coming century will be the affirmation of our own, the prolongation of the democratic and scientific impulse which has carried us along so far, and which yet continues.

The one thing that I will grant is that in Literature we unduly limited our horizon. Personally, I have before now regretted taking a sectarian course, in desiring that art should confine itself to proven truths. New-comers, however, have again enlarged the horizon by setting forth to conquer the Unknown, the Mysterious; and they have done well. Between the truths scientifically acquired, and henceforth unshakable, and the truths which Science will to-morrow wrest from the Unknown and determine in their turn there is an indefinite margin: the field of doubt and inquiry which it seems to me is as much within the province of Literature as within that of Science. Thither may we go forward as pioneers, accomplishing the work of precursors, interpreting, according to the bent of our talents, the action of those forces of which we as yet know little or nothing. The Ideal—what is it, indeed, but the unexplained, those forces of the vast universe which encircle us, but of which we have no definite knowledge? But if it be allowable for us to invent solutions explaining the Unknown, can we dare call into question the laws that are already discovered and determined, imagine them otherwise than they really are, and by doing so deny them? In proportion as Science progresses the Ideal certainly recedes, and it seems to me that the one sense of life, the one delight one should take in living, lies in prosecuting this slow, laborious conquest, even though we should feel a melancholy certainty that we shall never know all.

Now, in the troublous times through which we are passing, in the midst of this surfeited, tentative epoch of ours, there have arisen many spiritual pastors who, all anxiety and fervor, propose a faith to the young generation. The offer is a generous one, but the misfortune is that the faith in question changes beyond recog-

nitition according to the prophet. There are many of these faiths, and none to me seems either very clear or well determined. You are implored to believe, but in *what* you are not plainly told. Perhaps it is because the prophets cannot tell you, perhaps because they dare not do so. You are to believe, it seems, solely for the happiness of believing. The advice in itself is by no means bad: repose in any faith, no matter what it may be, most certainly yields great happiness; but the misfortune is that we are not the masters of grace, which descends and alights where it listeth.

Now I will conclude by, in my turn, offering you a faith, by beseeching you indeed to put your trust in work. Toil, young men, toil! I am quite conscious of the triteness of the advice. There is not a distribution of prizes at any school but it falls upon heedless, indifferent ears. None the less, I ask you to reflect upon it, and venture—I who have been nothing but a toiler—to tell you how great has been the benefit that I have derived from the long labor, the arduous accomplishment of which has occupied my whole life. My career began in hardship; I knew bitter misery and despair. Later on I lived a life of battle, I live it still; disparaged, scoffed at, covered with insults! Well, through all of this I have had but one faith, one fortifier—work. That which has sustained me has been the huge labor I imposed upon myself. Yonder, in front of me, I always beheld the goal toward which I was marching; and this it was—whenever the ills of life had laid me low—that sufficed to set me on my legs again and gave me the courage to march on and on, despite everything. The work I refer to is steady, settled work, the daily task, the self-imposed duty of making a forward step every day toward the accomplishment of one's allotted toil. How many times of a morning have I sat down at my table, with my head in confusion, lost, my mouth bitter, tortured by some great physical or moral anguish! And on each occasion, despite the rebellion of my sufferings, my task—after the first minutes of agony—brought me relief and comfort. I have invariably risen up from my daily toil with a feeling of consolation—my heart yet sore, perhaps, but nevertheless conscious that I was still erect, with

strength enough to continue living until the morrow.

Labor! remember that it is the unique natural law of the world, the regulator which leads organized matter to its unknown goal. Life has no other meaning, no other *raison d'être*; we only appear on this earth in order that we each may contribute our share of labor and disappear. One can only define life by that motion which is communicated to it and which it transmits, and which after all is but so much labor toward the great final work to be accomplished in the depths of the ages. Why, then, should we not be modest, why should we not accept the respective tasks that each of us comes here to fulfil, without rebellion, without giving way to the pride of egotism which prompts men to consider themselves centres of gravity, and deters them from falling into the ranks with their fellows?

As soon as that task has been accepted, as soon as the accomplishment of it begins, quietude, it seems to me, must descend into the hearts of those that experience the greatest torture. There are some minds, I know, that are tormented by thoughts of the Infinite, the Mysterious, and to them I fraternally address myself, advising them to occupy their lives with some huge labor the end of which it might be well they should never see. This is the balancing pole that will enable them to proceed on their way upright, without fear of falling, the diversion that will provide solace for every weary hour, the grain of wheat tendered to the mind that it may grind it for its daily sustenance with the satisfaction that attends upon the performance of duty. Doubtless this does not resolve any metaphysical problem; in what I have said there is but an empirical recipe for living life honestly and in tolerable quietude. But is it nothing to gain good moral and physical health, to escape from the danger of dreams, by taking work as the solution of that great problem—how to acquire the greatest sum of happiness possible upon this earth?

For my part, I confess it, I have always distrusted chimeras. Nothing can be more unhealthy than illusions either for men individually or for nations; illusion does away with effort, illusion blinds, illusion is the vanity of the weak. To cling to a legend, to abuse one's own mind with

regard to every reality, to imagine that it is sufficient to dream of strength in order to be strong—we Frenchmen have seen whither all that tends—aye, to what frightful disasters! Nations have been told to look up on high, to rest content with trust in a superior power, to soar away into the Ideal. No, no! the only strong nation is the nation that labors; labor alone imparts courage and faith. In order to conquer, it is necessary that the arsenals should be full, that one should possess the strongest, most perfect armament, that the army should be well trained, confident in its leaders and in itself. All this may be accomplished by labor—all that is necessary is will and method. The coming century, the whole unlimited future, will belong to labor, of that you may rest well assured. Cannot you already see outlined in the rise and growth of Socialism, the one great law of to-morrow, the law of labor for all—liberating and pacifying toil?

So, young men, young men, set your-

selves to work. Let each of you accept his task, a task to fill his life. It may be a very humble one, but it will none the less be useful. Let it be what you please, provided that it is *there*, and that it keeps you erect! When you have regulated it, without overtaxing yourselves, simply confining yourselves to accomplishing a fit and proper portion of it every day, it will bring you a life of health and joy, and deliver you from all tormenting thoughts of the Infinite. What a healthy and great society would be that in which each member would contribute his logical share of work! The man who works is almost always good and kindly. And so I am convinced that the only faith which can save us is a belief in the efficacy of the accomplished effort. Assuredly it is beautiful to dream of eternity. But for an honest man it is sufficient that he should have passed through life and done his work.—*New Review*.

A RHYME OF THE WESTERN SEA.

BY JOSEPH TRUMAN.

COME, Love, into the radiant eve,
That witching page of Renan leave,
The western lights are o'er the land,
The sun-lit waves chime by the strand,
The fragrant rustling woods are there
That fringe the estuary fair.

True, tones that ravished youth are dumb
(Save when with love's remorse they come),
Sharp memories in our souls may be,
As fathoms down in sleeping sea
Lie those drowned bells of Brittany:
But still too much o'er doubt's pale lore
And gospels of despair we pore,
Too much in suffering hearts we bear
The echoes of the Age's care,
Too much we heed what wise ones say
Who tire with their eternal "nay,"—
The cynic-scientists who deem
That Christ was crazy, Heaven a dream.

See where the Quantocks far away
Gleam deep-green in the fading ray,
Not thus once there great Wordsworth sang,
Not thus the voice of Coleridge rang,
Not thus they twain, by this charmed sea,
Hymned Nature, Life, and Liberty;

No chilling sneer, no hope undone,
Dulled the gold harp of Tennyson ;
E'en stately Arnold's sadder lyre
Breathed strenuous notes of bright desire ;
Well may *we* rest in what to these
Brought solid calm and noble ease.

List that which now to you, to me,
Speaks of peace, power, infinity,
In upland silence, woodland sound,
In channel-deeps that boom around,
In lights that touch these waters low,
Yet flush earth's pinnacles of snow ;
In hope up-rushing fast and far
To find hope's goal in some pure star ;
In love, the martyr, hoping on
When the last hopes of life are gone,—
And say if all this reverent fire
That bids the most abased aspire,—
If sanguine exaltation's prayer,
Faith's wings that beat heaven-neighboring air,
The ranging thought, the regal will
That crowd the brooding brain, and fill
The pining breast with loftier breath,—
Be burnished bubbles pricked at death.

—Spectator.

NILE NOTES.

January 2d. On board the Dahabeah "Pash." The Nile.—We are lying off a sandy stretch of shore, while the crew sit awhile and dip their fingers into their breakfast mess of red pottage. The day is clear and cool and blue, as though we were living in the heart of some vast cut turquoise. It is the second day of the year 1271 of the Hegira. I tried to get the Copt year from our waiter, who is a Christian, but he only shrugged his shoulders : "How should I know ? I am not a priest."

Early in the morning, as the men were punting off from the squalid Arab village, opposite to which we spent the night, they were chanting a melancholy stave that sounded like *Eeley-Lissa*. They pushed and strove, and always sang *Eeley-Lissa*. Now it appears there was a lady called Lissa, whom at the time of the Flood Noah promised to call for and take on board the Ark. So she went home to put a few things together and get the children ; but as the dragoman says—"She never come back till all gone ; that woman one fool." And as she saw the Ark lumbering out of sight and the waters

rapidly rose on her, as a last resource she stood on the children to try and make herself heard. Not such a fool, after all, it seems, that one woman ! Noah had done his best, for he had kept calling loudly "*Eeley-Lissa !* Why don't you come, Lissa ?" And still the boatmen of the Nile use the prophet's plaintive cry with its forlorn cadence, "Why don't you come, Lissa ? Lissa, why don't you come ?" I dare say the prophet's wife was jealous and contrived she should be left behind.

And now we are creeping along the sandy, muddy shore. The men, roped over the shoulders, tow with the dull monotony of convicts ; the heavy rudder creaks and groans, the dragoman hammers at a package. The second captain shows his white teeth and calls to a couple of women who have come down to the water's edge to fill their *goolaks*.

Tuesday. Off Matay.—To night, while the crew were tearing at sugar-cane and sucking it after a hard day's towing, I came on Hassan the Nubian, disconsolate in the moonlight on shore ; his head wrapped up, his chin sunk, looking so

like a sick monkey I asked if it were the brandy and the sheep of the New Year's feasting that still afflicted him. No, he couldn't get any hasheesh, that was all; and the captain wouldn't advance him any money to go and buy it in the village. I remembered I had a piece somewhere I bought in Cairo, in a shy Arab café; what would he give me if I found it? He had nothing to give me, being a poor man, but he would kiss my hand. I found the brown stuff, looking like a piece of cheap cocoa, and made him a present of it. He began to cheer *Hip! hip!* and sat down on deck to break it up and pack it into cigarettes. Soon into the broad and placid moonlight crawled the penetrating incense; and now he sleeps, Hassan the Nubian, at whom all the other sailors laugh because of his broken Arabic, sleeps and dreams deliciously of riding lightly over the tremulous, tideless water where there is neither towing, nor punting, nor huge lumbering dahabeah to be coaxed along the crumbling shelving banks.

It was almost dark as we came back from shooting, and there being a little creek between us and the dahabeah, had to make use of a country boat moored in the creek, for ferry. In the centre of the sun-blistered, gaping, cranky old piece there was a sort of hold, and down in it a little pan of charcoal, over which I could see two or three pairs of hands opening and shutting, and I could hear whispers. So I went quite close and looked down, and saw it was the countryman's wife and children. But the stranger was too much for the children, who dived at once under the deck boards and lay there breathless. I took out a piastre and held it in the glow of the charcoal, and first one little hand came out of the darkness and then another. Each time I drew the piastre further to try and get them out again into the firelight, but they always drew back and lay whispering a little, and then were quite quiet. The mother covered her face and laughed, though perhaps a little nervously, while the countryman, punting with the great pole, laughed out loud. At last, just as we were landing, I held the piastre under the boarding and felt it instantly clutched in a small, cool, brown fist. Then we all laughed together, and a sort of nursery peal came from the little stowaways. But they checked it very soon, and Ali said to Zenoba, "Don't

you move yet, I don't believe he's gone:—got the money?"

Thursday. Minieh (156 miles from Cairo).—The wind whistles and screams to-night like some desert bird; I hear the water lapping against the rocking dahabeah, the voices of the sailors crouched under their awning; and the lightning flashes and glares all round us, now flinging its trailing gleam on wastes and gulies of sand and tawny bluffs of desert rock, and now throwing black against the great white spark a half-ruined, but ever graceful minaret. A wild night, my masters! more suited to Steerforth drowning off Yarmouth shore than the broad repose of ancient Nilus.

Last evening, the moon not yet up, we stumbled among the hovels and sugar-cane enclosures of the village to buy eggs. Prowling dogs snarled at us, dark forms crouched at the black oval holes that marked their doorways; you heard the crunching and the tear of sugar-cane, you saw glimpses of low firelight leap on knotted tattooed brows, on profiles that looked like degraded Pharaohs; and, over all, the stars, that seemed so lustrous and so loosely hung that you might fancy a cry would bring them sparkling down into your lap, like ripe fruit. Down every dusky courtyard the dragoman called "Bring out your eggs!" and women only muttered and men chattered in reply. At last, a little girl of seven or eight came out with a nest of glimmering eggs in her brown hands and black robe. Round us pressed, breathing heavily, a group of villagers, wondering at the *howadgi*, not daring to whisper of backsheesh. The little girl never ventured to look up at us; she trotted off fearfully with her half piastre clutched in her tiny, knuckle-tattooed fist. We got eight fresh eggs for a penny farthing.

After dinner, in the moonlight, the great man of the village came to visit us, very tall and stately and well-mannered. He brought with him as a present the eternal sugar-cane for the crew, without sucking which these great Arab babies cannot live long, and for us an ancient man with an ancient muzzle-loading musket and a younger creature with a huge stick, to act as guard for the night. He sat in our cabin, smoked cigarettes and drank coffee, inspected our guns and rifles, asked our opinion for a school for his lit-

the son in London and the cost, and admired the colored pictures of "The Birds of Egypt." He looks forward very much, he says, to seeing and entertaining us on our way down, and has begged me to take charge of fifty pounds with which to buy and send him a gun from London. Blessed and noble Union Jack! is there, I dare to ask, any other flag that flies under which an Arab would venture fifty pounds, with the absolute certainty that it would be honorably expended?

I watched the stately, slow, and somewhat ragged procession disappear in the moonlight. Old Dogberry with the gun kissed his departing patron's hand; then he and the thick stick sat down on the edge of the brown crumbling bank and waited for robbers, as for jackal or hyena. I took them out a few cigarettes. The broad moon was climbing patiently high over the far Arabian desert. Some of the crew were already asleep after a hard day's towing, and I had to pick my way.

January 12th.—We drone along, towing and punting, day after day, in ever the same beneficent sunshine. Once only, early in the morning, as I lie dozing in my narrow berth, I hear a clearer, sharper ripple; the rudder groans less heavily and I know we are sailing. The *reis* stands at the head of the steps leading to the upper deck and watches the wind anxiously. His eyes are ever on the sail or over to the hazy north-west; sharp orders he issues, and the crouching men fly to the ropes. Mustapha, the singer, sits against the low bulwark with his dear friend Mohammed always next him, who married his sister. They sing a succession of little murmurous songs together. "What are they singing about?" I ask the dragoman. "Love," he replies, with rather a leer. Yes, they are singing about love. "Why don't you come, oh, my love? My heart is faint and sick for you. If I were a bird I would fly to you"—and so on; really, quite like a passionate Society ballad. Then the other dahabeah lurches past us, like some great caravel. Hassan the Nubian is furious; I saw him fly to our mast and bite it. "Go on, you pig! sail faster, you defiled animal!" he screams. Then he imprecates Allah for more wind; he points piteously to his shoulders all sore with the rope and towing. "He say his arms all tuttered and tear," explains the dragoman gravely.

Sunday. Assiout.—At last, half-past four in the afternoon, we sail stylishly up to the landing stage. There is a small crowd to sell us ebony sticks, bright bead purses, fly flaps, red pottery, and a yelling background of donkey boys. A policeman hits them viciously with a stick, but they trample round us just the same. And then we go for a scamper across the railway line, down to the town and through the bazaars, half of them closed, seeing the town is mainly Copt and the day Sunday. Between mud walls we hear the wild palpitating music of a fantasia, and push in through a narrow doorway into a diminutive, dusty playground. Black people, emancipated slaves, refugees from the Soudan, dancing. "When the sun sinks, all Africa dances." Shapeless women with broad, crushed faces; squat boys in tarboosh and discolored English shooting-coats, the gift of some passing dahabeah, or the castaway of a European engineer at the sugar factory; tattered men, clumsily kneaded, made with hands all thumbs, of black dough; they shake like jellies, they waddle and waggle, they advance solemnly and retreat, shaking heavy sticks, through dust a foot deep, while the musicians sit against the wall and beat the phrenetic drum. It is an African *Moulin Rouge*, or *Elysée Montmartre*. "All drunk," explains the dragoman, and seems to think highly of his presence of mind in getting us away without a row. For sometimes, it seems, a spark will flash among all that clumsy good humor, and the lurking savage blood light like spirits of wine. So we continue our scamper and come home through the market-place. There a crowd is gathered round a woman who dances a few steps, shakes a tambourine and improvises on the company. Her friend, a wild animal with an unsettled eye, nervously beats the *tarabouka*, and, when her inspiration fails, takes up the scream. The crowd makes way for us respectfully, and as we solemnly sit our donkeys she bursts like Miriam into song. The dragoman is delighted with the reference to himself, and smiles the smile of self-satisfied conceit. I imagine it is in the style of the esteem Mr. Nadab—"and while his face I scan, I think you'll all agree with me, he comes from Hindostan." The dragoman translates it: "He well-shaped man, handsome man—he give me plenty backsheesh."

January 20th. Girgeh.—Always, as we near our station for the night, against the lonely sandbank, or below the low-browed village where the children scream and the dogs bark, and groups crouch round the lurching flame of the *doura* fire ; or beside the outskirts of the town in whose narrow streets flits the wayfarer's candle, streets where the greasy yellow lantern hangs by the cigarette-maker's box, or leers in the haze of the hasheesh shop ; always at such a time, when the sun is sinking in steady splendor over the desert, some of the crew are to be found turning toward Mecca to pray. On the upper deck by the steersman, among the newly cut bread spread out all day in the sun to grow stale, Achmet stands with his hands by his head, forming flaps like the Sphinx's cap ; his face grows humble and gentle, his lips move in rapid supplication. Then he sinks down on his haunches, and the blunt, scarred hands that all day have toiled at the rope lie quiet and submissive in his lap. His head sinks forward, and thrice he touches the deck with his forehead. At such a time no one must come between him and Mecca. To-night I saw our old cook praying, and Hassan passed in front of him to get his tattered English shooting-coat that hung by the mast. The old cook broke off his prayer and abused him loudly, and Hassan who never prays answered him back, and there was a brief battle.

The night is almost frosty, and in the river one sees the long tremulous reflections of the stars ; as though the old kings were holding there, deep in the rich stream, some silent banquet, and these the muffled lights to show them how dark their lives are now. From a neighbor's dahabeah come the rattling tones of a piano, and the sound of a grotesque baritone singing a sea-ballad with a waltz refrain, like a provincial bank manager at a penny reading at home. Never, nowadays, does one entirely get out of reach of such homelinesses. The other evening, sitting musing in a temple, I heard one unctuous soul from Hornsey Rise declare to another "It used to be called the Waterloo Boarding 'ouse," and then there came upon me two old men in black coats and extensive puggerees, long ago tired of Osiris and Horus and the father Amen-Ra. "Now you 'ook it !" they said to

the *gaffir* who wanted to draw their attention to a rare catouche.

Saturday. Luxor.—We had lunch in the mutilated last court of the temple of Medinet-Hapu, the guardians looking on with their guns slung over their shoulders, squatting and smoking cigarettes ; sharp Arab children were crouched in ambush behind the broken pillars, waiting to dart upon us with their *goolahs* for washing our hands after the meal ; when there rose the wail of a crying child, the most sorrowful and piercing. I looked out, and there, perched among the heaped-up rubbish that only last year they cleared out of the Court for the Khedive's visit, sat Fatmeh, her head wrapped in her dingy little shawl, sobbing and wailing enough to break her heart and the heart of any listener. She wailed whole sentences. "What is it she says ?" I asked the dragoon. "She say," replied he, plunging his white teeth among the chicken bones and looking up gravely with his goggle eyes, "she say she lose her *goolah* and she sure she die." So I told him to call her, and down came a little creature with a tattooed chin and a funny wet snub nose with enormous freckles, and her frightened eyes all heavy and swimming with tears. She drew her shawl tightly round her like a very small factory child, and blinking sadly took the orange I gave her. "She look away one moment, put her *goolah* down and some one take it, and her mother kill her and she sure she die." So, with the cheap charity of old Lady Cork, I borrowed two piastres and gave them to her to buy another water-bottle. And when we mounted our donkeys again, surrounded by screaming children, "You nice gentleman, I like you ; I your girl, give me one half-piastre," Fatmeh came solemnly forward as though she'd never seen me before in her life, pulled my trouser leg and demanded backsheesh. Though, to be sure, when I looked at her somewhat reproachfully, she had sufficient grace to pull her shawl over her mouth and laugh outright.

In the evening I went to a *soirée* at a native gentleman's house, and a very "cold swarry" it was, too ; seeing it was held in the hall and we sat there with our great-coats on. The native gentleman has a soft hand, a fashionable smile, and proclaims it "awfullee cold." There were present some twelve or fourteen guests, na-

tives, Russians, Germans, and English, and two gaunt limestone American ladies in pincenez and cotton gloves. Dissipated-looking servants attended us with coffee in egg-cups and handfuls of cigarettes, while a native orchestra thumped and wailed on their haunches and a couple of girls danced. One was rather good-looking, in the dark fatigued style; the other was squat and forbidding in a long cretonne bedgown. They waggled and wobbled, and when they got down to our end of the room threw us languishing glances and whispered "backsheesh" over their shoulders. I gave the good-looking one a cigarette which she stuck coquettishly behind her ear. When I came away with many thanks (and a whiskey and soda) for a most interesting evening, I found Cook's people throwing a search-light from their steamer among the ruins of the temple, as though they were looking for Rameses. They had the impudence to dog me with it, and Achmet carrying the lantern; I think the startling white light rather frightened him; at least, I heard him talking to himself and breathing heavily.

January 30th. Esneh.—We sailed into Esneh late in the brilliant moonlight, and went ashore to the post office and the fair. In the post office the postmaster was entertaining at dinner an English traveller, who had come to consult some Capt MSS., but he rose obligingly and gave us stamps. No one could withstand the melancholy gentle insistence of the dragoman; he had put on a black frock-coat, the gift of a former Nile patron; in that and a pair of tight black trousers he proposed to go and pay visits of thanks to friends who had written to condole with him on the loss of his father. He had learned the sad news at Luxor, where I saw him ashore shaking hands with a sympathizing donkey-boy. "Very bad accident to my house," he explained—I thought he meant the ancestral boiler had burst; but no—"my father die a week ago;" so everybody he passed in Luxor, donkey-boy, seller of Indian curiosities, *anteeka* merchant, photographer, shook his hand and consoled. At Esneh the moon was bright and showed us the long shadows and forms of all the place going fair-ward. The market-place was full of figures, screaming, pushing, laughing; there were many booths, and from almost all came the nasal gush of native music

and the finger-beat of the drum. The cloudy little cafés were full to overflowing, and every here and there hung yellow lanterns, smeared and dim like greasy gold. Notwithstanding his so recent affliction, the dragoman soon found friends to joy rather than to sorrow with him, and in due time I was presented to the lawyer (a hand-shake and an anxious "How is your health?"), to the school-master ("How do you do? please sit down, have a coffee"), and to the salt-seller (a native salute and something ornate and respectful in Arabic). A merrier man than the lawyer I never met withal: such shouts of laughter, such contortions of mirth, like a boy at a harlequinade. He was always laughing his turban off and showing his shaven head. We went into one of the cafés to see some dancing-girls, and, full as the place was, a seat was soon found for me by the simple method of sweeping and scraping the native sightseers off a bench with a stick. I sat facing the band, who were ordered to play an English salute; they broke into a galloping circus air, to which the stout young person dancing in vain tried to adapt herself. The matron of the establishment brought a sort of pewter church collecting plate for backsheesh; I gave the dancer a cigarette and a piastre or two in her cymbals, and we pushed our way out. In the next establishment it was pretty much the same, only that the air was rather more cloudy, the orchestra more torturing, the dancer rather better-looking. Opposite us sat a little merchant on his heels, hilariously drunk; now he rested his unsteady head on a neighbor policeman's shoulder, and now on our old cook's, who with one or two of the crew followed us everywhere as Jacks ashore. You don't often see an Arab drunk; when you do, you mistake him for a madman. I saw one other that evening, an old man plucking and clutching his way through the crowd with knotted, trembling hands; he was talking loudly and monotonously to himself, and his vicious old face was all puckered with deep wrinkles and muddy veins. The people didn't seem to laugh at him; they rather appeared shocked, as though he really were mad.

We wandered about under the lawyer's guidance among the other sights, and found a bunch of dervishes waving and

bowing round a flag, a drum, and a lantern, just like the Salvation Army. It was an exact counterpart of a performance given by our crew one evening as we approached Luxor. We were sailing placidly, they were doing nothing and were perhaps a little cold, and so the fancy seized then to burlesque the howling dervishes. It was just dusk, and in the light of the cool-boy's fire you could see them bowing and wagging their heads and shoulders could hear their short sharp bursts of *Allah! Allah!* as though all the same they were a little afraid. It was got up on a sudden by Hassan, who, having had some few whiffs of hasheesh, felt productive and inspired. When he's without it he nopes and never says a word, goes about his work mechanically and sits apart depressed. The performance of the dervishes of Esneh was just the same as our crew's plus the faith and minus the hasheesh.

The crowd, the odors, the shouting, the music—all just as bewildering as at an English fair—drove us to seek quieter pleasures, and we stood for some time on the edge of a silent, many-circled, squatting cluster of dotted white turbans round a small space in the centre where sat a story-teller. It was dark there but for the moonlight, and silent but for the loud, not unmusical, cry of the entertainer and the echoes of the fair. He put his hand up to the side of his head (like the costermonger in Leech's drawing who yells "Sarrer-grass!") and called his story, muzzin-fashion, fixing the stars with his eyes as the comedian plays at the boy at the back of the gallery. But what it was all about not even our dragoman could say, or it was told in some fellaheen dialect but he was much too genteel to know anything of. So we passed to a ragged canvas shelter, where the children were patiently waiting for Punch and Judy. Even ere the dragoman found acquaintances; he knew the boy who beat the drum on one side of the candle stuck on the ledge above the red shawl that hid the entertainer, and the evil-looking young man on the other who put the usual questions to Mr. Punch and upbraided him for his wrong-doing. It was veritable Punch and Judy, squeak and all, only that dog's-bdy was reinforced with a large solemn he, and that the minor parts in the brutal comedy were a Sheikh, a Turk,

and a Nubian woman, who was Punch's sweetheart, not his wife. It was amazingly indecent; and the children looked like a group round a conjurer at a Christmas party, the little ones in front and the big boys standing behind and hitting each other.

February 1st. Daraou (570 miles from Cairo).—Now we draw near to the true Africa—*Semper aliquid novi refert Africa*. This afternoon I found a large snake's skin lying brittle and gray on the cracked ground. On the clothes of the man who is working the *shadoof*, almost naked, lies his dagger, very sharp, in its worn leathern sheath. Hideous little girls, like the savages in Stanley's book, pass us with strong whiffs of the castor-oil in which their plaited hair is soaked. A Beshereen, of the friendly tribe who patrol the desert and watch the dervish movements, ambles past bareheaded on his camel, his hair standing out all round his handsome head like Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel." They say the Beshereen are of absolutely untainted blood since the days of Adam; they look mild warriors, tall and straight, with Greek noses and brilliant teeth, like pencil-drawings of savages—by young ladies.

The dragoman has got bad eyes, and has gone off to consult a medicine-woman in the village. On his return he describes how she turned the lid back, ran a needle and thread through, and washed it all out with honey. She makes no charge; he says, "She do it all for love of Gawd."

Friday. Assouan. The First Cataract.—We rode out to one of the forts in the desert, and, while we were up on the platform examining the Nordenfeldt, we saw a caravan crawling in below—a long string of burdened camels and the little dotted figures of the drivers. A soldier was sent down to stop and question them, and when we came down reported them from Berber, in the enemy's country, about two hundred miles from Khartoum. They were all driven off to cantonments to be examined, and later in the afternoon, when we went to tea at the mess (you know the sporting pictures by Alken you see at a mess abroad always, from *Forcs'*, in Piccadilly, and "Flyaway" winning the Leger of 1835?), we visited them again. I felt so sorry for them, for, since the recent outbreak and fight at Ambigole, all caravans coming from that

country have been confiscated. The men looked weary and drawn after their long desert trudge as they stood round us, grasping their huge, crusader-like swords; and the merchant-adventurer, the owner of it all, particularly corrugated and anxious. All the camel burdens were loosened and lay on the ground—great packages of gum, which, they tell me, all goes to Europe, and is all used up in the best French cookery. They knew nothing of the dervish movements, and declared themselves traders only. I took one of their swords from them and drew it; it was like taking an ancient piece of iron of the time of the Wars of the Roses out of the armory of an ancient English country house.

From the other dahabeah comes at night the captain's little son to sing the Koran to the crew. He swings himself backward and forward, his head wrapped in a shawl, nestled close up against our *reis*, who likes it best. Every now and then, instead of the loud *Ah!* of applause that marks the crew's delight when Mustapha chants "Oh, my friend, come to me! My heart is all burned up with longing!" you hear the softly breathed, the reverential *Allah!* The night is as of purple velvet, on which the stars lie like cut jewels; the Nile is a broad, shifting pavement of verde-antique, washed with milk.

February 7th. Gerf-Hussên, Nubia.—It was almost pitch dark when we stopped sailing. Down the high bank clambered lean figures, with bowls of milk and little woven baskets of eggs. I asked if they would show us their village, and up and after them we stumbled, following the uncertain light of the draughty lantern. The thick, baked walls of the huts gave out a peculiar warmth and odor, and from the door of one came the dancing flicker of a light fire. We went in after some hesitation (the dragoman whispered there were "ladies" there), and found a vigorous old man, telling his Mussulman beads, cross-legged on a mud bench, and on the floor bent over the fire the oldest-looking human being I ever saw alive. Mummies I have seen, and wondered not that they were dead, but in what part of her withered, desiccated frame that old woman found space to keep the stern vital energies that lined her grim, carved face I can scarcely guess. She looked no more living than sea-weed does, dried and stretched on

paper. Her arms, her legs (thrust almost into the fire) were so shrunk that the long leathern flesh and flaccid muscles hung round them like dangling shreds on sticks. Round her neck were beads of wood, and round her wrists leathern braccets (though, to be sure, I cannot feel certain they were not folds of skin), and on her face lurked not only lines, but gullies and passages, they seemed so deep and fallen. But for the occasional upturned glance of her cold, unquestioning eye, I could not have supposed her anything else than one of the earliest and best preserved of the remotest queens of Egypt. The old man gave us lusty welcome, and sent for milk and dates and filled our pockets. He showed us his long spear that hung against the wall, and told me with a proud gesture that he had often killed his man; but more often with a sword, and taking me by the shoulder showed me iercely how he used to do it. He was ninety years old, and had never been farther from home than Assouan, and then only once. All his sons sat and stood round us, and in the background against the mud granary white teeth glimmered and the broad black faces of the women shone. I asked him what present he would like, and he asked for a little rice and a little coffee. All the time he clutched and fingered his Muslim rosary, which, when I admired, he wanted me to accept. The son came back with us to the dahabeah, and carried off the coffee and rice in envelopes to which I added a handful of cigarettes and a couple of oranges, with particular injunctions that one was to be given to the old gentleman. It is odd, by the way, what one can sometimes get the natives to accept by way of barter. I remember at one place below the cataract we could get no milk, certainly not for love, nor try as we might for money. No, the owner would only let it go in exchange for clover for the buffalo, of which, of course, we had none. At last we persuaded him to accept some suga for his wife, and for two or three lups he brought us back a bowl quite all. At another place where we disturbed and drove away a husband heartily brashing his wife we bought milk, and when the husband, on returning, learned that she had sold instead of giving it for nothing, with an outburst of hospitable anger he wanted to recommence his catigation.

February 9th. Korosko. — Korosko guards the great desert road that goes to the wells at Murat, held by the friendly Arabs, and thence to Khartoum; it was along that road that Gordon travelled in 1884 to his death. We rode out along it on camels, as far as the camel-corps station, and the sad little sandy, dusty, English cemetery, where lie "Private Michael Roberts, B Company D.L.I., died at Korosko, aged 21," and many another private, aged 18, and 20, and 22—very immature and under-sized food for fever and dysentery. In front of us ambled off straight into the desert four friendly Arabs on their camels, guns slung behind them, bound for the wells. They were challenged as to their pass by the far-off sentry at the block-house high on the hill, for no one leaves the station or comes into it unless furnished with a pass. We felt that at last we were dropping the tourist and becoming the traveller; and more so when we telegraphed to the General at Wady Halfah for permission to proceed, and were answered that for these last hundred miles or so of river we were to be furnished with a corporal and ten men as guard. As I write, their accoutrements and Martini-Henrys are scattered all over the upper deck, while the men lie about wrapped in their great-coats; for the wind in Nubia just now is bitterly cold.

On our way back from our ride, the sheikh of the Bedaween invited us to drink coffee at his house, and while we sat there, the sheikh, who had escorted Gordon in 1884 and had known him well, told us again the familiar story of his death. It was strange to hear the touching details of how, knowing, no doubt, that his hour was come, he threw his sword and revolver on the table to make their blood-guiltiness the heavier; while all the while the regimental band of the 10th Soudanese came to us in sharp, clear gusts from within the lines, as though it were playing in the Pavilion Gardens at Folkestone.

Our dapper little officer, who met us on our appearance from the dahabeah at the top of the bank with a bow and a pleasant "Happy arrival!" was one of the friendliest of well bred Egyptian gentlemen, and took us off at once to his quarters. It was ornamented with many pictures cut out of the "Illustrated London News" and "Graphic," looking something like a roomy, mud-built, pointsman's

cabin, and with particular pride he pulled out for us from a cupboard his English library. It consisted of "Peter Parley," half a "Guide to the Isle of Man," the "Belgravia" for November 1890, a child's book of geography, the Queen's regulations in faded red, and a small torn atlas.

February 15th. The Second Cataract.
Wady Halfah (803 miles from Cairo).—

War, dusty and sun-baked, stands alert on the Nile mud-walls of the entrenchment, and scans the dreary desert hills. From inside one hears the fantastic clash of Arab military music, and at the gate one sees a row of Soudanese fifer-boys, curving their huge lips to *Orphée aux Enfers*. It is all border-warfare, of the old hand-to-hand, cold steel order; very like what it must have been round about a Roman camp in Gaul, when the Alemanni came down at all sorts of unlikely moments on Cæsar's soldiers out cutting brushwood. We went out under an escort of twenty men, along the bumpy, rickety line to Sarraas, the furthest post held by the Egyptian forces, some five-and-thirty miles from Halfah. The line used to go seventy or eighty miles further, but it has nearly all been ripped up by the dervishes. They make occasional descents, too, on what is still left in use, for about three weeks ago they came down in the cool of the evening on the railway bridge at Gemai (over which we trundled gingerly), and set to work to try and destroy it. They came down from the desert in their usual obstreperous fashion, howling and singing; even with an impudent bugle playing the Khedivial hymn, while the Soudanese regiment under David Bey that had had news of their coming was lying in wait in excitable ambush. Then, when they heard the pickaxes at work in the dark, they opened fire, after despatching a company to cut off their retreat. Only it seems one of the blacks in his excitement loosed off his rifle, so after spitting fire at each other for a while, in which the dervishes lost seven men and some of the Soudanese had their rifles struck, the marauders got clean away into the desert and the darkness. Fine fighters the Soudanese, they tell me, and veritable savages in their lust for blood. Not so very long ago, in one of their encounters with the dervishes, they drove a dozen of them into a native house, and having set fire to it bayoneted them as they came running out. One of the Sou-

danese, a huge fellow, begged hard to take his stand at the door, for, said he, he hadn't killed a man for a fortnight. And when the next dervish appeared he ran him through and hoisted him back into the burning house, like mud into a London mud-cart. But the dervish, writhing on the steel, managed to bend and clutch the soldier's mouth, and tore his lip and cheek up as far as the eye.

As we bumped and grunted and rattled along, sometimes by the long-drawn cataract with its rocks glistening as though they had just been blacklead, but more often through country so ghastly that it seemed as if it were nature-skinned, I could not help thinking of a Highland line; there was the same leisurely method, the same doubt whether we should get up the incline, the same artless climbing into the train without taking the trouble to stop it. And when the native had ridden far enough, first he cast down his bundle and then himself, on to his head or his back or just sideways, so long as, after all, he fell into the sand. If unhurt, they pick themselves up and go to what is left of their villages; though few indeed are the houses that remain, and the date trees have most of them their heads lopped by the raiding dervishes. We reached Sarrass at one o'clock, and found it a fort with its back to the river, and defiant mud front frowning from a hill into the brooding desert. And the desert here looks like what I imagine a moon-landscape to be—dead, seared, withered.

Dendûr. Monday. On our way down.—When we stop for the night, the chain cast on shore, the stake driven in, I like to join the sailor with his metal pot and his lantern, who goes off in search of milk. Together we go, the gleam falling among the green stalks and white flowers of the bean, on the rich brown crumbled earth; along the gray and dried-up watercourses it falls, on to the mud courtyard, and so far as it can pierce into the black gaping doorway of the sheikh's house. The sheikh disappears and pulls me out his bed-stand of date-rope into the courtyard, and I lie on it full length on my back and look up at the stars. I can hear the washing of the Nile waters, I can see the flashing two-day-old moon that lies on her back like a silver gondola, while round the lantern squat Reis Ali and Mustapha the singer, and Mohammed his friend,

come to see if they can cheapen a little tobacco. The villagers group round, too, with their faces brown and black, Arab and Nubian, and beyond from the star-lit darkness come the voices of the shrouded women, shrilling the price they want for the milk. Sometimes I hear it being drawn seething into the bowl; it is brought to me to taste, with its rich bubbles, from under the cow that stands in the darkness the other side of the wall. The children run in and out, and the lantern light falls on their tight bronze skins and the one lock that plumes their shaven polls. If ever there is a moment's pause in the chaffering, I hear the cry of the *sakkieh*, the huge water-wheel with its dripping buckets, groaning and creaking as though it were some creature that would be musical if only labor could teach it how.

Esneh, March 1st. Magagagh, March 17th.— . . . And so we saunter down stream deliciously, with our laboring oars. Three weeks after leaving Philæ for Wady Halfah we are back there again, and in the brilliant early morning the sheikh of the cataract comes on board with his turbulent crew, and amid howls and yells guides us in safety down the thundering, plunging great gate. Just before we leaped into the fall, I saw one of the sheikh's men climb into the bows and throw a stick into the worst of the water. It seems they think that if there is going to be a wreck, there is likely to be only one that morning, and that it may as well overwhelm the stick instead of the dahabeah. And so it was, apparently, for I never saw the stick again, while we blundered and rocked through without a scratch.

Assouan is passed, Daraou and Silsilis, and the great temple of Edfu. At Esneh we stop to take bread for the crew, and I go on shore and meet my hilarious friend the lawyer. He is just like a racketsolicitor in the Midlands who has given up his too-much whiskey at the "Greyhound," and is at last settling down to steady, reputable practice. The dragoman tells me he is "a good family man," who once had a weakness for the bottle, and thereby caused his respectable relatives much pain, but has now sworn-off. Now he sits in his stuffy, untidy little office, and wrangles with a sturdy client who has a debt of £20 he wants to recover. He comes on

board our dahabeah, and I stuff his pockets with fruit for his little girl. When he sees our medicine-chest he makes up his mind I am a doctor, and gives me a detailed account of a complaint (the remains of the old bottle days), which is unhappily much beyond my skill. As we drift away from the shore, "Good-bye, Mahommed!" he screams to me, for he declares I am his brother, and has renamed me accordingly. "Good-bye, Lawyer! Drink no more mastic, or treacherous, cheap French Cognac; stick to work, coffee and Nile water! So shalt thou one day be *chef-de-parquet*, and wear a tarboosh and an extremely ill-fitting, black frock-coat."

At Luxor we have an early morning's quail shooting; delicious, the fresh seven o'clock breeze, the vivid rustling corn, the *b-r-r-r!* of the line of men beating through the *addas*, the rapid rise and flight of the fat birds. No wonder the Israelites gave up complaining against Moses, once they had quails and manna. We hear no more of "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Wherefore hast thou dealt with us thus, to carry us forth out of Egypt?"

Denderah and Kenh are passed, Farshoot and Abydos, and here we are back at Girgeh, the last station on the line from Cairo. At Negadah we went on shore in the moonlight and paid solemn visits, accompanied by a body-guard of Remingtons and battle-axes. It seemed as though Cœur-de-Lion and General Ulysses Grant were marching side by side. We drank coffee and lemonade in a vast vacant saloon, lined with divans and ornamented with a few faded photographs, hung very high. A large musical box chirped and prattled on a little round table in the centre, next a solitary flickering candle, and down from the tall window-hangings swung and swerved round the light a couple of shimmering bats. Five miles from Assiout a sand-storm, the worst known on the Nile for fifty years, struck and nearly wrecked us. I saw it racing toward us like an express-travelling London fog, with streaming tattered edges of a decayed mummy-cloth color. Ten min-

utes after being sighted we were in the heart of it, and there we lay, straining, leaping, rocking, for an hour and a half. The wind screamed a terrified treble, and the sand flew past as though thrown at us in immense handfuls. We had to cut down the yard, broke all our glass and china, drowned every hen, pigeon and turkey, but we managed (contrary to the *reis* expectation) to save the boat. All the way down since we have been continually seeing the masts and hulls of wrecked country boats. "Another boat down," says the dragoman, pointing his dusky forefinger. "Two ladies lost and one man. Perhaps we meet his body."

London, April 21st.—I read these notes over in the friendly sunlight of our English spring, and am pleased to find I have said nothing about either tomb or temple; not a word even of Abou Simbel or Karnak, Abydos, Denderah, Edfu, Beni Hassan, or the tombs of the kings. For masterly descriptions of such I have the honor to refer the reader to any book on the Nile that has ever been written. For myself, too, I have to confess that my vocabulary is very limited, and that until Rameses returns and hews me out an alphabet of granite, I can find no words massive enough to deal even with one stupendous column of Karnak. And I confess, further, that while our dragoman used to be pointing us out cartouches, or hideous sculpture of what he called "the ram head of the gawd," my eyes used to be wandering in search of the cut and scratched records of early travellers, from the Greek soldiers of Psammetichus down to the French dragoons of 1799 and the masterful incisions of Belzoni. I was delighted with a large *B. Mure*, 1844, to which a later hand had added an equally large *stultus est*, and shall be glad to know who was the *John Gordon*, 1804, who has carved himself so deeply in Nubia? But perhaps my best discovery (after the identification of a slim and genteel *R. M. Milnes*, 1843, with the late Lord Houghton) is that of a well-cut *Pranzini*, who, once, I believe, a dragoman, afterward cut even better some throats in Paris; and was duly and notoriously guillotined.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE RELIGION OF LETTERS, 1750-1850.

WHEN we seek to understand what may be called the spirit of any age in matters of religion, it is not in the sayings and writings of professed theologians and divines, and still less in the utterances of religious disputants and leaders of parties, that we shall most surely discern it, but rather in the attitude of mind of thoughtful men outside the arena of controversy—men of letters perhaps, but men of diverse interests and varied aims, who have no personal ends to be served, no wavering disciples to conciliate, no law of edification to be observed.

It is true that those who for practical purposes are most opposed to one another have frequently most in common. Times of great religious disturbance are fruitful in instances of men who would have sent one another to the stake as the almost necessary expression of an equally fervent faith and an equally deep-seated intolerance—conscience striking, as it were, the same note, though on minds of different metal. Nevertheless it is true that the temper of the religious enthusiast is that of a protest and a revolt, and it cannot be regarded as a reliable interpretation of the spirit of his times. If the history of a nation is found in its national songs, the history of its religion is written in no misleading character in dialogue and anecdote, in epistolary literature, in poetry and fiction.

At this end of the nineteenth century, when religious activities are absorbing men's minds, and to some extent usurping the place of contemplative piety, it may not be uninteresting to cast our eyes back to a period not as yet too far removed from our own—to the days of Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, of the Coleridges and Charles Lamb, of Wordsworth and Southey, of De Quincey and Miss Austen,—a period beginning with the publication of the first portion of the "Rambler" in 1750, and ending in the religious and literary revolutions of the early decades of this present century. Glancing at some pages of biography and fiction, and selecting some familiar figures from the crowded canvas, let us see what they can tell us of the way in which religion was regarded, since they are to some extent imbued with the same spirit—the spirit of their

age. It is not from the professed theologian, as we have before said, that we have most to learn. Seminarists, students, and ministers of religion of whatever creed, must needs be more or less guided by class prejudices and governed by class interests. They may instruct, exhort, and convince, but they cannot give that unconscious impression, that casual revelation of a prevalent taste, which, like some old portrait in an antiquated dress, recalls the manners and transports us into the society of a bygone age.

In 1760-80 Methodism had not spent its first fervor. Wesley was preaching up and down the country, and Newton and Cowper were writing their hymns at Olney. It was a flame, however, which, like a heath fire, spread most rapidly in the open; it leaped from hamlet to hamlet, it was kindled in the hearts of cottagers and artisans. But though here and there this new religion numbered the rich and influential among its converts, it was for the most part despised or distrusted by the more highly educated members of the community; it affronted the orthodoxy of a political episcopate, and scandalized the sober-minded Anglicanism of the day. Evangelicalism within the Church was as yet confined to a small minority, and the prevalent religion was that of cushioned pews, didactic discourses, and comfortable divines; for the most part too well content with this present world to awaken any enthusiasm demanding personal and probably inconvenient sacrifices. Of many of the parochial clergy Crabbe probably drew a faithful portrait when he wrote of his "Vicar"—

"Mild were his doctrines, and not one discourse
But gained in softness what it lost in force.
If ever fretful thought disturbed his breast,
If aught of gloom that cheerful mind oppressed,
It sprang from innovation; it was then
He spake of mischief made by restless men.
Habit with him was all the test of truth:
It must be right; I've done it from my youth."

Sir Walter Scott, that magician of the past, was indeed, at the opening of the nineteenth century, to fire the imagination of the young by his vivid presentations of a bygone faith; but though no writer has

more forcibly portrayed the temper of the religious enthusiast, and the powerful influence which passionate self-sacrificing devotion to a creed may exercise upon the minds and fortunes of men, he was averse (almost to the point of intolerance) to any strong manifestation of religious feeling. "I have been always careful," he writes in his diary, "to place my mind in the most tranquil posture it can assume during my private exercises of devotion." He purposely refrained from indulging his imagination on spiritual subjects, and his religion has been described as cold and conventional, but it was of a nature which could well withstand the repeated strokes of adversity. It triumphed alike over bodily weakness and failing mental powers, and found its truest expression in his last conscious words of leave-taking to Lockhart. "My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

In his romances he had painted Catholicism in some of its attractive aspects, but it was with the pencil of the artist, not the pen of the disciple, and in his diary he expresses a hope that "unopposed the Catholic superstition may sink into dust." In Great Britain, at least, it would have seemed not impossible that his wish might be fulfilled; so far as practical use was concerned, it was as yet as much a thing of the past as the ruined abbeys scattered about the country, or the discarded suits of armor which had hung upon their walls. We find, it is true, that General Tilney talked of preserving the Gothic forms of the windows in Northanger Abbey with reverential care, and Catherine Morland went so far as to wish to discover painted glass and cobwebs; but such anticipations were naturally doomed to disappointment at a time when an old oak chest was the only relic of antiquity allowed within the house, and that had been put away in a corner of the spare bedroom. Mediævalism, whether in architecture or religion, had given way to a desire for utility and convenience. Whitewash had done its work both literally and metaphorically. A sense of propriety restrained religious impulses, and the Methodist revival was condemned by contemporary divines writing from the precincts of rectories and orthodoxy, as a "spiritual influenza" which could not but be repugnant to all

reasonable persons. We may well feel sure, as we turn over the voluminous pages of these long-forgotten sermons, that they were in no danger of catching the complaint. It was a common belief, not uncharacteristic of the times, that poor Cowper was driven mad by too much religion; whereas, to those who knew him best, it was evident that it was to the consolations of religion alone he owed his intervals of peace and sanity. But a life spent in good works, in prayer and psalm-singing, would not improbably strike an unawakened conscience as inconsistent with the rational occupations of an educated man.

Hannah More, whom we are perhaps rather too apt to think of merely as a writer of tracts and a Sunday-school teacher, was at first almost as much afraid of Methodism as if she had been a bishop. She was naturally fond of society, an agreeable woman, the friend of Johnson, Garrick, Horace Walpole, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; and she began her literary career by writing *vers de société* and dramas, brought out with success upon the stage under Garrick's supervision. It is true that, even in those days, she had scruples as to following some of the customs of the fashionable world. When there was to be music on Sunday evening, Garrick called her "a Sunday woman," and advised her to retire to her room—he would recall her when the music was over; and when Horace Walpole was ill he sent her a book as a peace-offering, and said, "I am sorry I scolded poor Hannah More for being so religious; I hope she will forgive me." But it is clear that her religion was not of a character to cause any constraint between herself and the friends from whom she differed. She could bear to be scolded and laughed at, and could lightly wrest her critics' weapons from them in self-defence. Though so often deprived of the social life and surroundings most congenial to her, passing her summers among the rough miners of Cheddar and stocking-makers of Axbridge, writing tracts with unpossessing titles, "The Two Shoemakers," "Black Giles the Poacher," etc., she yet never got out of touch with the culture and society of her day; and though Sydney Smith might find easy subjects for ridicule in many pages of her last secular literary effort of any importance, "Cœlebs

in *Search of a Wife*," it went through no less than thirty editions before her death, and was eagerly read not only by those members of the fashionable world against whose habits of life and modes of thought it was principally directed, but also by influential critics and leaders of public opinion, who, many of them, authoritatively confirmed the popular verdict. That a woman with so many social gifts, and wielding so facile a pen, should give herself up to the work of reclaiming the vicious and teaching the ignorant, is a strong testimony to the force of religious principle, all the more remarkable since Hannah and her sisters were neither fanatics nor enthusiasts. Indefatigable workers, they took up the task which was being left undone with relentless energy, and they carried it on with unabated zeal and perseverance. They defended the excesses of their followers without acrimony, and blamed, without exaggeration, the apathy of those who should have been their chief supporters. "Can the possibility that a few should become enthusiastic," Hannah writes to the bishop in defence of her converts, "be justly pleaded as an argument for giving them all up to vice and barbarism?" To do him justice, the bishop appears to have been able to contemplate the dangerous possibility which she feels honestly obliged to put before him, without alarm. Indeed, at a time when many parishes had no resident curate (though, as Hannah remarks, the livings were worth nearly £50 a-year), one would have imagined that the bishops might have had greater difficulties to contend with than a superabundance of zeal.

Clerical activity was, generally speaking, at a low ebb. And yet when we go outside what may be called the "profession"—leaving out of account also those many devoted and saintly characters who pursued their calling untouched by the worldliness and Erastianism of the day—what truth and simplicity of faith, what unaffected piety, do we not find blossoming spontaneously in unexpected places! It wears indeed a sober livery which is somewhat out of date; it expresses itself in more or less sententious language, but it obtains the respect even of those least likely to put it into practice. It may be somewhat ponderous, but it is never contemptible; and we are not at all surprised to be told, for instance, that the Vicar of

Wakefield did not preach to his fellow-prisoners in vain, but that "after less than six days some were penitent and all were attentive."

Religion was not, in fact, treated even by worldly people with superficial levity; it was not lightly attacked or defended, and with a certain quiet dignity it took the first place, as of right, in the minds of serious men. Not of those only especially dedicated to its service (such dedication, as we shall see further on, was often of but little account), but rather as the supreme principle acknowledged if not obeyed even by "those ingenious persons called Wits," in which, as Vaughan says in his day, the kingdom "did abound." To take one familiar example: Dr. Johnson as we know him, says one of his biographers, was a man of the world, though a religious man of the world. His feelings, at once deep and fervid, were wholly penetrated by a sense of awe and reverence which forbade any suspicion of levity, even when his mode of approaching religious subjects may strike the modern reader as somewhat grotesque. His profound constitutional melancholy was mitigated but hardly lightened by a piety which quickened his affections, regulated in some important particulars his manner of life, and brought into active operation all the latent tenderness of his nature.

It was at Oxford that, after reading Law's "Serious Call," he wrote in his diary: "This was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational inquiry." But doubtless the soil was well prepared; he had a devout nature and a religious mother, and the impressions which precede rational inquiry have not infrequently a more tenacious hold upon the character than those which come after. Dr. Johnson, we may well believe, might have moralized in the nursery, and to the end of his life he retained more of the heart of the child than the spirit of youth. Indeed the period between boyhood and manhood was so clouded by misfortune and embittered by privation that he was from the first a stranger and a pilgrim, ever reaching forward to the point upon which his ambitions were centred, with no inclination to snatch at legitimate distractions or dally by the way. "Ah, sir, I was mad and violent," he said of himself,

referring to his college days. "It was bitterness which they mistook for frolic. I was miserably poor, and I thought to fight my way by my literature and wit; so I disregarded all power and all authority." And when, after leaving Oxford, he sought to earn his bread by the drudgery of teaching, during the period of precarious and apparently hopeless struggle for a modest competency in Birmingham and in London, he had little opportunity to indulge in the lighter amusements or pleasures of youth. Looking back, we catch but casual glimpses of his individuality at this time, and he seems to us to have passed almost at once from the season of raw ungainly boyhood to the seat of the social lawgiver and moralist.

For any religious sentiment degenerating into sentimentality he had indeed, even in his youth, an especial abhorrence. He viewed it with somewhat of the same spirit in which he heard Boswell describe his sensibility to certain strains of music, as being so great as to make him ready to shed tears. "Sir," he replied, "I should never hear it if it made me such a fool." Indeed, unless his own heart were touched, he was intolerant of what he was inclined to consider an affectation of feeling in others. When Miss Monkton, for instance, declared herself affected by the pathos of Sterne's writings, he made the well-known rejoinder, "Why, that is because, dearest, you are a dunce." Yet his personal piety, and the tenderness of his nature, break through the laws of self-restraint, and give a pathetic and individual character not only to his many acts of charity, but to his private meditations and devotions.

His strong prejudices, indeed, were vented in many outbursts of religious intolerance, of which one of the most characteristic is reported by Mrs. Knowles, who declares that, on hearing a certain young lady had become a Quaker, he exclaimed, "Madam, she is an odious wench." And when a hope was expressed that he would meet with her in another world, he replied that he was not fond of meeting fools anywhere. But the outward asperities of speech could not disguise the goodness of his heart, and Edmund Burke's verdict upon him finds a ready echo in the minds of those who knew him best. "It is well if, when a man comes to die, he has nothing heavier

upon his conscience than having been a little rough in his conversation."

In his writings upon religious subjects he is often didactic and commonplace, but he is never otherwise than earnest and sincere. The adjuncts of a hardly won celebrity had endangered neither the purity of his motives nor the simplicity of his faith. To the last he religiously kept the anniversary of his wife's death as a day of self-examination and prayer, and his thoughts and supplications followed her with believing fidelity into another world. This very simplicity of heart forbids the reticence natural to more complex characters. It never occurred to him to avoid an open profession, or to lower his standard, lest it should be the occasion of surprise or contempt. Though not apt to parade either a weakness or a virtue, he was ready enough to acknowledge either the one or the other when opportunity served. When Boswell lamented that he was troubled by occasional inclinations to narrowness, there came at once the rejoinder, "Why, sir, so am I, but I do not tell it." Nor was he shy of bringing his religion to bear openly upon the ordinary transactions of life. When he found it intolerably irksome to redeem his literary pledges, he did not hesitate to pray earnestly against the sin of sloth; and whenever he received the Sacrament, he made a fresh resolution against trifling away his time. When a deputation of booksellers came to treat with him on Easter eve, he confessed to them that he had a scruple about doing business on that day. When he left Mrs. Thrales's house at Streatham, of which he had been so long an inmate, he read a chapter of the Greek Testament in the library, and in a solemn prayer invoked a blessing upon the house and its inhabitants. There is something in these formal and yet simple acknowledgments of belief and dependence which strikes one as essentially unmodern. It is hardly too much to say that intimate contact with a person to whom such proceedings were so natural as to be matters of course, would be apt to cause the ordinary Christian of the present day some embarrassment. We talk a good deal upon religious subjects, but we are careful to discuss them more or less superficially. We should feel it an indelicacy to disclose our deeper feeling even to intimate friends. "Let us talk of these

things," says a lawyer upon his deathbed in a work of modern fiction—"let us approach the subject as men of the world." And though he may speak of death and hell and judgment, we find it for the most part easy to follow his advice. But though a man of the world, it would not have been possible to Dr. Johnson.

To the last his deepest feelings were concerned with things eternal. He made three requests to Sir Joshua Reynolds—that he would read the Bible, forgive a debt of thirty pounds, and never paint on Sundays. He met death, of which he had so often confessed his fear, with the calmness and courage of a Christian. He had desired the presence of a minister of God, and with characteristic energy directed the form of ministration which he desired; a curious sense of his own importance mingling with the reverence with which he approached the gate of immortality. "Pray louder, sir," he said to the clergyman—"pray louder, *or you pray in vain*;" and shortly after, he faintly uttered his last words, "God bless you, my dear," to the daughter of an old friend who knelt beside his bed. They were a touching and appropriate close to a life based upon religious principles, and abounding in human sympathies. He may have been, as Boswell says, "a majestic teacher of moral and religious wisdom;" but it is not from his writings, nor even from his authoritative speech upon such subjects, that we have most to learn, but rather from those chance revelations of a true and noble nature which are so thickly scattered upon the pages of his biography.

His religion had been throughout his life intensely personal. We may say that he was a Tory and a Churchman, but the one assertion would convey about as little definite meaning as the other to those who in these days call themselves by the same names. His conceptions of church membership would probably shock the modern Anglican as much as his charities would have affronted the notions of the modern philanthropist. To squander undeserved benefits upon the drunken and ungrateful has, to our enlightened common-sense, a certain flavor of immorality; while we may well believe that the sight of the uncouth figure wandering about London streets to thrust pennies into the hands of sleeping vagrant children, would have

roused the righteous indignation of the Charity Organization Society had it been in existence. But philanthropy had not as yet been systematized. Think of the excellent Vicar of Wakefield, for instance, as he describes in a few lines the daily life of an exemplary country clergyman: "The year was spent in moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbors and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, no fatigues to undergo! All our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown." What a placid and peaceful existence! Undisturbed by religious controversy; without any parochial machinery needing to be directed; with no temperance societies and soup-kitchens, no mothers' meetings and men's clubs, which now break in upon the leisure of the most phlegmatic parish priest. Incidentally, what a curious insight do we also obtain of the same clerical and rural life in later times from Miss Austen, herself a rector's daughter! Take the description, for example, of Charles Hayter's living in "Persuasion": "In the centre of some of the best preserves in the kingdom, surrounded by three great proprietors, each more careful and jealous than the other; and to two of the three, at least, Charles Hayter might get a special recommendation. Not that he will value it as he ought; Charles is too cool about sporting. That's the worst of him." It is true that the clergy could not always avoid professional calls, for "even the clergyman," says Mrs. Clay—"even the clergyman, you know, is obliged to go into infected rooms, and expose his health and looks to all the injury of a poisonous atmosphere;" but it would appear as if such unpleasant avocations occupied but a small portion of their time. Henry Tilney certainly did not let them stand in the way of more agreeable engagements, and though he was reluctantly compelled to interrupt his courtship to pass a Sunday at his living, we are not surprised to find that the old frontispiece to "Northanger Abbey" represents him as rushing up the stairs brandishing a riding-whip, in a costume which is a mixture of the brigand and the jockey. Miss Austen, again, would seem to have had no fault to find with the way in which Mr. Elton passed his mornings in a

lady's drawing-room, reading poetry and making charades, provided only he had been in love with the right young lady.

Yet though the clerical standard was in many instances so low, the general tone in regard to the highest subjects was one of grave responsibility and unimpassioned but serious interests. It was the key note both of Coleridge's mysticism and Wordsworth's philosophy. And without entering into those wide subjects, which are both above and beyond our scope, let us take at hazard one or two indications of a like spirit animating a brother poet. Think of Southey with his vivid imagination and all the visions of youth before him, and the fever of authorship working in his brain: Southey, who already as a school-boy had some idea of continuing Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and planned six books to complete the "Faery Queen": Southey, already at nineteen the author of elegies and heroic epistles, and of "Joan of Arc," an epic in twelve books, written in six weeks; with a high and yet withal modest conviction of his poetic mission and literary gifts; and still, when there is a question of his entering the Church of England ministry, he cries, "God knows, I would exchange every intellectual gift which He has blessed me with, for implicit faith to have been able to do this." There is an impressive deliberation about such faithful utterances which one would rather have supposed to be the result of a judgment sobered by experience, a fancy chastened by disappointment. When Coleridge, writing a little later of a friend's death, observes that in consequence, "We are all more religious than we were. God be ever praised for all things,"—we feel as if the presence of death were hardly needed to deepen the spiritual influences which made the unseen world to them an ever-present reality. Wordsworth's "We are Seven" was but a familiar illustration of their creed. "I have five children," Southey wrote in 1809, "three of them at home, and two of them under my mother's care in heaven." And already at thirty-five he could write, "No man can be better contented with his lot. My paths are paths of pleasantness. Still the instability of human happiness is ever before my eyes; I long for the certain and the permanent." And at forty, "I doubt whether the strictest Carthusian has the

thought of death more habitually in his mind."

We might indeed say that these are merely the expressions of a mind as unusually rich in pure spiritual perceptions as in high poetic gifts; nevertheless there is an atmosphere, moral and religious, which insensibly affects persons of very different orders and diverse or inferior gifts. It is not in the nature of a violent revolutionary awakening, and it has a more limited influence, but within a slowly widening circle it does a work of a deeper and more permanent character. When we read of little Hartley Coleridge, for instance, calling himself, while still in the nursery, "a boy of a very religious turn," we feel as if there must have been some unseen springs at work, or some hereditary predisposition, to account for this unusual precocity; especially when we hear that with his nurse by his side he prayed extempore every night—not, we may observe, until he was safely and comfortably tucked up in his bed, thus curiously foreshadowing at once the piety and the self-indulgence of his later years. What unfulfilled promises cluster about his life from the moment of his birth, when, though his mother called him "an ugly red thing," his father took him in his arms and said, "There is no sweeter baby anywhere than this!" Happy perhaps if it had been with him as with those infant twins of whom he afterward wrote!—

"Their very cradle was the hopeful grave,
God only made them for His Christ to save."

Poor Hartley! with his unstable will, his recurrent and unavailing remorse, perhaps because of his very imperfections, he lets us, more intimately than a wiser or a better man might have done, into the secrets of his spiritual life. What a pathetic interest attaches to his hopes and his failures! Wasted by disease, pursued by remorse, at last relinquishing the faith with which it is perhaps most dangerous to part—the belief in his own possibilities for good—how vividly he paints his own sense of unworthiness in the well-known lines on the fly-leaf of one of the books of his boyhood!—

"When I received this volume small,
My years were barely seventeen,
When it was hoped I should be all
Which once, alas! I might have been,

"And now my years are thirty-five,
And every mother hopes her lamb,
And every happy child alive,
May never be what now I am."

There is no trace of the popular self-delusion of the morbid penitent. His life is, in his own eyes, an unsightly ruin of "things incomplete and purposes betrayed;" he can see no beauty in the wild flowers which have sprung up about it. In his boyhood he had already written of himself as fearing to nourish "a self-love already too strong, and the worst of self-love, a respect for the faults of self;" but we may truly say it was an error into which he never fell among all the melancholy failings of later years. Indeed, even in his youth he seemed occasionally to reach a vantage-ground, some spot of solid earth on which to plant his wavering feet, from whence he could look down upon the temptations and lapses of his past with a severe but dispassionate judgment. "You must be aware," he writes to his father upon one of these occasions, "that the pain arising from the contemplation of a life misspent is often the cause of continuance in misdoing." And there is a flavor of matured wisdom in the observation which ill accords with our preconceived ideas of an ungoverned youth.

There is, indeed, an elaborate formality about the religious aspirations of these young people which is part of the manners of a bygone age—an age in which, we must remember, people did not find it unnatural to make love in faultless English and well-turned phrases. Passion did not walk abroad in tatters; in public, at least, it most often wore a correct and sober habit, which sometimes had the air of deliberate disguise. So when Southey writes, "I shall unite myself to a woman whom I have long esteemed as a sister, and *for whom I now indulge a warmer sentiment*," we can hardly believe that these are the words of an undergraduate lover; and when the little De Quincey, fretting against the tedium and restraints of school, writes to ask how a person can be happy "in a situation which deprives him of health, of society, of amusement, of liberty, of *congeniality of pursuits*," we feel as if some middle-aged and justly dissatisfied scholar had crept into his schoolboy-jacket and taken up the pen. And in matters of religion there is the same tone

of just and deliberate conviction, of prudence and foresight, and of well-balanced judgments and firmly established principles—a tone of somewhat high-flown morality, savoring strongly of the pulpit, an elevated position in which Hartley Coleridge, for instance, seems somewhat out of place. But if practice in some respects fell lamentably short, at least they did not lower their standard so as to bring it into harmony with personal derelictions. And in Hartley we see perhaps, as plainly as we are ever permitted to see in another human being, the dual nature in perpetual conflict. He shows us his best and his worst—his high aspirations, his disastrous falls, his sins and his remorse. And through it all we feel the curious attractiveness of a character which, in spite of its inherent weakness, awakens pity but not contempt. The imaginative child of whom Wordsworth wrote in his lines "To H. C., six years old," beginning—

"O thou whose fancies from afar are brought," still survives in the man who to the last cherished a faith in goodness, a love for nature, and a tenderness of heart which better men might well have envied. Here is a characteristic memorandum, dated 1827, at the end of some college notebook:—

"It was begun," he writes, "when I stood high in the world, proud but not glad of academic honors, with all the material, but, alas! without the moral of happiness. Its conclusion finds me a beggar, bankrupt in estate, in love, in friendship, and, worst of all, in self-esteem. Yet the faith with which it was commenced has ripened into certainty, and the sad knowledge of what I am, feelingly informs me what I might have been."

"This day, too, I beheld the first snow-drop, the earliest primrose. Nature begins to revive, and why should not I begin a new year from this day?"

One may wish, indeed, that his good resolutions had rested upon a surer foundation than the blossoming of a primrose, but at least the fancy recalls the fair visions of his boyhood, and shows a mind still open to the sacred impressions of the spring.

He never sought to justify his own derelictions from duty by a lowering of the Christian standard, nor would he shut himself off from religious ministrations and observances lest he should incur the censure of the Pharisee or lay himself open to any suspicion of hypocrisy. He did not hesitate to give free expression to

his opinions upon religious questions, and held strong views upon Erastianism and other Church questions of the day.

"His Bible and Prayer-book," his brother writes, "the same which he possessed when a boy, and which he took with him to church as long as he lived, bear the marks of careful and habitual use. The Book of Job, of Isaiah, and the Psalms in particular, show the traces of constant perusal."

Here, for instance, is his own account of a summer Sunday as it lies before us jotted down in his journal:—

"And now the day of rest draws to a close. The weather has kept the Sabbath. The morning was the very perfection of stillness. No gay sunshine, no clamorous wind, no drenching rain; the sky wore one sober gray veil, and the mist hung upon the hills as if it paused on its journey; the vapors were gathered up; no light detachments foraged along the mountain-sides to catch the flying sunbeams, but the thick masses formed an even line like an army drawn up for a decisive engagement, and only halting till the truce of God was passed. . . . The vale was clad in deepest green, and fancifully resembled the face of one who is calm and patient after long weeping. . . . Some time before nine I arose, found the twin, two dear innocent little girls whose shining faces are a far better refutation of Calvinism than Dr. Tomline's in their blue stuff frocks (as pretty a dress as a little rustic can wear), prepared for the Ambleside rush-bearing. Found also my own breakfast ready—read part of the Life of Barry—deliberated whether to go to church—saw J. W., hailed him from the window—determined to hear him—set forth with Bible and Prayer-book—called into the Sunday-school, found the two nuns surrounded with good little men and women, bright with the beauty of benevolence—how sweet even a plain woman can look when engaged unaffectedly in doing good!—found myself thirsty—called at the Red Lion and took a sober potation of John Barleycorn—got into church (*mirabile dictu*) in time. John does duty very respectably. First Lesson, David's politic getting rid of Saul's family; second, a truly heavenly chapter, 13th of John, admirably calculated to remove the unsafe impressions of the first. Singing rather out of tune. Resolved to write a poetical address to the Supreme Being. . . . Clouds dispersed with the congregation. . . . Drank glass of wine with F. Corrected my political views of the beer-tax. . . . Now will I read a chapter, smoke a pipe, and so to bed, for it is Monday morning."

What a curious medley we have here! He begins his day like a country curate, with his Bible and Prayer-book and a visit to the Sunday-school. Then comes the call at the Red Lion, which, however, does not hinder him from pursuing his way to church. Nor is his attendance

upon the service a perfunctory one. He is affected by the heavenly beauty of the second lesson, and determines to write a religious poem. After which he goes home to a glass of wine with F., feels himself fitted to correct his views upon the beer-tax, and finally brings his Sunday to an end with a chapter of the Bible and a pipe on Monday morning.

His religious inclinations, indeed, at one time had been so strong that he thought of taking holy orders; but fortunately, he too plainly recognized the force of evil habits and his own infirmity of purpose to venture upon such a step, and some ten years afterward he wrote: "Every man who enters the ministry without a call, becomes a worse man than he would have been had he remained a layman. Thank God, I have not that sin to answer for." But he never ceased to take an interest in the religious movements of his day, nor did he affect an indifference to matters from which the life he was leading in his remote cottage between Ambleside and Grasmere might well have estranged him. It is interesting to find him writing of Frederick Faber's sermon in September, 1837:

"He is High Church to the very verge of Romanism. I have heard him but once; he is evidently a man of genius. He has the pale face, wild eye, and self-oblivious manner which evinces sincere enthusiasm. He is not the man to fling brimstone at the heads of an unoffending congregation, and then go and dine with the worst sinner that will give him a good feed. Of his sincerity there can be no doubt. Of his Christian sanity I have my suspicions."

But though he might dissent, he never sought to depreciate those from whom he differed, and when speaking of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, he observed—

"I do not join the vulgar pack in hunting down these poor Oxford divines. I reverence them as I reverence the noble and the honest. Their aim is not preferment, it is not popularity, but what they look upon as truth, and truth too for truth's sake. They court not the great, and what is better still, they court not the many."

There is no need to dwell upon the darker side of the picture; the many shortcomings, the repeated lapses of this erring child of genius, are too well known to need comment; but even in the unhappy seasons when, shunning the society of those who loved him, he went forth as a wanderer among the hills, he never failed

to breathe something of their majestic spirit—the spirit of noble aims and high aspirations, the spirit which found a voice in the poetry of the Lakes. And it is surely not only an indication of individual character but of the religious temper of the day, to find a life in many respects so faulty, so rich in reverence and frequent in prayer, so full of that deep humility and affectionate piety which we are apt to regard as the attributes of the saint rather than of the sinner.

We cannot wonder that those who were most painfully sensible of his failings loved him best, and that his old friend, the aged poet Wordsworth, himself selected his grave close by that of his daughter, where a place was also reserved for himself and Mrs. Wordsworth, in Grasmere churchyard. "Let him lie by us," he said. "He would have wished it."

In selecting another familiar figure from the group of which Hartley Coleridge was a younger member, we turn from Grasmere with its many associations, to Christ's Hospital and Newgate Street, to the India House and the Templars' Walk, to the suburbs of Islington and Enfield, and to the corner of the Edmonton graveyard where Charles Lamb lies buried; and the contrast of the bustling streets of the town with the shadowed valley and the lonely mountain-side, to some extent typifies the difference between the humorist and the fugitive poet, the man of the world and the recluse.

Charles Lamb, indeed, was all his life at heart a citizen. Even in writing to Wordsworth he is not afraid to confess—

"I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have found as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, play-houses, all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden, the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavement, the fruit shops, the old bookstalls, parsons cheapening books, London itself a pantomime and a masquerade,—all these things work themselves into my mind and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed

tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life."

It is true that all this is not incompatible with the most affectionate regard for far other scenes associated with the dearest memories of his earlier years, the Hertfordshire lanes and hedgerows, Amwell and Blakesware and Mackery End; to these he looks back with regretful tenderness, as with his faithful and graceful pen he once more paints for us the haunts of his boyhood. He has an appreciation of the "pretty pastoral walks," and of what Nathaniel Hawthorne calls the "decorous restraint" of an English landscape; but it is a cultured appreciation, perhaps more natural to the foreigner than the native. Many a "green thought in a green shade" strays across his pages; as Hazlitt said, "his affections revert to and settle upon the past; but even this must have something local and personal in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly."

It was a temper of mind to which the vivid realization of the far future and of the unseen was most difficult. In both Dr. Johnson and Hartley Coleridge religion seems to strike a deeper note; in the one of awe and reverence, in the other of an intermittent but lifelong penitence. In Charles Lamb there is more of the modern spirit, he takes life and the world to come more lightly. Yet his seasons of self-reproach and his struggles against his besetting sin were born of a higher feeling than the fear to lose the world's respect or his own. In spite of the divergencies between him and Hartley Coleridge, which at first sight strike us so forcibly, we shall discover a very curious similarity in their way of approaching religious subjects. It is not a question of formulated beliefs, of creeds and dogmas—upon such points they would have differed widely enough; the likeness goes deeper into regions of the conscience and the heart, producing those sympathies which are the result of temperament rather than of doctrine, and much less easily defined. With both the affections played a large part in the field of spiritual effort and experience; each had a true fellow-feeling, born of their own infirmities, for the poor, the sinful, the unfortunate, and in each a sincere penitence was, in one respect at least, singularly fruitless in real amendment of life. In Lamb's case, indeed, repentance was hardly tinged by remorse, and his humor,

like a wandering sunbeam, lighted up every incident in his history and every phase of his character; but at times it served, as if by contrast, to deepen the shadows.

The Unitarianism of his early years was rather, as has been said, "the accident of education than the result of conviction." In later life he rarely spoke upon doctrinal subjects.

"Such religion as I have had," he writes of himself, "has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process. I am for 'comprehension,' as divines call it," he wrote in 1828; "but so as that the Church go a good deal more than half-way over to the silent Meeting house. I have ever said that the Quakers are the only professors of Christianity as I read it in the Evangelists. I say professors; marry, as to practice, with their gaudy hot types and poetical vanities, they are much as one of the sinful."

But the sober and contemplative religion in which he had been brought up had left its impress, not only upon his inner spiritual life, but upon his mode of giving it expression. His early letters to Coleridge abound in pious reflections which to our modern ideas seem hardly natural in so young a man. At the age of twenty-one he writes: "I sometimes wish to induce a religious turn of mind, but habits are stubborn things, and my religious fervors are confined to some fleeting moments of occasional solitary devotion." Here again is an appreciative verdict upon Walton's "Complete Angler" which one might hardly have expected from one of his years: "It breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; there are many choice old verses interspersed in it; it would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it; it would Christianize every discordant passion; pray make yourself acquainted with it."

Already the criticism foreshadows the delicacy of his own style, his aim being well exemplified in a letter of about the same date: "Cultivate simplicity, Coleridge, or rather, I should say, banish elaborateness; for simplicity springs spontaneous from the heart, and carries into daylight with it its own modest buds, and genuine sweet and clear flowers of expression. I allow no hotbeds in the garden of Parnassus."

If it was true of his writings, it was still more true of his religion. The theo-

logical hotbed was above all an abomination to him; but through all the twisted strands of his life, and most closely intertwined with its friendships and affections, runs the single thread of a personal trust and faith in God, like the instinctive clinging of a child to its father. "God love you and yours." "God love us all, and may He continue to be the Father and the Friend of the whole human race." "God love you, Coleridge!" Such are some ordinary endings of his familiar letters; and if it were so in cases of casual intimacy, still more did the religious sentiment guide and govern the tender and absorbing passion of his life—his lifelong devotion to his sister. "God love her, may we never love each other less;" and through all the strain of drudgery and disappointment, of failing health and clouded intellect, that prayer at least was fully granted.

To his peculiar love for what was near and familiar—for the haunts of his boyhood, and a lingering fondness even for his desk at the India House, from which he had longed to be released—he joined a deep sense of the obligations, or what he calls the "kind charities of relationship." "What would I not give," he writes of his mother, "to call her back to earth for one day; on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which from time to time have given her gentle spirit pain? and the day, my friend, I trust will come; there will be time enough for kind offices of love if heaven's eternal year be ours." It is very characteristic of Lamb to feel as if the family circle in heaven would not be broken, but that the demands of filial affection should there be met and answered; characteristic of the man who upon the threshold of a literary career, and with all the possibilities and the dreams of youth before him, could write: "I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father."

His affection for his friends was hardly less enduring. Amid all his pleasantry he wings no shaft which bears a sting in their direction; the one exception is in a letter to Southey, whom he considered had condemned him unjustly in a recent paper on Infidelity. This letter is indeed full of a subtle fire of indignation not unmixed with bitterness, and there is an unwonted

venom in his wit as he writes in self-defence under a sense of the injustice done to him :—

"If in either of these papers, or elsewhere, I have been betrayed into some levities not affronting the sanctuary, but glancing perhaps at some of the outskirts and extreme edges, the debatable land between the holy and profane regions ; . . . if I have sported within the purlieus of serious matter,—it was, I daresay, a humor—be not startled, sir—which I have unwittingly derived from yourself. You have all your life been making a jest of the devil. . . . I acquit you of intentional irreverence ; but indeed you have made wonderfully free with, and been mighty pleasant upon, the popular idea and attributes of him. . . . You have flattered him in prose, you have chanted him in goodly odes. You have been his jester, volunteer laureate, and self elected court poet to Beelzebub."

This is carrying the war into the enemy's country with a vengeance. It is hard upon Southey, whose temperate comment was : "I was very much surprised and grieved, because I knew how much he would condemn himself." And he was right. He proposed, being in London during the following month, to pay the Lambs a visit, and received the following eager and penitent acknowledgment, tendered with a generosity as free as his own :—

"The kindness of your note has melted away the mist which was upon me. I have been fighting against a shadow. . . . I wish both magazine and review at the bottom of the sea. I shall be ashamed to see you. . . . My guardian angel was absent at the time. . . .
—Your penitent C. LAMB"

It is certainly remarkable to see how, in all his writings, a sense of the fitness of things keeps his humor in check. The present generation may often fail to see the point of the jokes which were so keenly relished by his contemporaries, but they cannot condemn them as indelicate or profane. Though his laughter may sometimes be ill-timed, there is no ribaldry in it. "I am going to stard godfather," he writes. "I don't like the business. I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions. I shall certainly disgrace the fct. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Anything awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral." And yet we have a notion that his conduct, however reprehensible, arose rather from a sense of the inadequate representation in the drama of life of ideas

which to him truly were full of awe, than from any mere levity of mind. It is true that his humor has exorcised the spirit of profound seriousness which we find in some of his literary contemporaries—a spirit of which we catch glimpses even in the weird dreams and rapt visions of De Quincey ; here again it is observable that neither in riotous excess nor hideous nightmare does the opium-eater conjure up images dishonoring to God and purity. Take a little sentence, for instance, out of one of the dreams which he has himself recorded :—

"I thought it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and yet very early in the morning. . . . I said aloud (as I thought) to myself : 'It yet wants much of sunrise, and it is Easter Sunday, and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of the Resurrection. I will walk abroad, old griefs shall be forgotten ; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to heaven ; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the churchyard ; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my brow, and then I shall be unhappy no longer.'"

What a fragrance there is in the picture, an innocent fragrance as of dewy lawns and early blossoms, but hardly powerful enough, we might have feared, to overpower the noxious fumes of his drugged imagination ! It reminds one of Charles Lamb's own description of an empty village church :—

"Wouldst thou know the beauty of holiness ? Go alone on some week day, borrowing the keys of good Master Sexton, traverse the cool aisles of some country church, think of the piety that has kneeled there ; the congregations, old and young, that have found consolation there ; the meek pastor, the docile parishioner. With no disturbing emotions, no cross conflicting comparisons, drink in the tranquillity of the place till thou thyself become as fixed and motionless as the marble effigies that kneel and weep around thee."

It is very remarkable, we think, to see what a strong hold such tranquil scenes and memories had upon the literary men of this period. "*Eccovi!* look at him," cried Carlyle, when he saw De Quincey ; "this child has been in hell." And he was right ; nevertheless the ghastly experiences which he had gained there had not obliterated the peaceful images still treasured in the recesses of his bewildered brain ; nor had the horrors of physical and mental disease banished the pure emotions and sympathies which such memo-

ries evoked. And the reverence for innocence and infancy which breathes in the writings of such different men as De Quincey and Southey, Charles Lamb and Hartley Coleridge, is no fictitious sentiment assumed for the purposes of art. It had been put to a severe practical test which many genuine lovers of children might not have withstood. The necessities of small households and straitened means had brought them into close and daily contact with the nursery. Southey wrote his history of Portugal keeping watch at the same time over the baby seated in her chair at his side. De Quincey, at an age when young men take little notice of children, was the favorite companion of the little Wordsworths, and when little Kate died his grief passed all the limits of ordinary mourning. In after-years his love for his own children,—gentle, diffident, almost deferential in its expression—was joined to a feminine and tender regard for their needs and pleasures. At any moment he would break off from his writing at the cry of a child upstairs, and carry it down to sit in his arm-chair and be comforted. Nor was such tenderness merely parental. Like Wordsworth's love for Nature, it was part of his religion; and it was joined to that love for the weak and helpless which is a characteristic note of the Christian creed. It is one of the most lovable traits in these men of letters. It inspired some of their most felicitous writings; it irradiated even the black abyss in which De Quincey was so often plunged; it constituted the deep, though in later years, after death had visited it, the trembling happiness of Southey's home; and it made Charles Lamb in his old age once more the play-fellow of his "dream children."

Childhood was an Eden to which in fancy they wandered back, and to which the fruits of the tree of knowledge had brought no disenchantment.

It was with the same sympathetic and serious and tranquil spirit that they regarded existing religious systems, and the doctrines upon which they were founded. They may ponder and discuss a question, but there is no feverish restlessness in the inquiry. De Quincey lived in a mystery which he had no desire to solve; as his biographer affirms, he went through the world "wrapt in a general religious

wonder." He looked upon Christianity as the one divine revelation, and no Biblical criticism had power to trouble his faith. "The Bible," he says, putting aside all scientific objections—"the Bible must not teach anything that man can teach himself." Southey, slowly but surely working his way onward from the Unitarianism of his youth, has, as Hazlitt said, "missed his way in Utopia and found it in Old Sarum." Charles Lamb touches upon such matters in a lighter vein; even when he venerates an idea he has a natural disregard for its outward forms and symbols, yet he has no desire to controvert or disturb existing beliefs. "Credulity," he says, "is a man's weakness but a child's strength," and he is quite ready to extend to it that affectionate toleration which he has for childish things. But the great realities of life and death, and love beyond the grave, are more and more to him as the world grows emptier, and friends never to be replaced are taken from him. "Coleridge is dead," he would say irrelevantly in the midst of conversation, as if the cry of his heart must make itself heard before he could go on to speak of other things. The calamities he had suffered haunted and oppressed his solitary hours. In the "surfeit of time" of which he speaks at Enfield, he is sometimes "serious to sinking almost;" and though he rises buoyant, by the sweetness of his nature and the energy of his spirit, above the troublesome waters, there is ever a pathos underlying his merriest moods and his wittiest sayings, born of the tragic cloud which hung over his dearest affections and his home. To the last his wandering thoughts found a resting-place in the eternal verities; and he who so unaffectedly loved his sister whom we had seen, has found, we may humbly trust, the Giver and Object of all love.

In the fly-leaf of his copy of Lamb's "Life and Letters" there is a note in Sir Henry Taylor's handwriting.

"Wordsworth, at the instance of Charles Lamb's friends, wrote his epitaph. As he originally wrote it the first line was—

"'To the dear memory of a frail good man.'

The more foolish of Lamb's friends objected to the word 'frail,' and it was rewritten without that word—the only word in it which was individualizing."

At this distance of time we are wiser. We no longer fear to dishonor the dead by the remembrance of human weakness, but are well content to leave them to that merciful judgment which, revers-

ing so many earthly verdicts, has lifted them

"Above the world and sped the passing life
Across the waters to the land of rest."

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PREACHERS AND SERMONS.

THERE are manifestly, as Mr. Ruskin has observed, two modes of regarding a sermon—as a human composition, or a Divine message. Confining our attention altogether to the former aspect of preaching, it is surprising how much light may be thrown upon subjects such as the style and eloquence of divines at various periods, as well as upon contemporary manners and modes of thought, even from a superficial study of the more humorous side of pulpit literature.

At the very outset it may be of interest to learn that a text was not always considered an essential part of a sermon; in the early church indeed texts were conspicuous by their absence, nor was it until the reign of King John that the custom in England of preaching from some specially selected passage appears to have originated with Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The ecclesiastical Lord Chancellors invariably thus prefaced their opening speeches in Parliament, down to the time of William of Wykeham. Allusive texts were occasionally used somewhat unscrupulously by mediæval divines; thus, for example, on St. Lawrence's day the people were reminded from Deuteronomy that "his bedstead was a bedstead of iron," the unfortunate saint having been grilled on a gridiron; while on the festival of St. Vincent words suitable to the occasion were found in the text, "To him that overcometh" (*i.e.* to *Vincent*) "will I grant to sit upon my throne." Sometimes a rare facility has been shown in the selection; thus, a Capuchin about to preach in a church at Lyons, slipped on the pulpit steps, falling so ungracefully that a pair of brawny legs presented themselves through the banisters to the gaze of the startled congregation. Quickly recovering himself the self-possessed monk took his place in the pulpit and gave out words appropriately chosen from the Gospel for the day—"Tell the vision unto no man." Swift was especially ingenious in his choice of texts.

Conceiving himself to have been neglected by the Duke of Ormond, he took occasion when preaching before him to select the words, "Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph but forgot him." The witty Dean, however, gave dire offence to the Company of Merchant Tailors, before whom he had been invited to preach, by addressing them from the words, "a remnant shall be left." Sometimes also a covert meaning has been conveyed in the passage selected. Thus, Paley, preaching at Great St. Mary's, when Pitt, as first Lord of the Treasury at the age of twenty-three, visited Cambridge, remarking the assiduous court paid by many leading members of the University to the youthful Premier, made choice of the words: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes," adding, as he looked round on the crowded congregation—"but what are they among so many?"

Unhappily chosen texts have sometimes been followed by unfortunate results. Thus, Sheridan's father preaching at the Chapel Royal Dublin, on the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, picked out an old sermon on the words, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" the insult supposed to have been thus conveyed to the Irish Court was never forgiven, and it has been said lost the preacher a see. Burnet, November, 1684, selected for the opening of a sermon on Gunpowder Plot the words, "Save me from the lion's mouth; for thou hast heard me from among the horns of the unicorns;" some allusion to the royal arms appears to have been suspected; the preacher, at any rate, was deemed disaffected, and lost in consequence the lectureship of St. Clement's and the chaplaincy of the Rolls. The announcement of the text has been followed by strangely unexpected consequences. A rector of Eltham once gave out the words, "Who art thou?" and as he paused for a mo-

ment, an officer in uniform who had just entered church suddenly halted, and taking the question as personal, promptly replied: "Sir, I am the recruiting officer of the 10th Foot, and having my wife and daughter with me should be glad to make the acquaintance of the clergy and gentry of the neighborhood." The reply is unrecorded; the rector probably was not so ready as was Rowland Hill, who, observing one day that his chapel was invaded by a concourse of people intent on seeking refuge from the violence of a passing shower, remarked that though many have been blamed for making religion a cloak, yet that he could think little better of those who made it an umbrella. The text announced, it was formerly the very usual custom to treat the subject under three heads. "I shall divide," said Rowland Hill, "my sermon into three parts; first I shall go through the text, next I shall go round about the text, and finally I shall go away from it altogether." So also a preacher dealing with the subject of the Devil entering the herd of swine proposed to handle it thus: first, the Devil will play at small game rather than none at all; second, they run fast whom the Devil drives; and thirdly, the Devil brings his hogs to a fine market." But the Puritans made divisions unfashionable by the enormous number they introduced. In one sermon Baxter has one hundred and twenty; no wonder that the pastor of Bemerton exclaims against "crumbling a text into too small parts."

The mediæval divine, strangely enough, represented the various characters of Scripture as good Catholics; thus, Abel heard mass daily; Abraham and Isaac going to Mount Moriah recited *paters* and *aves*; the Virgin at the Annunciation was found telling her beads; while even so recently as the year 1715, a Father Chate nier speaks of l'Abbé Jésus. Classical allusions were at one time much in vogue, and a story is told of a French peasant who had "sat under" his priest for so long and heard so much about Apollo in his discourses, that he actually bequeathed his old cart-horse to "Mr. Pollo, about whom the curé had said so many fine things." One of the strangest of Gallican divines was Oliver Maillard, one of the preachers to Louis XI., who died in 1502, and who was of the number of those who believe that a jest may sometimes do duty

for a sermon. Being one day told that the angry monarch had threatened to have him thrown into the Seine, "the King," he replied, "may do as he chooses, but tell him," he added, "that I shall sooner reach Paradise by water, than he will with all his post-horses," alluding to the custom of travelling by post, which the monarch had recently introduced. Louis laughed, and forgave the offender. Maillard likewise notices certain particulars of the various modes of cheating in trade which were in vogue in his days, and have not wholly disappeared even among ourselves; thus he inveighs against those "who put ginger with cinnamon, color saffron with oil, water their wool, moisten cloth in order that it may stretch, and when they weigh anything, press down the scale with the finger." Father Menot was another French preacher of repute who freely lashed the prevailing vices of the time. Discoursing on the parable of the prodigal, he describes the younger son as coming to his father "bold as the Pope himself," and dresses out the youth when setting forth from his home "in a pourpoint fringed with velvet, a Florence cap, a shirt of fine linen puckered at the neck, scarlet boots, and a cloak of damask silk floating at his back," but represents him returning "in a scanty rochet which barely covered his hams." Some century later we find Père Bosquier preaching on the same favorite subject; when the son resolves to return, the divine suddenly starts the inquiry, "But why did he not write?" replying that the reason was not that his education had been neglected, but that it was as impossible to instruct him as to "teach a pig to play the trumpet." A popular German preacher of the latter part of the 17th century—Sancta Clara—suggested that the prodigal was in all probability an Irishman, and warning his countrymen against a too prevalent vice, surmised that he was given to frequenting wineshops, the proprietors of which had so dealt with him "that his breeches were as full of holes as a fishing-net." Father André, a frequent preacher before Louis XIV., interspersed his discourse with many a lively sally with the view of arresting the attention of his audience. Preaching out on the casting out of the devil which was dumb, "Know you," said he, "what a dumb devil is? I will tell you: it is a lawyer before his con-

fessor; in court such gentlemen chatter like pies, but in the confessional devil a word can one draw out of them." "Shut the doors!" he cried one day to the Suisse on duty, when he observed the Archbishop of Paris asleep during his discourse, "shut the doors, the shepherd is asleep, the sheep will get out." * "Some men preach," said Sydney Smith, "as if they thought sin is to be taken out of a man as Eve was taken out of Adam, by casting him into a profound slumber." So at any rate thought not South, who, preaching one day at Whitehall, observed King Charles II. and several of his attendants asleep; stooping down he cried out to one of the delinquents, "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt you, but if you snore so loud you will wake the King."

His majesty thereupon awoke, and turning to his neighbor, remarked with his accustomed good nature, "This man must be made a bishop, remind me on the next vacancy." Latimer speaks of a woman who suffered from insomnia, and who, all soporifics having failed, was taken to the church of S. Thomas of Acres, when she fell at once into a refreshing slumber. Lapenius, chaplain to the Danish Court (1662), noticing that a large part of the congregation fell asleep during the sermon, suddenly stopped, and pulling from his pocket a shuttlecock commenced to play with it. The strange device, we are assured, had the effect desired.

Nor was the popular mode of preaching, which, as has been seen, prevailed among Continental divines, altogether without imitators in our own country. For awhile, at any rate, it was also appreciated. And in this sense we find Latimer complaining bitterly of the "Strawberry preacher" who came but once a year to his cure with the strawberries, and departed as soon—desiring "to fit some judges that be wots of with a Tyburn tippet;" telling of the merry monk of Cambridge who would fain have read the sentence, *Nil melius quam letari et facere bene*, without the last word. "I would bene were out," quoth he, "for it importeth so many things"—speaking of the Captain of Calais, whose fabled betrayal of his trust becomes an image of the fall of man in Adam. To Latimer also we owe the

well-known *non sequitur* of Tenterden Steeple and the Goodwin Sands. It was in the year 1548 that he delivered his well-known sermon on the *Plough*, so filled with quaint imagery. He was preaching on this occasion from the pulpit at Paul's Cross, at the N.E. corner of the old cathedral, a spot marked till days comparatively recent by an elm tree, which shed its autumn leaves over the site of what was the very whispering-gallery of the nation, from the first murmur of Henry's divorce to the final adjustment of Anglicanism under Elizabeth. The preacher and the ploughman are likened to one another, for they labor at all seasons of the year. But Satan is also busy following his plough, and he winds up—"The devil shall go for my money, for he applyeth to his business. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learn of him to be diligent in doing your office; if you will neither learn of God nor of good men, for very shame learn ye of the devil." It is Latimer also who speaks with such wisdom of the English bow as "that gift of God which He hath given us to excel all nations withal." But the popularity of these familiar allusions does not seem to have been of very long duration, for Fuller tells us that when they were imitated by a country clergyman of his day, the preacher was interrupted by peals of laughter.

"Preaching hath its limits as all things have," said Lord Bacon; and Baron Alderson more recently suggested twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy, as a suitable length for a sermon. Long discourses were, as a rule, a product of Puritan times, and yet some of the earlier divines were in all conscience lengthy enough. Bishop Alcock, founder of Jesus College, Cambridge, preached on one occasion two hours before the University, and Cranmer is found warning Latimer, about to deliver a course of Lent lectures before the Court, that an hour and a half would be sufficiently long, "else the King and Queen might peradventure wax so weary as to have small delight to continue with you to the end." Burnet speaks of Bishop Forbes of Edinburgh, who officiated at the Scottish coronation of Charles I. (1633), that he had a "strange faculty" of preaching five or six hours at a time. Dr. Burgess and Mr. Marshall, one fast-day, before the House of

* "Predicatoriana," par G. P. Philomneste. Dijon, 1841.

Commons (Nov. 1640), occupied, it is asserted, at least seven hours between them. South once went *incog.* to hear a certain Mr. Lob, a dissenting minister, who, after giving out his text, split it up into twenty-six divisions, whereupon the doctor rose and, nudging a friend who accompanied him, said, "Let us go home for our gowns and slippers, for I see this man will make a night of it." Wisely does George Herbert remark "that he that profits not in an hour, will less afterward; the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, so that he grows from not relishing to loathing." To the same effect, though the mode of expression may be somewhat dissimilar, are the words of an American critic—"If a man can't strike ile in twenty minutes, he's either got an uncommon bad location or he's boring with the wrong tool." One of the briefest discourses probably ever delivered was that of a Prince Archbishop of Cologne, who, being appointed to preach before the Court at Versailles one April, ascended the pulpit, gravely bowed to the audience, and, shouting out "April fools—all!" ran down the steps again amid peals of laughter. But brevity is not always the soul of wit. Canning was once asked by a clergyman how he had liked his sermon. "Why, it was a short sermon," was the reply. "Oh, yes," said the preacher; "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah! but," answered Canning, "you were tedious."

"The worst speak something good; if all want sense

God takes a text, and preacheth Patience."

—*The Church Porch.*

Still, in some churches, by the side of the pulpit, or perhaps stored away in the vestry, remains the old hour-glass, to remind the preacher of the flight of time—a device, perhaps, a little older than the Reformation. Hugh Peters (1663) was represented as preaching with an hour-glass in the left hand and saying, "I know you are all good fellows, so let's have another glass." And when Burnet preached at the Rolls chapel, and calmly turned on the sand for a second hour, the congregation are said to have audibly expressed their satisfaction. The use of the hour-glass seems to have gradually declined subsequent to the era of the Revolution.

Strange, even to irreverence, were the

titles of some of the sixteenth and seventeenth-century sermons. Of such were these following: *Baruch's Sore gently opened and Salve skilfully applied—The Snuffers of Divine Love—A Spiritual Mustard-Pot to make the Soul sneeze with Devotion—Crumbs of Comfort for Chickens of Grace—A Balance to weigh facts in—Matches lighted at the Divine Fire,* etc.

In turbulent times the preacher was occasionally exposed to violence. At the first sermon at Paul's Cross in Mary's reign a dagger was hurled out of the congregation which struck one of the side-posts of the pulpit, and the preacher was with some difficulty conveyed away to the shelter of S. Paul's School. During the Civil Wars the Royalist clergy were not infrequently interrupted in their sermons. A musket was levelled at the Bishop of Lichfield by a Puritan soldier in S. Andrew's, Holborn, and a carbine was pointed at the minister of Hanwell reproving a military audience for the habit of profane swearing—a practice, by the way, for which an old Scotch lady found a somewhat remarkable excuse. "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him," said she, bewailing, of the shortcomings of a near relative; but she continued—"Nae doubt it is a great set-off to conversation." Men are ever prone to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to."

And we are told of the border minister preaching on the third commandment and exclaiming, "For my part, I would rather steal all the horned cattle in the parish than take that Holy Name in vain." Bishop Lindsay essayed to continue his sermon amid a scene of most brutal violence the day when Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at the head of the dean at Edinburgh (July 23, 1637), and when the funeral sermon of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey was being preached at S. Martin's, two stalwart divines stood, one on each side of the preacher, lest he should, in presence of the congregation, be assassinated by the Roman Catholics.

Aylmer, Bishop of London, once Lady Jane Grey's tutor, who used to play bowls at Fulham on Sunday afternoons, alleging that exercise was as needful to him on that day as his dinner, was once roundly taken to task by the virgin queen for fulminating against excess of female apparel;

and her majesty assured the ladies-in-waiting that if he ever offended in like manner again "she would fit him for heaven, but he should walk there without staff and leave his mantle behind him." Probably he ran no further risks, for he was the most obsequious of divines, even on one occasion offering to lose a tooth in order to prove to the queen, who shrank from the operation, that the pain was not so very great. Nor was Aylmer the only preacher who encountered Elizabeth's rebukes. Dean Nowell was discoursing before her one Ash Wednesday, when he inadvertently began to touch upon the sign of the Cross, whereupon the queen's voice was heard from the royal closet, commanding him to quit his godless digression and return to his text. Bishop Lloyd likewise gave offence by touching on a topic still more delicate. The good prelate was anxious that the queen should be brought to consider her latter end. Preaching before her he designedly selected the text, "So, teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Elizabeth much disliked the advice thus conveyed, and subsequently remarked that it would be well for the bishop to keep his arithmetic to himself, adding, that in her experience the greatest clerks were not necessarily the wisest men. The well-known text, "Top(k)not come down," is said to have been aimed by Rowland Hill at the vanity of his own wife's headgear. Latimer thus indirectly rebukes the female fashions of the day in a sermon on the Nativity—

"I think Mary had not much fine gear. She was not trimmed up as our women are nowadays. I think, indeed, she had never a fardingale, for she used no such superfluities as our fine damsels do, for in the old times women were content with honest and simple garments. Now they have found out these roundabouts: they were not invented then; the devil was not so cunning as to make such gear; he only found it out afterward."

Pepys gives an account of a sermon of Dr. Critton's, at Whitehall, wherein the preacher remarked, "Not for all the pains that ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, which Fair Rosamond's, or which belonged to Jane Shore." To the same purport is the story told of Père Honoré, who, preaching a course of Lent sermons, add-

ed to the effect of his eloquence by producing from beneath his habit a skull which he would assume to have belonged to various types of sinners among his audience. Now he would exclaim with Hamlet, "Why may not this be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillits, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Ha! hast thou never sold justice for gold?" Anon he would clothe the ghastly relic with some fashionable female head-dress, and exclaim, "Where now are gone those bright eyes, once so filled with the witchcraft of ensnaring love, where those cherry lips which formed such wicked wanton smiles?" and so he would, as it were, pass in review a series of imaginary characters. Nor have similar methods of arresting attention been wholly untried among ourselves. It has been related, for example, of a Yorkshire Methodist preacher, that he would take a pair of scales into the pulpit with him, and thus literally weigh in the balance the characters as he vividly sketched them. "You seem to think salvation an easy matter," said Whitefield, "about as easy as for me to catch this insect that is passing by me." He grasped at the fly and paused awhile, adding significantly, "but I have missed it."

As in the days of Elizabeth and James we read of "thundering preachers" (John Knox was "like to ding the pulpit in blads and fly out of it"), "awakening preachers," and "pious and painful preachers," so also in times more recent have they been none the less graphically classified thus:

"Mr. Leckie, of Loupington, was a sound preacher and great expounder of the kittle parts of the Old Testament; Mr. Sprose, of Annack, was a vehement and powerful thrasher of the Word, making the chaff and vain babbling of profane commentators fly from his hand; while Mr. Waikle, of Gowanry, was a quiet hewer out of the image of holiness in the heart." *

But if the pulpit is to give no uncertain sound, so also must it speak in a language understood of the people. "Well, my friend," said a clergyman sent for to the sick bed of a parishioner, "and what induced you to send for me?" The man was very deaf, and inquired of his wife the purport of the inquiry. "What do he say?" "He says," bawled the wom-

* Galt, "Annals of the Parish," p. 231.

an, "why the deuce did you send for him?" Chalmers once preaching on cruelty to animals described in such glowing terms the excitement of an English hunting-field, with its assemblage of gallant knighthood and hearty yeomen, the clearness of the autumnal day, the high-bred coursers, echoing horns, and the dying agonies of the fox, that Lord Elcho's huntsman, who was present, declared it was with the utmost difficulty that he could restrain himself from giving a view holloa.

Perhaps one of the most decisive examples of that successful eloquence which Clarendon defines as a strange power of making one's self believed, was afforded by the sudden starting to their feet of the entire congregation, when Masillon preached for the first time his wonderful sermon upon the few that will be saved. A like effect was produced in the Abbey by Horsley when preaching before the House of Lords (30th January, 1793); on this occasion the whole assembly, stirred by the peroration, rose with one impulse, and remained standing till the close of the sermon.* Froude tells us that when the preacher at S. Eustache spoke of the execution of Mary Stuart, he roused such a tempest of passion, that orator and audience broke down together, melting into community of tears. When Father Coneck preached in the great towns and cities of Artois, the churches were so crowded that he used to be suspended in the middle of the building by a rope in order to be heard; and so great were Dean Kirwan's powers of persuasion, that his sermons repeatedly produced contributions of £1000 or even £1200.

Audible approbation was at one time the fashion of the day. Thus when Spratt and Burnet preached at S. Margaret's, Westminster, part of Burnet's congregation hummed so long and so loud that he sat down to enjoy the effect produced as he rubbed his face with his handkerchief; his rival, however, was somewhat disconcerted at so open an expression of opinion, and stretched forth his hand as he exclaimed, "Peace, I pray you, peace." But the poet of Olney held sterner views—

"'Tis pitiful

To court a grin, when you should woo a soul."

Preaching was probably originally ex-

* Stanley's "Westminster Abbey," p. 535.

tempore, the written sermon being a product of the Reformation era, a sort of cheek on any doctrinal extravagance on the part of the preacher, who could thus be brought to book on complaint of his audience. Monmouth, as Chancellor of Cambridge, intimated to the clergy the displeasure of Charles II. at the use of periwigs and—a strange combination—written discourses. His Majesty stated that this latter usage had its beginning "in the disorders of the late times," and it was clearly regarded in the light of a Puritanical innovation. South repeated his sermons from memory, which once, at any rate, when he was preaching before royalty, seems to have played him false, so that he quitted the pulpit exclaiming abruptly, "Lord, pardon our infirmities."

But politics, and especially in stormy times, have also been treated of in the pulpit. Hoadley's sermon on the words "My kingdom is not of this world," gave rise to the Bangorian controversy, which raged so furiously, 1717-18, that at one crisis business in the city came to a complete standstill, the Exchange was deserted, and even many of the shops were closed. Peto, preaching before Henry VIII. at Gravesend, alluding to the question of the divorce, scrupled not to tell the king that the dogs should lick his blood as they had licked up the blood of Ahab. White, Bishop of Winchester, in his sermon on the death of Mary, took as his text the words, "Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive," and quoted the Scripture declaring that Mary had chosen the better part, while her successor was but as a living dog, and so better than a dead lion. The flatterers of Elizabeth, on the other hand, praised her "as the glory of her sexe, the myrrour of majesty, whom all Protestant generations shall forever call blessed, a woman after God's own heart; a diamond in the ring of the monarchs of the earth, notwithstanding the roarings of *Buls* of Basan, and the Centaurs and Minotaurs of Rome." Hugh Peters termed Charles I. the great Barabbas of Windsor, who must not be released but suffer for his country. South calls Milton the blind adder, who spat venom on the king's person; while Cromwell is Baal, "a bankrupt, beggarly fellow, who entered the Parliament house with a torn, threadbare coat and a greasy

hat, perhaps neither of them paid for." The notorious sermon of Sacheverell, on Palm Sunday, 1715, rent the kingdom into two factions, and no fewer than 40,000 copies of it were sold. "Bold Bradbury," as Queen Anne called him, preached on her death from the words, "Go, see now this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter;" and Charles Wesley was actually apprehended as a Jacobite, and taken before the magistrates in Yorkshire, because he had made use of an expression "praying for the restoration of the banished ones."

Popular preachers have often been great employers of proverbs. S. Jerome quotes the proverb of the *gift horse*; S. Bernard the equivalent of *Love me, love my dog*; and Latimer closes a sermon with the saying, *One man may lead a horse to water, but ten men can't make him drink*. Rowland Hill even descended to punning. Preaching one day at Wapping, he assured his hearers of grace being shown to the very worst of sinners, even to Wapping sinners. Most of these latter were in the seafaring line, and one day a clergyman preaching in the same neighborhood made use of several nautical metaphors, the better to press home his subject. "Be ever on the watch," said he, "so that on whichever tack the Evil One bear down on you, he may be crippled in action." "Ay, master," muttered an

old salt, "but let me tell you that will entirely depend on your having the weather gauge of him."

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained, Osborne the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy second-hand clothes," was the reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne, "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Llandaff received from the churchwardens of S. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the Annunciation, a pike, price 2s. 4d., a gallon of wine, 8d., and boat hire; in all, 3s. 4d. In the 17th century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5s. each. But the difficulties of composition have been by no means universally felt. Sharpe, Archbishop of York, was wont to acknowledge that it was the Bible and Shakespeare jointly which had brought him to that ancient see; Wesley in fifty years preached over 40,000 sermons; Hook burned over 2000 when he left Leeds, and Grimshaw in the wild districts adjacent to the Brontës' home preached habitually thirty-six sermons in a fortnight. — *Temple Bar*.

THE BAROMETRIC MEASUREMENT OF HEIGHTS.

BY J. ELLARD GORE, F.R.A.S.

THERE are several methods of measuring the heights of mountains and other elevated portions of the earth's surface above the sea-level. Of these may be mentioned the following: (1) by actual levelling with an engineer's spirit-level and graduated staff; (2) by trigonometrical calculation based on the measurement of the angles of elevation observed at the extremities of a carefully measured base-line; (3) by observing the temperature of the boiling-point of water; and (4) by reading a barometer at the sea-level, and again at the top of the mountain or elevation the height of which is to be determined.

The first of these methods is certainly

the most accurate, but it involves a considerable amount of labor, and for very high mountains is sometimes impracticable. The second method is sufficiently accurate if carefully carried out and a nearly level plain is available for the measurement of a base-line. The third method is not accurate enough to give reliable results. The fourth is the simplest and most expeditious of all. It is especially useful for finding the difference of level between two points at considerable distances apart, and would be sufficiently accurate if certain difficulties could be successfully surmounted. A consideration of this method and the difficulties to be overcome before its accuracy can be relied

upon may prove of interest to the general reader.

The principle of the barometric method is as follows: The barometer measures the weight of the atmosphere. The column of mercury in an ordinary mercurial barometer is equal in weight to a column of air of the same diameter and of a height equal to that of the earth's atmosphere. The densest portion of the atmosphere is that close to the earth's surface, and its density diminishes as we ascend. At the top of a mountain, therefore, the pressure of the atmosphere will balance a shorter column of mercury, and hence the mercury descends in the tube. From the difference in height of the mercury at the level of the sea and on the top of the mountain it is possible to calculate the height we have ascended, as will be shown further on.

There are two forms of barometers—namely, the mercurial barometer and the aneroid. Of mercurial barometers there are two forms, the "cistern" and the "syphon." The cistern form is the one most generally used for scientific observations, and is the best for measuring heights. One of the most approved forms of cistern barometers—known as "Fortin's barometer"—consists of a glass tube closed at one end and filled with mercury, the lower portion of which dips into another tube of larger diameter which contains a reservoir of mercury forming the "cistern." The bottom of the cistern is formed of leather and fitted with an adjusting screw below, for the purpose of adjusting the level of the mercury in the cistern to an ivory index point above, which marks the zero of the graduated scale. By means of this adjusting screw the mercury may also be raised so as to completely fill the cistern and tube, and thus adapt the instrument for travelling.

We need not discuss here the manufacture of barometers and the filling of the tube with mercury, an operation which must be done carefully so as to exclude air from the tube. Suffice it to say that the best method is to fill the tube gradually, and boil the mercury as we proceed by means of a spirit-lamp, in order to drive out all bubbles of air which may be contained in the mercury. The tube may be filled without boiling, but the resulting instrument will not be so accurate as one in which the mercury has been boiled.

To determine the difference of elevation between two places with a mercurial barometer, several points must be attended to. In the first place the temperature of the barometer and the temperature of the air must be noted at each station. As the mercury in a barometer is affected by heat—in the same way that a thermometer is—the temperature at which the barometer is read must be observed. For this purpose a thermometer is usually attached to the barometer. The temperature should be read as accurately as possible, for an error of one degree Fahrenheit would make a difference of about three feet in the resulting altitude. The reading of the attached thermometer should be first noted, and then the height of the barometer. To do this, first bring the surface of the mercury in the cistern accurately to the index point by means of the adjusting screw. Then tap the tube gently near the top of the column in order to get rid of the adhesion between the mercury and the glass. The height of the mercury may then be read by means of the attached scale and vernier. Sometimes the amount of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere is ascertained by another instrument. The above data being known for two stations, we substitute the values found in one of the barometric formulæ, and thus obtain the height, or difference of height, required. Before the barometer readings can be used, this must be reduced to the same temperature—usually 32° Fahrenheit.

Various formulæ have been computed by eminent mathematicians and physicists for calculating the difference of height between two points. These formulæ depend on certain assumptions which, however, cannot be considered as rigidly true. The most important of these assumptions is that the atmosphere may be supposed to be in a state of statical equilibrium. But owing to the changes constantly taking place, due to differences of temperature, humidity, winds, etc., this assumption cannot be considered correct. The result will, therefore, be only an approximation to the truth. Assuming, however, a statical equilibrium of the atmosphere, a formula can be easily deduced from known principles. For this purpose we must first ascertain the weight of a cubic inch of air and a cubic inch of mercury at a certain temperature and pressure, and in a given latitude, say 45 degrees. Then, by Boyle

and Mariotte's law, connecting the weight of a gas and the pressure, a formula can be obtained for determining the height required. There are several elaborate formulae used for this purpose. These include terms for altitude, latitude, temperature, and humidity. A correction for altitude is theoretically necessary owing to the diminution in the force of gravity—and, therefore, a decrease in the weight of bodies—with increased distance from the centre of the earth, but this correction is comparatively very small, and may, for all practical purposes, be neglected. For the same reason a correction for latitude is mathematically required, owing to the spheroidal figure of the earth; but this, too, is very small, and may be safely neglected. The correction for temperature of the air is, however, very important. This term is easily computed. It is obtained—for the Fahrenheit scale—by deducting 64 from the sum of the observed temperatures at the upper and lower stations, dividing the difference by 900 and adding unity to the result. A correction for humidity of the air is also necessary; but it is doubtful whether it is desirable to complicate the formula by a correction for atmospheric moisture, the laws of which are so imperfectly understood.

In all the barometric formulae which have been proposed the first term is constant, and common to all. It is known as the "barometric coefficient," and is

$$5.744 \frac{m}{a},$$

where m is the "weight of a

cubic inch of mercury at the sea-level in latitude 45° at 30° F. when the barometer reads 29.92 inches," and a the weight of a cubic inch of dry air under the same conditions of latitude, temperature, and pressure. Various values of this constant have been found, depending on the values assumed for m and a . Arago and Biot

$$\text{found } \frac{m}{a} = 10,467. \text{ This makes the}$$

"barometric coefficient" 60,122.4 feet. Raymond's value, namely 60,158.6 feet, was found by comparing the values given by the formulae with the results of actual levelling with a spirit-level. His observations were, however, few in number, and although his coefficient is frequently used, it is probably the least accurate of all the determinations. In Laplace's formula, Raymond's constant is used. Babinet

used the constant 60,334, and in Baily's formula the constant is 60,346. In Williamson's formulae the constant is 60,384, which is the value found by Regnault, and is probably the most accurate of all. Sometimes the coefficient in the formula is given as 10,000 fathoms, which is roughly correct.

We will now consider the errors underlying the barometric measurement of heights, which render the method inapplicable in cases where great accuracy is required. The most important of these sources of error is probably that due to what is called the "barometric gradient," a term frequently used in meteorological reports. Taking three points at which the barometric pressure is the same, if the atmosphere was in a state of statical equilibrium these points would lie on the same level plane. But usually this plane is not level, but inclined, and the inclination of the plane is termed the "barometric gradient." For a number of points the surface on which they lie would not be a plane at all, but an undulating surface. These surfaces for different heights are never parallel, and frequently slope in opposite directions. Allowance cannot be fully made for this disturbing cause, but the error can, to some extent, be eliminated by making a number of simultaneous observations at the two stations, and taking the mean of the results.

Another cause of error is due to variations in the temperature of the air. It is generally assumed that the mean temperature of the column of air between two stations, one vertically over the other, is the mean of the temperatures at the upper and lower stations, but this is not always the case. The error may be partially eliminated by making observations at intermediate stations, but cannot be entirely overcome. High winds also cause a variation in the height of the barometer.

In addition to the errors mentioned there are, of course, errors of observation, and instrumental errors. The former may be caused by imperfect adjustment of the zero point, and erroneous reading of the mercury on the scale. These errors are, however, usually small, and may with care be neglected. The instrumental errors are due chiefly to imperfect graduation of the scales of the barometer and attached thermometer, the impurity of the mercury, and to air in the tube. These

errors may be corrected by comparison with a standard instrument.

The form of barometer known as the aneroid is also frequently used for the determination of heights, a graduated scale being added for this purpose. This scale is graduated by means of one of the barometric formulæ already referred to. The aneroid barometer usually consists of a metallic box from which the air has been exhausted, and differences of atmospheric pressure are recorded by a system of levers which act on an index hand which marks the reading on a graduated scale. In some forms of aneroid the box is not completely exhausted of air, and these are called "compensated aneroids," but the name is misleading, some of these instruments being more sensitive to changes of temperature than those not compensated. The aneroid is a very handy instrument and easily used, but for the purpose of measuring heights it is much inferior to the mercurial barometer. In some instruments the altitude scale is fixed at a certain reading, say 30 or 31 inches, and in others it is movable, and can be adjusted to any reading required. The latter seems the most convenient plan. In either case it is clear that absolute elevations above the sea-level cannot be determined with this instrument with any ap-

proach to accuracy, as there is no way of making the necessary corrections for variations in pressure, temperature, etc. The aneroid barometer should, therefore, be used only for finding *differences* of elevation, and for this purpose it will give fairly good approximate results in cases where extreme accuracy is not required.

To show the degree of accuracy attainable by the barometric method, two examples may be cited. From readings of a mercurial barometer at the summit of Mont Blanc and at the Geneva Observatory made by Messieurs Bravais & Martins in the year 1844, the height of the mountain above the level of the sea was computed to be 4,815.9 metres, or 15,800.44 feet. Corabeuf found by trigonometrical measurement a height of 15,783 feet, or 17.44 feet less than that indicated by the barometer.

The height of Mount Washington, in the United States, was found by a spirit-level to be 6,293 feet above sea-level, while the barometric method gave 6,291.7 feet, a close approximation. In some other cases, however, much larger differences have been found, and the good agreements quoted above may perhaps be considered as accidental.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

A BUNDLE OF OLD SERMONS.

BY ANTHONY C. DEANE.

THE ink is brown, the paper soiled,
How long ago the writer toiled
Upon these pages !
And as we read their old-world lore,
Their quaint allusions, they restore
The past to us ; we live once more
In bygone ages.

We hear, as if by magic charm,
Once more the "Tate and Brady" psalm,
Which pleased so vastly ;
The church and rustic flock grow plain,
The high oak pews, the latticed pane,—
We hear the sermon preached again,
From text to "lastly."

No novel views of ancient sense,
No daring flights of eloquence
Were here embodied ;

The placid hearers felt no thrill,
But sat in sleepy comfort still,
While Jack demurely glanced at Jill,
And parents nodded.

Indeed, none listened much, I fear,
To all these periods, painting clear
The saint and sinner,
Until at length there came the close
To stir the drowsy from repose,
And priest and people both arose,
And went to dinner.

Ah, sermons of the long ago,
Yours was another age, we know ;
And now our preachers,
Each furnished with his special plan
To benefit bewildered man,
Denounce, as loudly as they can,
Their rival teachers.

Yet, as your pages we retrace
In this our age of cultured grace,
The question lingers
If all of us are happier men,
Than those who filled our places when
Your sage designer took the pen
Between his fingers !

—Temple Bar.

RAMBLES IN JOHNSON-LAND.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A.

* THOUGH long an ardent Boswell-cum-Johnson devotee, and one who had done, like poor Queen Caroline, all *mon petit possible* in the way of calling the faithful to prayer, as a sort of *muezzin*, it seemed strange that I should never have offered my devotions at the chief shrine of the great lexicographer. The London localities dedicated to him are familiar enough, and interesting too ; but not many are left. At the "Cheshire Cheese" they cherish the tradition, and the spot is pointed out where the sage used to sit. But it must be remembered that it was for company that Johnson always repaired to a tavern, and that there must have been a club, or some entertaining companion like Boswell, to induce him to frequent such places. Not but that a very fair presumption is made out. A few years ago I witnessed the destruction of the old "Essex Head" tavern, which he used to frequent. The "Mitre" has been rebuilt ;

Bolt Court stands where it did, and has a Johnsonian air enough ; but his house has disappeared. The most genuine and satisfactory of the London relics is assuredly the old house in Gough Square, where the "Dictionary" was written, nigh a hundred and fifty years ago. Here is the dark, narrow stair, with the well-wrought balusters, the stepped gable, the somewhat crazy rooms and uneven floors. About it, and in keeping, are the old mouldering houses with carved doorways ; mostly given over to printers, which would soothe the illustrious shade. There is a great peace and sequestered tone over the deserted little court which is reached from Fleet Street by many winding passages. Lately, passing by St. Clement Dane's church, with my cheerful friend Eugenius—that interesting fane with its Dutch-like tower—we noted that the door was invitingly open, and entering, we found the workmen busy renewing and restoring the

fine old organ, grown somewhat wheezy with a ripe old age. "One of Father Smith's," an intelligent operative told us. We made our way into the gallery, to the left-hand corner, overhanging the pulpit, and sat ourselves down next the pillar—a snug, comfortable spot, sheltered, and good for seeing and hearing. Here it was that the pious and worthy old Samuel used to ensconce himself on Sundays, and "pray hard" with all his honest old heart. A brass plate at the back of the seat, with a reverent inscription, marks the spot. We sat there long, in silence, and I was tempted to utter his own aspiration for his friend Langton: "*Sit anima mea cum Johnsono!*" Thus within a few weeks I had the satisfaction of having sat in his pew, mounted his stairs at Gough Square, put on his wedding-ring, handled his stick, reposed in his chair, and stood in the room in which he was born. It is always gratifying to think that in the inner library of the Athenæum club a fine terracotta bust of the sage should be in the place of honor, looking down placidly on the silent readers about him—a bust which I had the pleasure of presenting. In the room below hangs on the wall Opie's portrait of the Doctor. As a true Johnsonian I am pleased to count as one of my best friends a Langton; and I have known also Garricks, Sheridans, Boswells, Burkes, Nugents, and others—all descended from the sage's friends.

Having thus visited our London Johnsonian relics, we next set forth for the country, to explore what I have called the "Johnsonian Land," which is even more interesting. Passing by Burton—*Burton-of-the Beers*—and leaving behind us chimneys and factories galore, at the close of a "hot and secular day," as Elia would say, we came into the fair and inviting Derbyshire country. A brisk, good-natured local solicitor, full of extraordinary information of all kinds, had something to tell us about every house that flitted by, of the owners of the old castles, and of antiquities generally. Such pleasant, enthusiastic guides are ever welcome and invaluable to the dramatic traveller. Gradually a sort of sylvan district began to draw near; the softly-awelling hills of Dovedale are seen in the distance; while a low-lying hamlet embosomed in trees, whence rises a tall, elegant, and truly expressive spire, comes

into view. This is Ashbourne. The entering such tranquil, retired places at eventide adds a special attraction. There is a tone of pensive and even sad seclusion, as though we were arriving at some "happy valley." Indeed, the tradition runs that the doctor drew his happy valley in "Rasselas" from some such secluded spot in the neighborhood. Crossing a bridge, and passing close by the church, which is almost abbey-like in its appearance, we enter the little High Street, our solicitor pointing out this and that house as we pass along. At the farther end of the street, where it begins to rise toward the hill, a sort of wooden bar, high in the air, stretches across the road, supported on tall posts, making a sort of arch, on the centre of which is perched a huge negro's head; while below it hangs a large framed picture, representing a sportsman, with his dogs, etc. And there is the legend:

"THE GREEN MAN AND BLACK'S HEAD
ROYAL HOTEL."

A "Green Man" in combination with a "Black's Head" seemed *bizarre* enough, while the "Royal" element introduced furthered the perplexity. However, thus it was, and the Boswellian pilgrims looked up with a feeling of interest and veneration. The sturdy Doctor had often trudged under the "Black Man's Head" as he took his walk from the "big" house below. We can hear him saying: "Why, sir, where's the merriment? These signs, sir, all have their significance. There was a Frenchman who translated the 'Green Man and Still' '*L'homme vert et tranquille*.' And as for the Black's head, I'd as lief my own head was there as another's!"

This is an ancient inn, relic of the old posting days; very quaint and original with its great yard and covered archway. It is much as it was a hundred years ago. Round the yard are all sorts of crannies and little doors that open into rooms; a snug bar or two, with half a dozen short lengths of stairs fixed outside, and leading up to overhanging chambers. A stray joint or two hangs aloft from hooks, seasoning slowly, to which, when dinner is spoken of, the hostess' eyes wandered abstractedly.

"How I love," said Eugenius, "these genuine old-fashioned inns, where you

are an actual flesh-and-blood person, real and living to the good landlady. In such places she knows you, and takes an interest in you. But at your 'Métropoles' you are a mere number, a cipher, perhaps. Now, here they don't want numbers."

"You are right, Eugenius," I said with a sigh. "But here comes Sukey with news of our dinner. How is it getting on, Sukey?"

"What is your number, please?" was Sukey's reply. *O nos bons villageois!*

A good country dinner was spread in one of the little rooms that looked out on the courtyard. The fare was good; and as to wine—well, the highest praise that can be given to the country inn is that its intention is good. While we were sitting at the old table the door was thrown open wide, and our worthy hostess, with an extra state and dignity in her manner, introduced in person the Vicar of the parish. Knowing of our pious quest, he had come up without loss of time to see the strangers. A cheerful, active, off-hand man. He remained with us for a pleasant hour, telling us much that was interesting, and fixing an early hour the following morning when he would meet us at the church gate.

Attractive as the little hamlet is, on the claim of its own picturesqueness, it has this pleasing association: it is Dr. Johnson's Ashbourne. In no other place, save perhaps at Streatham, did he find such enjoyment or feel himself so thoroughly at home. It was here that his old school-fellow, Dr. Taylor, Prebendary of Westminster, lived in comfortable ease and state, and was ever ready to welcome his friend. Johnson relished the retirement, the fine air and pastoral tone of the place, and also the "good living" which his host provided. The place is now full of traditions of this well-to-do, comfortable prebendary, of his friends, and enemies. So present and vivid are these images, that the ghost of the great Doctor and his host seem to be perpetually walking by one's side up the hilly street, as we make our way to or from "The Green Man." Neither Lichfield, the house where he was born, nor Gough Square, the house where he wrote the "Dictionary," seem nearly so potent in evoking past memories as this little, simple, retired hamlet.

One of the most effective and dramatic scenes in Boswell's "Life" is the account

of his visit to Ashbourne, whither he had been invited by Dr. Taylor at the request of the great Pundit. He remained some weeks, and the picture is a most enjoyable one. His account of this pleasant time is one of the most dramatic portions of his journal: it supplies the most intimate, trifling, perhaps, details of the "being on a visit." No incidents occurred worth speaking of; and his record fills in the whole in a most agreeable fashion, and gives a sort of life to the little pastoral hamlet.

Dr. Taylor's mansion is a rather uninteresting, but sound-looking edifice, of very red brick, with a portico in front. Though this front is nearly a hundred and thirty years old, it now seems merely old-fashioned. It is now occupied by an agreeable family descended from a famous painter, to whom our Vicar brought us, and who gave us a courteous welcome. It was a strange, curious feeling to find one's self in the handsome octagon room described by Boswell, where the dinner was given on the Doctor's birthday, when it was proposed to light up the central chandelier.* This octagon room had been built by Taylor, and filled up the space between the two old wings of the mansion. It is in the rather elegant Italian style then in fashion, with good florid stucco work, in radiating compartments. This, it was said, was owing to the influence of his friends the Boothbys, who were in the neighborhood. The general old-fashioned air, the painted medallion in the ceiling, the fine ironwork in the railing of the stairs, and the two stately columns of Derbyshire marble supporting the gallery, were all most pleasing. In the grounds behind, on the left, was a little old-fashioned pavilion, while beyond stretched an expanse of green, formerly the Doctor's park; for this comfortable ecclesiastic used to keep his deer. The narrow river which crosses it has been diverted, and used to run much closer to the garden. By damming up one end the Doctor had made a sort of waterfall; and readers of Boswell will recall the pleasant scene, when Johnson, seizing a pole, tried to clear away the *débris*, and particularly the dead cat. As one's eyes wandered

* Our hostess informed me that their predecessor in the tenancy well recalled this very chandelier, which had three rows of lights.

over the ground, the scene appeared to rise before us in the most vivid way. In these gardens the great lexicographer had wandered day after day, getting an appetite for his host's table. The river, it seems, will presently be moved back again to its old course, as a railway is to pass across its bed. The old red stables, somewhat dilapidated, where were kept the well-fed horses which the host sent to bring Johnson and his friend to the house, are still there much as they were, at the bottom of the garden on the right. Four of these steeds drew them in state to the village. I could have lingered on for hours in this agreeable old house, calling up these ghostly memories. In the octagonal room I could hear the Doctor violently showing his displeasure at the Ashbourne farming gentleman who had used the profane words "damned fool" in his presence.

At one side on the first floor, to the right as you face the house, is a one windowed room of rather mean aspect, which is pointed out as the one occupied by the Doctor. Another, more pretentious in character, was long exhibited as the one, but the true tradition settled that it was the first. When the Vicar of Ashbourne, the Reverend Mr. Jourdain, first arrived many years ago, he found many old persons who preserved the memories of Johnson's host, and even recalled him. He was a very great personage there; and it was said that if he had taken a dislike to the beautiful spire of the church and wished it removed, it would have been demolished to please him. He had been at war with Mr. Langley, the master of the Grammar School, which, awkwardly enough, exactly faced Taylor's house on the opposite side of the street. A most charming Elizabethan, many-gabled front it displays; tranquil, unobtrusive and elegant. The garden rises abruptly behind on the side of a small hill, as described by "Bozzy." It is curious, by the way, that there should now be living in the town a Doctor Boswell, whose name, we may trust, is sufficiently appreciated to bring him abundant practice.*

Dr. Taylor was a respectable and much

reputed clergyman, but not very fortunate in his matrimonial relations. From some incompatibility he was separated from his lady. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, editor of Johnson's "Letters," tells us that "he was informed, by the Vicar of Ashbourne, that Taylor left all his money to his shoeblack." The editor does not give any authority for this statement. Poor Taylor! But Nichols, who was a contemporary and ought to have known, tells us that Taylor's heir was a young gentleman named Webster. Out of this shoeblack story the editor engenders a serious imputation on the memory of Taylor. "*Perhaps* this lad was Taylor's illegitimate son!" What a "*perhaps*"! He even goes further, and ventures to name the shoeblack's mother! She was the person before alluded to in a letter as "*she*." And who was "*she*"? Why, a woman of whom Johnson had written to Taylor: "Do you know what has become of her, and how *she and he* live together? What a wretch it is!" As if the good Johnson would speak in this light fashion of his friend's mistress! In this wild way does Dr. B. Hill seriously libel both Johnson and Johnson's friend.

But we can clearly identify the person referred to as "*she*:" for Johnson, writing to Taylor about a lawsuit, speaks of some woman who held the property in dispute, "*for her life*." "*She had as much as she ought to have*," he said; "*what a wretch it is!*" The name is erased, the editor tells us, "*but it appears to be Wood*." Had he looked a little further on he would have found Johnson telling Taylor that "*he would not be injured till the death of Mrs. Rudd, and her life was as good as his*." Rudd is clearly the name, Rudd and Wood being words not unlike. Dr. B. Hill thinks, wisely enough, that "*this can scarcely refer to the celebrated Mrs. Rudd*." This Webster, or one of the Websters, lies buried in the church. I discussed this matter with our worthy Vicar, but I could not find that there was any positive evidence for this imputation on Dr. Taylor, beyond a fixed persuasion that the thing was so.

Close beside was the beautiful Ashbourne church, a cathedral in miniature almost, and which is really, as I said, the note of the place. Everything centres in its gently obtrusive and truly elegant spire.

* These odd coincidences often occur. Late-ly, passing by Clapham, I noted a doctor's brass plate with the name Westwood, which at once recalled Shelley's first wife, who, it will be recollected, was at school at Clapham.

This is quite hollow from top to bottom.

The Vicar having now unlocked the church door, we found ourselves in this most wonderful and original of country churches. It had all the entertainment of going over a small cathedral, so varied and striking were its contents. Johnson, of course, attended at many a Sunday's service, but he must have often wandered pensively through its aisles; for here was the tomb of his much-loved Hill Boothby, to whom he had written, when she was on her deathbed, such touching, loving letters. It was a curious feeling reading her name on the marble tablet. Other Boothbys are here, Sir Brooke and "Penelope," with odd Pompeian sort of tombs. The chancel seems to be filled with recumbent Cockaines, knights and their ladies; rather crowded together, accommodation being scant, but adding to the picturesque effect. "Look," says our Vicar, "stand just here. Now you have a beautiful view of where the aisles intercept; and mark the effect of the light!"

Rarely have I seen anything so judiciously and thoroughly restored as this church; and our Vicar has in his time raised, and laid out, between thirty and forty thousand pounds. He was now busy with the elegant spire, which was encompassed by an airy scaffolding; new stones were being inserted—the whole "underpinned"—to the tune, or cost, of some four thousand pounds. There was some fine old stained glass and good modern glass. When he came, he found the large expanse of the walls all overgrown and encrusted by layers of thick plaster. These he had carefully cleaned away, exposing the beautiful, highly finished stonework.

We now returned to our "Green Man;" and noted that all the steps, flagging, etc., of the old inn were garnished in rather curious fashion. When the local Sukey had finished her scouring, she would take a piece of chalk and fancifully decorate the ends with curious devices and flourishes, almost of an Indian pattern: dice, diamonds, etc., like the figures in a kaleidoscope. This curious custom seemed universal, and our "Green Man and Black's Head" displayed the devices on every available step. I had some conversation with our worthy hostess in her snug bar; and on going away she put into my hands a card, on one side of which was an antique device representing

a sportsman firing at a bird which his dog has just "set," and with this inscription:

"FANNY WALLIS, Family and Commercial Posting House, 'Green Man and Black's Head Hotel,' Ashbourn, near Dovedale." On the other side was to be read:

Extract from "Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson," September, 1771.

After breakfast I departed, and pursued my journey northward. I took my post-chaise from the "Green Man," a very good inn at Ashbourne, the mistress of which, a mighty civil gentlewoman, courtseying very low, presented me with an engraving of the sign of her house, to which she had subjoined in her own handwriting an address in such singular simplicity of style that I have preserved it, pasted upon one of the boards of my original journal at this time, and shall here insert it for the amusement of my readers.

"M. Killingley's duly waits upon Mr. Boswell, is exceedingly obliged to him for this favor, whenever he comes this way hopes for a continuance of the same, would Mr. Boswell name the house to his extensive acquaintance, it would be a singular favor conferred on one who has it not in her power to make any other return but her most grateful thanks and sincerest prayers for his happiness in time and in a blessed eternity.

"Tuesday morn."

It was pleasant, therefore, for Mr. Boswell's biographer and editor to find himself thus unexpectedly treated at parting just as was that pleasant creature himself, and that good Mrs. Wallis should, nigh 120 years later, so faithfully cherish the tradition of her visitor. I asked her about this quaint Mrs. Killingley, her predecessor. There were no Killingleys now in the place, she said; but when she first came there were, and she knew them very well. And so, having paid our modest bill, taken leave of our hostess and good Vicar, who saw us to the station, we departed from this interesting hamlet; and with regret saw its elegant spire fade in the distance.

A station or two further on we were set down at Uttoxeter, pronounced in a variety of ways as Utchester, Utoxter, etc., an uninteresting place enough, very rude and undeveloped. In its small triangular market-place a rather grimy drinking-fountain had been set up, but seems decaying away. The natives, adroitly wishing to utilize the Johnsonian legend, had roughly carved on one side an image of a large-headed man, bent down in

sorrow. This was intended as a record of the memorable act of penitence performed by the sage on this very spot, when he stood bareheaded, for an hour and more, the object of the loud jeers and wonder of the yokels. As is well known, he wished by this act of self-humiliation to atone for some disobedience to his father, the old Michael. But, as I said, what with the water and neglect, the image has well nigh mouldered away out of sight.

There was nothing else to detain the Boswellians, save, perhaps, a "rag and bone shop," as it is called: a disrespectful name for places where old china and other "curios" may be obtained. The amateur might do worse than explore the country towns regularly; he would be certain to light on something that will be "in his way," and at modest figures.

Lichfield is, of course, the official pilgrimage for all admirers of the good old Doctor. Few places are more thoroughly permeated with the flavor of the "Johnsonian" legend; and though the ordinary sightseer is satisfied with what is shown in the market-place, there are many more memorials almost more suggestive, and that appeal more forcibly and romantically to the well-skilled visitor.

It is pleasing to find that as the *culte* increases the natives are every year beginning to take more and more interest in their great townsman; though, apart from this attraction, the place is charming as a specimen of a cathedral town, from its placid, unsophisticated tone, the sylvan or rural aspect of portions of the town, and the exquisite cathedral itself, small and elegant as it is, in contrast with some of the other vast and overpowering fanes. There is a placid, old-world tranquillity about the place. We can hear the "caw-caw" of the rooks very far aloft; and, looking up, we see some tall trees clustered, and these parsonic birds flying about.

A sense of pensive retrospect comes on us as we stand in the market-place, by the good old Gothic church, where the sage sits perched on his pedestal, and bent down gloomily, as he gazes at the quaint, paternal mansion opposite, now tenantless and somewhat dilapidated. Finding our way to "The Johnson's Head," a cheerful-looking bookseller's shop, the proprietor, a pleasant, kindly, enthusiastic man, took us in hand—Alderman Lomax,

who had been mayor of the city. We were first shown his own special "curios." This thick, faded Malacca stick, with its heavy ivory top, quite brown with age, is the Doctor's—quite "Homeric," as he would have said, from its size. Here was his arm-chair of dark wood, rather light and airy for his bulk. These relics came from Richard Green's museum, which was often visited by Johnson: There was a curious portrait, too, done by some local artist of the time, in a fantastic hat and dress, but a fair likeness. It was painted for a Mr. Wickens, who knew Johnson.

Our alderman next leads us forth to show us the town, and goes back to fetch the key of the house. It is a fine country day, the air balmy and refreshing for the "jaded Londoner." The house is familiar enough from the pictures, with its overhanging front story supported on pillars; and must have been a solid, comfortable, and respectable mansion in its day. In the shop portion, the old, small, cross-barred windows had been taken out, so as better to display the goods. The other windows seem to be just as they were in Johnson's day. It seems in sound, excellent condition, and a short time ago was used as a sort of "eating-house"—a familiar term that seems in harmony with our ideal of the lexicographer.* Who will be its next occupant is hard to speculate; but we should most relish that our host and guide of "The Johnson's Head" should at once transfer his business, with the chair and stick, to the place.

On the elevated ground to the left of the cathedral, among the trees, we find the Bishop's Palace—a pleasing, stately old building, well rusted, of Jacobean pattern. A modern bishop, when he came to reside there, added two clumsy wings projecting forward, which have spoiled the old engaging effect. It was difficult not to look on it with interest, as it was here

* "Dr. Johnson Coffee House and Dining Rooms, Market Place, Lichfield. This house is famous as the birthplace of Dr. Johnson. Visitors to Lichfield will find every accommodation for making a short or long stay, and every attention to their comfort. Hot dinners daily from 12 till 2. Dinners and teas for private parties and schools. Terms on application to Mrs. Till, proprietress. Well-aired beds." Mrs. Till has gone and her kitchens have grown cold.

that Johnson's early patron, Gilbert Walmesley, used to reside, and here, also, took place the little children's plays, "got up" by the young Garrick, at which Johnson used to assist. Later came that *précieuse* Miss Seward and her father. The house in which Garrick's father lived when he was quartered here, I believe no longer stands.

A charming walk by a sort of reservoir leads out of the town to Stow Hill, which is seen about a quarter of a mile off, with its clustered trees, from which peeps out the old house where Mrs. Gastrell used to live. Beside it is one of the ancient church towers, of which there are several in Lichfield. In one of the cross streets we find a spacious old posting-inn, "The George," roomy and comfortable, a capacious archway in the centre, which in the old days led into the yard. It has a somewhat architectural air, with its row of Grecian pillars. It is still the "Family, Commercial, and Posting House." We find a substantial lunch laid out, in permanence, as it were, in the good old style, for all who may choose to come, with sound Lichfield ale. This, as is known, is the old "Beaux's Stratagem" inn, whose proprietor and ale are introduced into Farquhar's comedy. It may be said that everything in this good old town has a certain keeping, and is suited to its august Johnsonian legends. At the "George" they keep a visitors' book, which is garnished with facetious comments, versicles, and the like. I don't know whether these lines are an old common form—

I came for change and rest;
The waiter took the change,
The landlord took the rest.

There is a society in London called "The Johnson Club," which, in imitation of Calverley's well-known "Pickwick" questions, has examination papers in Boswell's book "set" by Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the well-known editor. Last year, the Club came down to Lichfield in full force, to put the Johnson business on a proper footing, as Boswell did the Corsicans, and light their little candles at the original flame. The visitors were hospitably eager that all the true Johnsonians of the place should be sought out and invited to dine at "The George," and interchange ideas on the subject of the "Master." But I was assured that not

more than a couple of genuine Johnsonians could be discovered.

On the hill close to the railway station is a decayed and venerable old church, in which old Michael, the bookseller, Johnson's father, lies buried. I found it fast closed and desolate. Johnson, it seems, when on his deathbed, directed a stone to be placed over the grave of his father and mother. It has, however, disappeared. Thus, the history is complete. It is obvious the point of the incident is Johnson's filial affection; but it leads Dr. B. Hill into some fanciful, rambling speculations about "the stone." Why was it not there? he asks. What became of it? *Was* it ever there? In his distress he calls for the aid of the Rev. James Serjeantson, the rector, who, from his office, is assumed to have special knowledge; but he was even more wild in his speculations. "He suggests to me that the stone was never set up" (query, set down?), for the reason that "it was unlikely that within a dozen years such a memorial was treated so unworthily." In vain the worthy historian of the town, Dr. Harwood, who must have seen "the stone," positively records that it was taken away in 1796, when the church was paved—a common incident. This will not do for Dr. B. Hill. The "stone" was never there; for "there may have been some difficulty in finding the exact place of the interment." All a gratuitous fancy; for Johnson particularly directed that the spot was to be found, before ordering the stone. And yet we have the mason's receipt "showing that he was paid for the stone!" Then we have this odd theory: "The matter may have stood over until it was forgotten;" and, last and wildest hypothesis of all, "the mason may have used it for some other purpose!" All this in the face of the facts that the stone was ordered, laid and removed!

Returning to the house in Market Place, we find beside it another old inn of even greater interest—"The Three Crowns," where Johnson and his follower stayed a few days on their visit to Lichfield. The description he gives of their doings is vivid, and the fashion in which he has caught the "local color" is very striking. We almost seem to be staying there with him.* "The Three Crowns" is not so

* The excellent Cork takes care to remind his customers of this visit. "Three Crowns

ambitious in its aims as "The George," but the obliging Mr. Cork, the proprietor, good-naturedly favored our enthusiasm, though apparently without feeling much of it himself. According to the old jest, he allowed himself to be "drawn." The room in which the sacred chair was placed was very much as it was a century ago, with semicircular bench for drawing close to the fire, with a strange air of old fashion.

One of our most interesting quests led us to the other side of the town, to Tamworth Street, in search of Lucy Porter's house. It was on the ascent of the streets where the roads parted; a regular, rather imposing mansion of pink brick, standing behind its own wall; its windows, which were very large, shaded by umbrageous trees; a garden behind. How many a jaunt Johnson made to Lichfield to stay with his stepdaughter, in this roomy, comfortable-looking house! Again and again he came, and the hospitable Lucy always insisted that he should be her guest. It seems incomprehensible, and rather ungracious too, that he should have left all his savings to his black manservant and nothing to her.

Mr. Lomax, among his other relics, exhibited Mrs. Johnson's wedding-ring, which I had some pleasure in fitting on. It had come with the other things to this lucky black, who presented it, as a *prix de consolation*, to Mrs. Porter, but who contemptuously declined it. He seemed to have had it enamelled in black and gold with a commemorative inscription. Lucy Porter's house, we were told, is now known as Mrs. Pettitt's or Petit's. All

these Lichfield houses were in capital condition. Near the railway station was the old grammar school which Johnson had attended, since partly rebuilt. There was a sale of furniture going on in the master's house.

Thus had we explored Lichfield—that pleasant city. By the end of the day we seemed to be on familiar terms with "Mrs. Cobb" and "Mrs. Gastrell," Lucy Porter, and the rest. We can enjoy our "Bozzy" with a greater zest and vitality, as it were, after visiting the localities; the dry bones begin to live.

"Johnson-land" suggests "Dickens-land." Passing by Birmingham we call on the Treasurer of this great city, who is as enthusiastic for the novelist as we are for the lexicographer. He had written an admirable and exhaustive book on this Dickens-land, gathering up all the traditions, and describing vividly enough the localities in Rochester and other places which the novelist had "pen-pictured," to call in one of our modern absurd but expressive phrases. He took us out to see what I called his "Dickens museum"—a prodigy of diligent collecting. There everything conceivable that was ever fashioned in connection with "Boz" was to be found. Here were rare editions, translations, match-boxes even with his head, play-bills, broadsides, pamphlets, busts, figures—nothing was wanting. It was an astounding, bewildering collection. Museum it certainly is, and our Treasurer did the honors with rare good nature.

Thus completing our two days' pilgrimage, we returned to town. I may say, in conclusion, that this sort of expedition with an object in view, and prompted by a little enthusiasm, adds prodigiously to the enjoyment. You do not go from point to point foolishly staring, and wondering why you stare. The old monuments speak to you. You become for the time a denizen of the place, and find friends and helpers, as we did in our Vicar.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

Hotel, Lichfield. Proprietor, J. T. Cork. Good accommodation for visitors. Special terms for large parties. Wines, spirits and cigars of the choicest quality. "N.B.—We put up at the Three Crowns, not one of your great inns, but a good old-fashioned one" (*Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson*). The celebrated arm-chair used by the great Dr. Johnson is still in its old position."

CHARACTER NOTE.

THE SOLDIER-SERVANT.

La politesse de l'esprit consiste à penserdes choses honnêtes et délicates.

THOMAS has been through the Mutiny. Thomas has a number of medals of which, very likely, he is vastly proud but which he never wears. Thomas has very seldom been heard to give an account of his exploits. But then he is very seldom heard to give an account of anything, being a perfect bulwark of silence, and preferring to contribute nothing toward a conversation except a few grunts.

Manners, indeed, are not Thomas's strong point. The Mutiny may have rubbed them off. Or he may always have despised them. He is now employed as a gardener and handy-man on week days, while on Sundays he blows the organ at a neighboring church with indomitable perseverance and strength.

It must not, however, be supposed that Thomas knows—or wishes to know—anything about matters ecclesiastical. He blows the organ with the air of one who would say, "This seems to me damned nonsense. Why can't you say your prayers without all this noise! Still, you must have your whims, I suppose, and I must humor them." He so far humors the whims of the Parson-in-Chief as to take down for his benefit the Easter texts with which the guileless Thomas has ornamented the church at Christmas. It appears very likely to Thomas that one verse of Scripture does quite as well as another, and is equally true at any season of the year. But he undoes his handiwork with a perfectly good-natured scornfulness and with the best-tempered and impolitest of grins upon his countenance.

Thomas, both as gardener and churchman, has the old soldierly virtue of implicit obedience developed to an extent for which the ordinary civilian is quite unprepared. When his mistress—a lady of vacillating turn of mind—says, "Thomas, you really must kill that cat," on the spur of an impetuous moment, the cat is in dying agonies five minutes later, and while the mistress is lamenting its decease in the drawing-room, she can behold Thomas from the windows, mowing the lawn in the calm consciousness of virtue and with an unmoved diligence.

When the master complains that the whole flower-garden contains nothing but pinks—which Thomas has been growing, with much trouble, in serried ranks like an army—by the next morning there is not a single pink left in the garden, and Thomas may be seen quietly pitchforking a bonfire behind the shrubbery.

Thomas's horticultural instincts incline as a rule toward the useful rather than the beautiful, and he cultivates vast quantities of cabbages with perfect steadfastness and indifference to the fact that no one wants or eats them. But he has so much of the true gardener nature within him—in his case entirely free and untrammelled—that when Miss Laura trips into the garden with a smile, a rustic basket, and a pair of scissors, he shouts from the cabbage-bed, "Why don't you leave them 'ere roses alone?" And Laura retires quite abashed into the house. "Thomas's rudeness is really dreadful, Charles," says the mistress. When he is shown the new baby and asked if it is not a remarkably fine child, he is understood to say, with his contemptuous smile, and between grunts, "Pretty fair, pretty fair," and when the mistress points out to him some beautiful drawings in a weekly paper illustrative of the Mutiny, he gives way to a deeply scornful guffaw.

It is surmised that Thomas has, on the whole, rather a poor opinion of the weaker sex. He listens to the mistress's This will be best, Thomas, or perhaps that, or what do you think of a third (and totally opposite) alternative? with a good-natured tolerance for a race of beings who cannot make up their minds, or have no minds to make up.

He never flirts with the maids, his disposition being infinitely removed from any species of gallantry. Besides, he has a wife at home. The wife—familiarly 'Liza—is a voluble and excited female of shrewish tongue and a particularly energetic temper. Fifteen years ago, when she beguiled the unwary Thomas into matrimony, she may very likely have been an attractive person in her style. That Thomas could at any time have been at-

tractive in *his* style is scarcely conceivable. But very likely his stalwart six feet and his red coat did much better than the honeyed words and flattering phrases of which he can never have had to accuse himself.

Thomas sits at home in the evenings after his work and tranquilly peruses an exciting manual on bulbs. As a rule Thomas does not hold much with reading. Considering it an unpractical and even feminine employment, and having met in the course of his own experience a number of good men who did particularly well without it.

But Bulbs are a duty. They may also be a refuge from "'Liza." So strong is the force of habit that her running accompaniment of volubility does not in the least disturb the placid Thomas at his literature.

When 'Liza is more than usually objectionable—which happens on an average about once a week—Thomas sends her to Coventry. She abuses him with a tongue which it is to be feared is not a little coarse. But it is conceivable that the army has prepared Thomas for some slight lack of refinement, just as it has inculcated in him a habit of indomitable self-control. Thomas never abuses 'Liza. He is a rock of patience and silence. He immerses himself deeply in the bulbs and sits calm and unmoved amid the domestic thunders.

Thomas has children. Boys, for the most part, to whom he has conscientiously done his duty by a periodical thrashing in the back yard. Albeit Thomas has a heart for these children—a heart which is even very soft and kind. And there is a rough justice in his treatment of them which they very likely prefer to the mother's unreasonable kisses and blows.

There is one little daughter to whom Thomas's affection goes out with a great strength and devotion. The little daughter has inherited to a marked degree Thomas's silent ways and faithful heart. Her mother, with the terrible plain speaking of the poor, has condemned her to her face as an unlikely child and as ugly as they're made. And Nellie has hidden that poor ugly little face on her father's rough shoulder, and has found in his awkward kindness and homely care for her as happy a child life as can be.

She sits on Thomas's knee while he

reads "Bulbs." He takes her to church with him on Sundays, seats her near him, and addresses encouraging, and audible, remarks to her in the pauses of his organ-blowing.

On Bank Holidays and other gala occasions the two go country walks together. Neither of them says much, both considering very likely that conversation mars enjoyment, and that they get a great deal too much of it at home. But Thomas has Nellie's small hand in his vast horny palm, and it is to be believed, that they understand each other perfectly.

On one memorable occasion they spend a happy day at Margate. The beauties of sands black with excursionists, and of a jetty packed to suffocation, appeal to both very much indeed. Perhaps upon the principle that one is never so much alone as in a crowd. Or with the idea that this is seeing a fashionable watering-place at the height of its glory, and to perfection. Or merely because they are together.

Nellie is very tired after so long a day. Tired, pale, and shivering, and 'Liza says, "You've done for this child, drat you!" with a great deal of force and energy, and carries Nellie up to bed in a temper. 'Liza, like a great many other people, is always cross when she is anxious. And that night Thomas tramps a long six miles for the doctor. There is a cold fear creeping about his heart, the presence of which he is, somehow, afraid of acknowledging, and he says to the doctor, "Not much wrong—nothing but a cold," several times over, and with deep grunts. It is nothing but a cold at first. But it is a cold that turns to a high fever, which rages in Nellie's frail body and beats down her feeble strength. Thomas does not leave her room for a week. His master considers so much devotion very unnecessary, and intimates to Thomas that his place cannot be kept open for him. And Thomas damns the place quietly, and lets it go—as he would let go heaven for Nellie. He nurses the child as a woman might. Or, perhaps, as no woman could. He is profoundly ignorant of disease. It is to be feared that he is at times profoundly foolish. The child loses strength every day before his eyes. The delirium and fever fight fiercely for her weakly life. It is her father's part to watch a struggle in which he can do nothing, and his rugged face gets haggard and ghostly.

Nellie lives—so far as she can be said to be living at all—upon milk and brandy ; and one day, the first for a fortnight, Thomas leaves her in charge of 'Liza. He walks over to the doctor. A rapid walk, full of purpose, during which he takes no heed of anything by the way. He implores the doctor—a request which is, somehow, pathetically ignorant and ridiculous—to let Nellie have something solid to eat.

"'Liza could do a beefsteak very tender," he says. And there is a look so miserable and desperate in the man's face that the doctor does not even feel like smiling.

It takes more than medical assurance to convince Thomas that Nellie wants anything but "strengthening up." He arrives at the surgery at all sorts of unseemly hours of the night and day to reiterate his request. He has the dogged persistence of a great ignorance and a great love.

If there can be any pathos in connection with a beefsteak—which is manifestly impossible—Thomas puts it there.

The delirium leaves Nellie one twilight, and the father fancies as he watches her that she knows he is near. He sits by her all through the sultry night. The little house is very quiet indeed, the voluble Eliza having gone to sleep downstairs. Before dawn Nellie stirs a little and smiles as if her dreams were happy. Her poor little life goes out quietly with the stars, and her father is roused from a broken sleep by the chill of the wasted hand lying in his own.

In few days 'Liza has already begun to derive a good deal of consolation from some deeply woeful mourning and the celebrity and glory imparted to her from being a near relation of a corpse. She enjoys a relish in the shape of a bloater, and a few friends to her tea, with a good deal of zest and any number of easy tears, while Thomas sits alone with "Bulbs" in front of him, reading it with a dogged sense of duty, and comprehending not a word.

Thomas cannot derive any consolation from his friends—having only a very few, and at no time, even the happiest, treating them to confidence and conversation. Perhaps his grief is of that kind which words would not at all relieve. Perhaps, after all, it is much like the trouble of more highly cultivated persons, and he

fears sympathy as one fears a touch upon an open wound.

He resumes his work, his master having repented of his hardness, or found that Thomas is necessary to the place, or both. And Thomas, having been at all times a very temperate person, puts by from his week's wages a modest allowance usually devoted to beer. He makes many other, if no greater sacrifices for the same object. 'Liza talks of putting by something, too, toward Nellie's memorial stone. 'Liza says they must do something 'andsome by the child. It is characteristic of them both that 'Liza only talks and Thomas only does.

Thomas is deputed to choose the stone. There are tears in his eyes, perhaps, which obscure his sense of the beautiful—or he has no such sense at all. Only wants Nellie—in 'Liza's phrase—to be done by 'andsome. Wants to show her, by spending a great deal of money that he can very ill afford, how dear she is to him and how faithfully his heart keeps her memory. Perhaps he thinks—the uneducated have such ideas—that she looks down from some baby heaven and approves an erection which it must be confessed is unmitigatedly hideous and pagan. 'Liza takes a great deal of pride in pointing out the stone to her friends, in mentioning its price, and recalling the expenses of the funeral. But Thomas is pleased only because Nellie will be pleased too. He goes often to contemplate the grave in the churchyard, and derives from its gloomy hideousness a comfort and easing of sorrow which he does not find elsewhere. Very plebeian and uneducated? Yes; but it may be that in its vast heart Providence takes account of griefs so simple, and itself provides for them these simple consolations.

Years after, when Thomas still gardens grumpily, and despises Miss Laura's essays in horticulture with perfect good humor and impoliteness, a small circumstance reveals that Nellie is still unforgotten.

"'Drat this place!" says 'Liza, who is still voluble and emphatic, and she votes that they retire upon their savings and end their days fashionably at Ramsgate.

Thomas does not give any reason why this plan does not please him. Perhaps he thinks that reason is wasted upon women—particularly upon 'Liza. Perhaps his contempt of words and habits of silence

have deepened with time. And they have always been deep. Or perhaps he has no reason to urge—only a feeling. And any one who thinks that Thomas would ever urge his feelings can know nothing at all about him.

But when 'Liza can swear it's because he won't leave our Nellie, who has been a corpse these ten years, there is no knowing that she may not be right.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION.

BY PROFESSOR J. P. MAHAFFY.

SOME months ago it was my privilege to speak out in this Review concerning the defects of modern education. What I said excited both warm assent and lively opposition, and was made the text of more than one amusing essay, wherein, with the complacent self-eulogy that marks this age, it was triumphantly shown that my alarms were only veiled pessimism, and that not only what was actual but what was possible, in the way of progress justified our greater hopes, and taught us to condone what was amiss or defective. We were told we must make the best of our materials; that we cannot expect deep or thorough learning in the masses, but that the spread of what is called modern education had added greatly to the comfort and the respectability of the lower classes. There seemed, moreover, a strong tendency in my critics to assume a democratic tone even in learning, to deny that we should spend time or money in keeping up a select minority, a superior society pursuing knowledge for its own sake, and apart from practical applications. There was an evident tendency to look upon university extension lectures, cheap evening classes, standard examinations for the masses, degrees by mere examination, and other such travesties or parodies on real education, as the distinction or even the glory of the generation, instead of its reproach. Far from striving to bring back education into its old condition—a contact between individual human minds, the teacher and the taught, where the former not only tells facts, but inculcates ways of thinking—these people desire it to be made more and more impersonal, a perfect machine where an anonymous paper is answered by a cipher candidate, and where marks are given on such mechanical principles, that when the mistakes are ascertained, any clerk can tot up and apportion the credit. We used to speak of

a great provost, a great tutor, a great professor—men who perhaps wrote no books, and yet left their stamp upon a whole generation of students. But it cost both money and time to go and live under their influence. Now the poor worker in some City garret who goes down periodically to a public hall to hear a youth giving extension lectures, and then gets examined with 5,000 others in sections, which cover every manufacturing centre in England, this modest and diligent creature is to be ranked as equal, or superior to, the university man of a former age. Text-books are so good, and science (the only subject fitted for such treatment) is so precise, that any person anywhere can read his book, and any intelligent paper will find out whether he knows it. What more do you want? And so you will get rid of all the folly and the vanity of an aristocracy in letters, of a class who look upon the public as outside the bounds of real refinement, and as incapable of enjoying the higher pleasures of the select minority.

I am not concerned to defend myself against the charge of disliking and even despising such a prospect. It leads us into the melancholy path of so-called progress, which Mr. Pearson has so ably presented to us in his remarkable book. It means the triumph of average mediocrity, or, at all events, of docility, and the extinction of genius, if, indeed, it be possible for man to extinguish that "candle of the Lord." What was urged in my last paper, and what need not be further urged here, was simply this: Let us have teaching, and not examining; let us have men, and not machinery, for our educators; and let us not, under the guise of democratic fair play, saddle ourselves with a system of competition which seems to be designed expressly for the rich. For never was there a time when the intellectual prizes offered by our public service

required so imperatively the outlay of capital to attain them.

But now let me deal with those fairer critics who urged that mere complaints are not practical. Admitting that the condition of things in education is bad, and that our Education Department is going on either blindly or ignorantly, can nothing be done in detail to mend the matter? If we cannot obtain at once a great and radical reform, should we not at least make such suggestions as may lead our directors into some better way? Is your whole province criticism, and not instruction?

In reply to these questions, it may be urged, in the first place, that, without detailed criticism, men will not admit, or even recognize, the vices of the existing systems. Nor is any real improvement possible till these vices are clearly admitted. Contrition is the necessary antecedent to repentance. Otherwise, all proposals to alter and improve are met with the objection that great changes have already been made, that splendid results have already been obtained, and that we have only frightened ourselves with a bugbear of our own invention. If this point is not clearly made out, if it is not admitted that reformation is really required, all suggestions are idle. On the other hand, every practical educator must admit that, to reverse a large policy, to go back on measures once adopted, and endeavor to start again as if nothing had happened, is well-nigh impossible. If your horses are bolting, you had far better hold the reins and guide them, than either jump out, or then stand in the way and try to stop them.

I will therefore suggest what seems to be feasible as regards the various branches of the subject, while reminding the reader earnestly that education is no panacea for human ills. It will not banish crime; still less will it secure happiness; nay, rather, it is quite certain, as it is now carried on, to create a large spread of unhappiness, of a type most difficult to cure—I mean the unhappiness of Discontent. Let us begin, then, with primary education. This is what we consider the boon demanded by the poor, and from which nobody should be excluded. The three R's may be admitted as fit for everybody, and I am not disposed to quarrel with those who insist that they must be forced on everybody. I will only remark upon this

that there are many cases of children going to school for six years, and not learning to read. Such cases are before me at present, even in Ireland, where the children are far more intelligent (on the average) than they are in England.

But the first question to be answered is this: Do you mean to make this primary education of the simplest kind a thing definite and inclusive or is it to be only the introduction to something higher and more various? Are you going to have higher classes in the primary schools, and additional subjects, so that poor boys and girls may be tempted to attack other studies than those necessary to a life of manual labor? The popular notion holds all education to be one, or at least homogeneous, and all its grades the ascending steps of a ladder, reaching from earth to heaven. But these modern democrats seem also to hold the old absurdity of Rousseau and his school, copied into the preamble of the American Constitution, that all men are equal in rights and capabilities. Inequality is, and ever must be, the first condition of any society. There must always be laboring classes, serving classes, whose food is earned by physical exertion, for most of which other people pay them. "The poor," says our Lord, "ye have always with you." Will it make this large and permanent class better able to perform their functions to society if you give them a smattering, say of French, or of that jumble of science called geology, and make them believe that, under possible circumstances, they might rise from their humble station, and rival those whom they now see with higher knowledge, and apparently with greater leisure? Surely, though we may specialize in higher education, and allow each pupil to work at what he chooses, or likes best, with the poorer and more ignorant classes it is imperative to choose for them what they ought to know, and to restrict our general system to something clear, definite, and almost universally attainable. The plan which induces those who are only learning the three R's to believe that they are inferior to others, that their education is incomplete, that if they studied Latin, and French, and Euclid they would be happier and earn higher wages—this plan must conduce both to the bad and imperfect studies, and to much unreasonable discontent.

But what, the modern theorist will ask, are we to do for those, even of the lowest class, who turn out too good for their primary school; to whom Nature has given, if not genius, at least mental endowments far above the average? Are we not to provide him with a chance of perfecting his education, and rising to higher things? Certainly; but let us understand clearly what it is "to have his education completed," and what the higher things are to which he should attain. The present system tends to put him into a different kind of school—what is called a grammar school—and teach him things which will probably turn him into an inferior member of another class, whereas what we should teach him is to become a really superior man in the class to which he belongs. The real way to promote happiness in any society is to raise a class, not to raise its best members out of a class. The best means for this great end I take to be the establishment of proper technical schools, which will teach the thinking members of any class, especially of the lowest, to do the work set before them more intelligently and thoroughly than before.

In a public criticism of my former article, the Duke of Abercorn remarked that I had wholly omitted the topic of technical schools. This omission will now be repaired. But let us understand clearly that technical schools should include widely diverse kinds of teaching. There is no better or more useful technical school, for example, than a good cookery class, in which young women of the poorer sort are taught to make intelligent use of simple materials, and so contribute both to the economy and comfort of their homes. In Ireland, especially, where the lower classes either reject, waste, or spoil the best materials by their scandalous ignorance of the first principles of decent cookery, such training may fairly be regarded as second to none in practical importance. But to introduce into such technical teaching principles of hygiene, the chemistry of fermentation, etc., is surely useless and absurd. Such teaching should be purely practical. A school of engineering is a technical school of another kind. Here we must presuppose some knowledge of both pure and applied mathematics, and the proper place for such a school is in connection with a university, where the

arts course gives the necessary knowledge of theory, before the student comes to handle his materials as an engineer. There should therefore be a clear division established between primary and secondary technical schools; or if, as I think is usual, the term technical school is confined to the primary or practical kind, let us insist that this is a different thing from a professional school, and intended to train a different class in a different way. Schools for shorthand writing and for practical telegraphing, which require more ordinary intelligence and quickness of hand, are very useful primary technical schools for a city population. But here, again, we have a danger that our poorer country children will be taught that these city occupations are more noble as well as more lucrative than the duties of intelligent agriculture. There is good reason to believe that such an ancient and honorable pursuit as the tilling of the soil suffers so much from ignorance, and from the contempt into which the ignorance of farmers has brought it. It is as old as the book of Ecclesiasticus for the man of books to exclaim: How can he have wisdom whose talk is of bullocks?

It is a practical fallacy that because pastoral and agricultural work *can* be done by ignorant people, that neither of them deserves an intelligent study. Yet any one who has seen one clever tenant farmer on an estate raise himself to opulence while all his neighbors, with the same capital and means, remained paupers, will feel at once how much could be done by raising the intellectual level of the grazier and the farmer. In Ireland, at all events, one may say confidently that the loss occasioned by useless fences, neglected weeds, and the mere delays of idleness deprive the population of half the produce of their farms.*

So also cottage gardening could be taught in a primary technical system, and if arrangements were made to instruct smart country boys in the art of ploughing or working with the newer machinery upon farms, in the art of growing vegetables and such kindred occupations, the

* Of course I am speaking generally. There is an occasional oasis of good farming in Ireland which astonishes the traveller. The best example of it known to me is the neighborhood of Ballinacorney, between Strabane and Raphoe.

general character and the comfort of our rural population might be vastly improved. The organization of such a system of technical instruction in country districts would no doubt require great skill and, at the commencement, both outlay and patience on the part of the State; but, so far as I know, no real improvement of this kind was ever sudden or cheap. Some beginnings of this kind have been made, mostly by private benevolence, in the department of sea-fishing, and the results already attained show that in Ireland at least an industry of the first order has been lying idle for want of intelligence and thrift. But it is all-important to note that many isolated attempts, perfectly successful so long as they were watched and controlled by the originator, have died out as soon as he grew weary or died. It seems to require some generations of training to create a hereditary instinct of work in classes which have been from time immemorial thriftless, improvident, and idle. Probably the quickest road to an enduring improvement is to import new blood and promote intermarriages of intelligent immigrants with the natives.

But, quite apart from all these special contrivances to make the eternal duties of the country poor not only more lucrative, but more honorable, and therefore more efficiently performed, there is the general duty lying upon us that, when we teach all our population to read, we shall put something worth reading within their reach.

There is, perhaps, no more serious outcome of all our efforts at primary education than this: we know perfectly well, and without doubt, that most of what poor people read is not only not improving, but positively injurious to them. For what is the nature of our cheap literature? It is indeed true that of recent years an occasional spirited publisher has produced six-penny volumes of great authors, and created for them a very great circulation.* But our cheap literature means the penny press, and those weekly papers which season their news with allusions or direct references to the immoralities of modern society. The penny papers are bad enough, inasmuch as they are one and all party papers, whose mission in politics is to

justify and laud everything which one side does, while they censure or ridicule every act of the other. Gross partiality and the unfairness which arises from partiality are therefore ingrained in all our political daily papers. To supply such stuff is surely not to give our poorer classes any education in politics. Nor is it a practical answer to urge that they can readily read both sides and then judge between them. Not one in a thousand, even of our educated classes, makes it his habit to read both sides and study daily two opposite newspapers, far less is it to be expected that those who have only the elements of letters will either care, or be able, to weigh the competing falsehoods, and extract from mis-leaders in opposing prints the true and sober guidance which an impartial critic might afford them. They will rather learn to misinterpret the motives and malign the action of those whom they have been taught to regard as their political opponents. So far, therefore, is the fashionable Radical theory—that the great hope of the future lies in the political education of the people—from being true that we may almost assert the opposite as being practically true: education in politics through the daily press is an immoral education, for it gives daily lessons in unfairness, and tends not to efface but to ingrain the prejudices of ignorant men.

The remedy for these evils is obvious enough, but the application of it almost hopeless. And yet if we will not be weary of well-doing, and always keep before us a high ideal, we may in the end effect some real improvement. The first thing we have to do is to provide not only in our towns, but in country districts, sound free libraries, where all those who have aspirations beyond the mere daily wants of their material lives may find spiritual food by contact with great spirits—novelists, poets, historians, essayists. This, and not the passing of standards, or the competing for prizes, is the true way to enlarge the education of those among our poor who are fit to receive more than the rudiments of letters. A small minority only can ever be expected to take advantage of it, but as regards the rest it is perfectly idle to attempt anything more than to give them the means of learning technically what will support them. To force all human beings into the same mould

* I refer especially to Messrs. Macmillan's edition of Charles Kingsley's works, of which copies were bought up to a million.

is the great blunder of all the modern schemes.

The establishment, however, of a large system of free libraries—in the country even of lending libraries—will avail but little until we wean the people from seeking for mental excitement in the daily press, or still more in that odious weekly press which would have no existence were it not for murder, adultery, theft, and calumny.

To exclude these promoters of immorality from the reading rooms of our libraries is perfectly idle so long as people want to read them; for the readers will soon desert the library for the pothouse or the street-corner, where one reads out the tale of prurience or crime, while the rest enjoy the excitement. To improve this bad taste, to engender in the poor a dislike for those vulgar romances which teach them to misunderstand society beyond them, is a task probably beyond the power of any social reformer the world has yet seen. But, nevertheless, the theory of moral improvement is clear enough, and must not be set aside because the practice is difficult and for the present impossible.

There is, then, no use in teaching our people to read unless they have access to reading which will improve them, and such reading should be supplied to them freely. There is but little use in supplying such reading if the ground is already occupied with unwholesome and mischievous mental food. To destroy the taste for the latter and to breed a desire for something purer is the necessary condition of any real improvement in those among the poor who try to think and try to read for themselves. That all the poor should do so is not to be expected in the present conditions of human intellect, and if they did the results would certainly be disastrous.

If the foregoing arguments be correct, they point therefore to the establishment of a large system of primary technical education and a large system of local libraries (excluding newspapers) as the best means of enlarging and promoting our primary education. So far as private reading goes, we should give the people access to a more varied stock of knowledge than they can now command; so far as instruction goes, we should by no means enlarge the number of subjects, but see

that those which are all-important are thoroughly taught.

Let us now turn to the higher branches of education, the universities, and the grammar schools, which have always stood in close connection with them. Indeed, as the one leads to the other, we may attain our conclusions by considering university and higher technical education first, and drawing our references regarding higher schools from what we have established concerning the ultimate stages of instruction. Any one who has read my former article need not be reminded that I exclude altogether those mere examining bodies which are sham universities, which no sensible educator now supports. The present agitation in London, under the very shadow of the most honest and respectable among them, presupposes that London has no university, and a recent Commission has been inquiring how such a thing can be founded in the metropolis.* The problems discussed before the Commission are the very problems which fall within the scope of this paper, so that I shall now put into a terser form what I urged there, as a witness.

The old universities, with the number and division of the subjects for a liberal education fixed for them by long mediæval tradition, have found themselves in this country faced by a great and growing difficulty. Numbers of new sciences and new requirements in knowledge have arisen. The man who wants to turn to practical life after his college days are over claims some practical preparation for his profession. If this lie, as it generally does, outside the traditional arts course, is he right in demanding that the universities shall accommodate themselves to the variety and detail of modern professions, and supply him with what training he requires in any or all of them? or shall we tell him that university education is one thing, and technical and professional train-

* The Commission should have worded its object correctly. Instead of proposing to inquire into the proposed establishment of a "teaching university in London," it should be "of a university" in London. To dissociate the term university from the term teaching is to separate a species from the essential difference which constitutes it. Granting degrees is not essential to a university, and even now there are degrees granted by other authorities, i.e., the Archbishop of Canterbury may grant a degree in Music.

ing another; that if he demands the former, he must submit to learning things deemed useless by the public, and in any case so purely theoretical; that the application of them to practice is a separate thing, to be attained by subsequent training or experience? Shall we march with the age, and bid for the favor of the masses, by making our universities include technical teaching of all sorts, or shall we run the risk of having our ancient seats of learning thrust aside as an antiquated and expensive machinery for doing badly what is done better and more cheaply by other means? The problem is by no means easy of solution, and there is much to be said on both sides.

Let us, in the first place, get rid of some popular mistakes arising from confusion of thought. There are many who think that a university should be the home of universal knowledge, where a student should be able to learn all and every branch of human learning. That is of course an exaggerated, and therefore false, view: under no circumstances was the old conception of a university to include more than the full range of *liberal* studies, and all such pursuits as trades and handicrafts were beyond its scope. But now the boundary-line between handicrafts and scientific pursuits is becoming effaced; the engineer, for example, may be either operative or a man of science—he is even sometimes both—and so this limitation is not very clear or easily defined.

This vagueness of theory leads, however, to a very serious practical mistake. Assuming that a liberal or university education implies general knowledge, we find people who ought to know better insisting that an education which omits teaching in modern languages and natural sciences and political economy is incomplete, and so not only our universities, but our public schools, are invaded by teachers of all sorts of subjects, and our old university courses confounded by the insertion of new and divers requirements, so that the student who was formerly thought well enough trained by pure mathematics must now know physics; he that formerly studied but Latin and Greek must now make English a business, and read the poets not as a privilege, but as a task. We hear intelligent men who have grown gray in the business of education putting forth gravely the following kind of mis-

chievous fallacy: Is it not disgraceful that a young man should leave a place of liberal education without knowing how a locomotive works, or without being able to read a French or German book, or without understanding the composition of the rocks in a mountain chain, or without knowing the origins of his native language and literature? or what not? Each one of these questions suggests an affirmative answer, and makes the vulgar public wonder how the benighted mediævalism of the schools has been tolerated. When they all come together, even an ordinary fool can see that the programme is as chimerical as Mr. Gladstone's programme of 1893, and that, like the child who tries to secure more than the hands will hold, we are likely to drop the best things, and earn not wealth, but dissatisfaction. Hence come such follies at our schools as the apportioning of perhaps two hours in the week to teaching a great and complicated subject such as French or chemistry! The schoolmasters are rather coerced than criminal. Silly parents who have heard the above questions put with that air that precludes a negative answer as absurd, say their children must learn French and physics, so the schoolmasters must pretend to do it. But let any one who knows French go through the sixth forms of our public schools, which are the best, and find me three boys per cent. who, with every desire to be lenient, can be described as knowing anything worth knowing about the language.* And so of the rest of all these subjects so necessary for every man of liberal education to know. The old doctrine that all we can teach the young out of the infinite of what can be known, is *how to know one or two things, so that while the knowing of other things may be made easier, the knowing of other things inaccurately may be despised*—this doctrine seems almost driven out of the world.

Let us now come back to the principles which must underlie the discussion. In the first place, there is a limit to the number of subjects which a university, however complete, can or ought to teach, officially. Secondly, there is a still further, a narrower limit to the number of sub-

* Excluding, of course, such as have spoken it for years as infants, and who have not yet forgotten to use it under their school training.

jects which it should allow a student to learn.

As regards the first, I will not deny that the pressure of modern science may compel us to extend somewhat the old curriculum. It is impossible, for example, to exclude the theoretical teaching of electrical science, a subject occupying a very small place in the knowledge of the last century. But whether there should be professors of, and teaching in, modern languages, such as French and German, is far more open to question. A professor of the Romance languages, who does work on the lines of Dietz, or one of Teutonic speech, is another thing. But to supplement the duties of idle parents, and incompetent nurses and governesses, by teaching lads in the university, or rather by pretending to teach them, a practical use of French and German, is to degrade universities into inefficient primary schools. To provide a special training in agriculture—a question now under discussion in Cambridge and in Dublin—is to make the other mistake, and to endeavor to teach men what they can and ought to learn afterward. But here, again, so far as the pure sciences of chemistry and botany may tend to make a man a more intelligent farmer, so far he may study them theoretically at his university. Our professional schools in universities, which are rapidly replacing the old *faculties*, are in great danger of becoming too practical, and so admitting all manner of collateral and non-liberal studies. They ought not and cannot fit a man completely for practical life. Above all, they must resist the absurd fallacy that, because it is disgraceful for an educated man to be ignorant of this or that subject, therefore they are bound to cram each and every one of them into their curriculum. I have known a very great physician who only acquired a practical knowledge of botany late in life, and never knew the Latin names of that science beyond what he picked up from imitating the prescriptions of his seniors. It was to the great credit of his teachers that they allowed him to spend his time in clinical work, instead of "fooling round to lectures of dried plants." And yet is it not shocking, exclaims the doctrinaire, that a man should be prescribing the use of drugs of which he knows nothing whatever in nature? Let us answer boldly: it is not shocking. On the

contrary, it is shocking to worry and weary out the student with accumulations of courses and of lectures which occupy his whole day, to the exclusion of all time for thinking, or pursuing any inquiry of his own. The recent action of the Medical Council, insisting upon a five-year course (instead of four) for medical students, is a grave blunder of this kind. Piling on the fuel only puts out the fire.

The universities, at least, should not give way to the weakness of taking up every new fad in science, like an elderly beauty who dreads to be behindhand in the fashions because she feels her charms are no longer undisputed. Thus we learn our classics far better and more thoroughly before the faddists inflicted on us papers on Comparative Philology—a so-called science in which nearly every principle once recognized has been exploded, so that the great works of one generation wander into the waste-paper basket of the next. Of the same sort is the modern fashion of infecting the study of history with that of political economy and other modern sciences, in which the first great pioneer still holds his place on our bookshelves, but in which few principles have been steadily maintained, and concerning which authorities even now show irreconcilable differences. And so far the political economists may have succeeded in making our histories drier; they have not succeeded in making them better. In fact, the great qualities for a historian—psychological insight and a vivid imagination—are rather marred by the cold view which estimates men as only items in averages. A careful and accurate study of the facts is perhaps more easily attained without the bias of modern theories. Even if the reader will not agree with me concerning these examples, I am content if he will sanction my principle: not only can universities, or the highest liberal education, never embrace everything that should be known, especially the practical studies of life—they should not even hamper the great old studies, in themselves a very excellent and acknowledged mental training, with appendages of novel origin and doubtful value.

All these arguments will seem most convenient to the specialist, who says to us: "Very well; I quite agree with you that we are overtaxing our youth and burdening it with many idle studies, which

only spoil the thorough knowledge of anything. That was always our view. But I differ with you about limiting the scope of the universities. If they have the means of paying for teachers of all sorts, why not do so? But, far from requiring every student to study a number of different things, let us specialize him; let him take up what suits him and what he prefers. Then insist upon a high standard in *that*, and you will turn out more competent and useful men than you do on the present system. What is the use of an engineer learning Greek, or a theologian mathematics? And this falls in perfectly with your second principle: that there must be a limitation of the subjects taught to each student. Better learn one thing well than three or four badly." This principle has been so far admitted in both Oxford and Cambridge that, after a very slight test in arts, which they call their Moderations, or Little-go, almost any student is allowed to devote the rest of his course to one subject only; and so we have university men turned out who have not an inkling of astronomy, or ethics, or psychology or mechanics, provided they obtain a creditable degree in Latin or Greek, in law, or modern history.

It is, then, to be our ideal of a reformed university? Is it to be a conglomerate of schools—nay, even of schools scattered over the country, whose students have no bond save that they come in the same halls for examination, and get a degree pretending to be of uniform value? Are we to have university men meeting together and calling themselves alumni of the same *Mater* who have not a single point in common? Is this our notion of a liberal education, that it breeds for us specialists hopelessly ignorant beyond their often narrow sphere? If there be any difference between a technical and a liberal education, it surely lies here. As, therefore, I have been insisting that in all proper education we should limit the number of subjects we undertake to teach each student, so now I take the other side, and insist that every student who receives a liberal education must be taught a certain number of subjects, *whether he likes them or not*. To urge, as many do, that a boy ought only to learn what he has a taste for, is to throw an ægis over sloth and incompetence. The only thing boys generally have a taste for is for amusing themselves; many of them

have a taste for mere idleness; * only a very small minority have a taste for any definite serious pursuit, and if they have, they will prosecute it under any circumstances. The first step in any education is to recognize that it means drudgery—*improbis labor*, as the Latin poet calls it—and that no human mind has attained anything in the way of training till it can apply itself with vigor and patience to subjects for which it has no liking. Nor is it the least true that men never succeed at studies unless they have a taste for them. The first Lord Redesdale left it on record that he had never met a successful man at the Bar who had taken to the law because he felt for it a natural aptitude. Every one of his successful contemporaries had gone to the Bar from the mere desire of making a livelihood, and in the process of earning their bread had attained a taste for, or a mastery in, their profession. It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom that, until a man has learned to apply his mind intelligently and without friction to whatever problem is set before him, he is not properly educated. A lad who has been trained to do that, though he may have only learned it through two or three subjects, is a better man than he who has been lectured upon "all the subjects which an educated man ought to know," and therefore knows none of them. This being premised, we come to the question what the compulsory subjects in a liberal education ought to be. The answer has been prepared for us by the wisdom and experience of many generations; and I cannot see that any improvement in principle has yet been made upon it. The largest example of a bustling modern education, on the new principle that democracy is to prevail even there, and everybody is to choose what he likes, is the education given by many modern universities in America. I doubt that any one in Europe would urge us to follow that example. The mediæval idea—things are not necessarily false or antiquated because they were discovered in the Middle Ages—is broadly this: no man is educated till he has learned the structure of some

* Like the schoolboy who boasted that he had already begun his preparation for his medical studies at the age of fifteen. This interesting preoccupation with his future profession was found to consist in giving up Greek.

language beyond his mother-tongue, and till he has learned to frame a scientific demonstration. For this purpose the wisdom of centuries has selected the terse, logical, well-understood Latin grammar, and the simple demonstrations of plane geometry and algebra. I do not advocate the retention of Euclid any more than that of the Eton Latin Grammar. But the two subjects are not to be superseded; not, indeed, for the shallow reason given by Mill in his *Inaugural Address*, that one makes you think accurately, and the other gives you elegance of form. To write a correct piece of Latin prose is, in the first place, as thorough an exercise in reasoning, as thorough a feat in accuracy, as any demonstration in Euclid. To recast one language into another, to avoid all the blunders and inaccuracies which beset the employment of a foreign language, is a mental exercise which has no parallel as a general mental training in accuracy, in watchfulness, in the general logic of reasoning. Therefore it was—or, at least, not without—this consideration that J. H. Newman said to me, when he was an old man, that, in his experience, the best way to teach a boy to write English was to make him write Latin prose. All the earlier masters of English were taught in this way; nor does it seem likely, when we read the writings of the modern “English scholars,” that we shall decide in favor of a scientific teaching of our mother-tongue as an adequate alternative. No living language, as has often been observed since Kant first said it, can replace a dead one for this purpose; for its grammar is modified and disturbed by use, and the standards of excellence are sure to vary with succeeding generations. But, in learning the principles of Latin, as in learning geometry, it is not, as with those sciences above adduced as faulty subjects of instruction, where the son must unlearn what his father has taught him.

If the principle be admitted, it is not here necessary to go into further detail, and argue the vexed question whether Greek should be compulsory or not; whether applied mathematics should be insisted upon as they are in Dublin, or ignored as they are in Oxford, as requisite for every degree in arts. It is enough to insist that every boy who desires a liberal education must undertake to learn things he does not like, and things useless if re-

garded from the lowest standpoint; so every university worthy the name should insist upon a homogeneous course for every one of its students. That those who have satisfied the requirements in this direction should be allowed to specialize, and prosecute one subject far beyond the rest, is but reasonable. But a university man ought to mean a man of a distinct type, and for that purpose the training of all such man should be to a considerable extent homogeneous. It is most desirable that every soldier who has the gifts and the ambition for it should become an accomplished swordsman or marksman, but that does not in the least abolish the necessity for the ordinary drill, without which no man can be called a soldier, however he may be skilled in certain military accomplishments. The great danger threatening the old and real universities in the present day is that they will sacrifice this essential homogeneity of type to the clamor for practical teaching, for specializing, indeed for teaching at the universities boys who have received no proper education at the schools. No doubt, the old colleges will be far richer if they go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in; but will they remain respectable? And when they cease to be respectable, will they maintain the struggle with those special teachers created by the competitive system?

If these be the principles adopted in true and proper universities, the restoration of our higher schools to the older type would follow as a matter of course. The separation of young boys into classical and modern departments results in this—that every idle lad seeks to escape Greek by entering the modern side, and almost every boy on the classical side is taught his mathematics badly and stupidly. Any sort of mathematical teaching seems to be thought good enough for the classical side, and indeed, until Oxford makes her mathematical tests serious, we can hardly expect the schools to improve. Above all, Euclid should be banished from the classical side of our public schools, and some modern book substituted; not that Euclid is a bad book, but because it is a sort of fetish, which classical ushers imagine they can teach by making boys learn it off by heart. They would hardly dare to do this with a modern book which

had no claim to be verbally inspired. All these suggestions are, however, distinctly for those who have means enough to afford a long and leisurely education. So long as some people are cultivated and others not, there must be at least an intellectual aristocracy, and any attempt to lower the highest sort so as to bring it, in time and in outlay, within the reach of the poor, who must earn their bread as quickly as possible, will end in the worst kind of failure. It will spoil the instruction of both rich and poor, and will so confuse the notions of both upon the subject that they will not even feel the greatness of the mischief.

So far we may go in theory; but what about practice? Society is not distributed into rich and poor, separated by a distinct boundary line, but from affluence to indigence there are innumerable degrees; nay more, the majority of those who send their sons to universities may be said to hover upon the boundary-line—just able to afford it—perhaps unwise in making the effort. It is, generally speaking, a laudable ambition in parents to give their sons the highest training, to raise them, if possible, to a higher condition than they have themselves attained, even though this latter feeling has done vast mischief among vain people, like the Irish, who are mostly ignorant enough to believe that idleness is the distinction of the better classes. However, the majority, even at our most expensive universities, consists of those whose parents may afford to educate them slowly and expensively, but still require them to adopt a profession and support themselves hereafter. They must, therefore, get technical training with or after their liberal education. The question remains, Is it better to provide this at and in connection with the arts training of the universities, or shall we divorce it from them and confine it to higher technical schools? Or is the course at present in vogue the best—the path of compromise, which gives up some of the arts, and sacrifices some of the practical work, and makes an artistic and a professional training a sort of composite thing? I am not one of those theorists to whom the very word compromise has a hateful sound. It only means the sacrifice of principle, if your principle be one that admits of no modification; and what man of sense will adopt such iron laws in practical life?

There are many complicated problems which can only be settled by compromise, and surely it is better, if possible, to go with a movement, and improve it as a friend, than to stand aloof and curse it as an opponent. But here, too, there is a boundary-line where compromise should cease, though the determination of that line is the hardest problem of all, and the right solution of it the great discovery which every sensible theorist strives to attain. From old times we have the indications of what would lead to such a compromise in our universities. The faculties of divinity, law, and medicine, to which modern science has justly added engineering, were distinctly schools tending to lead from mere general theory to the application of that theory to human needs. And now these faculties have come to be regarded as the highest and most creditable way of entering the professions in connection with each of them. But in modern days, according as the needs and requirements of the professions have become more exacting, there has been, even in the old and great universities, a tendency to relax the arts requirements, to allow this and that concession, so that while our youth may acquire technical proficiency of a special kind, they may still count as men of a liberal education and no mere tradesmen at their business. I do not deny the importance of some such compromise, or the importance of keeping young men who are following a special line in close contact with those who are following other lines, still more with those who are obtaining a purely liberal education. On the Protestant side, for example, we have always thought the Romanist method of separating theological students from the rest and teaching them in special seminaries is a bad one, and that our clergy are far better trained by being brought up among lay students and in contact with the study of lay subjects. The history, the philosophy, the astronomy which has been and is still taught in Roman Catholic theological schools could not stand the test of open discussion among lay students pursuing these studies in a modern spirit. Is it a fair training for any clergy to keep them from understanding these things, and send them into the world maimed in these important branches of human knowledge? But, speaking generally, the important

question seems to be, how far we may limit or curtail each side of education, the general and the special, so as to make a fair progress in both possible during a university course? So far as my knowledge of the facts reaches, there have been two mistakes commonly made in this path of compromise. We must remember that there are technical schools, and the old system of apprenticing, even in connection with the learned professions. It is one way of entering such a calling to bind a youth to a great practical master, and make him learn by constantly seeing his master work. Many of our greatest professional men have been so trained, and if the requirements of our public professional schools keep increasing, the day will come when the apprentice who has been treated as a human being will outrun in efficiency, and therefore in public favor, the college student who has been treated as a receptacle. The mistake, however, which most of these higher technical schools make is to fall in with the prevailing insincerity of the age, and set up sham requirements in arts. I have heard of one surgical college in which Greek was required for the matriculation; but any student who could distinguish a ρ from a σ was considered qualified in that subject. The result must be that conscientious boys would spend their time at learning much more than this, and yet not nearly enough to be of any educatory use, while those who are quite ignorant are allowed to pose as "arts students." In all such technical schools, there should be a bold rejection of this sham; they should proclaim that they will prepare a lad for his profession with no extraneous qualifications, and so a simple primary education in reading and writing might be combined with great technical skill. There seems to be only one great calling—it is not the fashion to call it a profession—where this truth is recognized. In mercantile pursuits, including the Stock Exchange, young men every day attain to eminence with a merely practical knowledge of their business. I ask, Would these men be one whit better if they were obliged to qualify by an examination in arts for being clerks in warehouses or stockbrokers' offices? To my mind he has had at least one privilege over many professional men; he has never spent his time on sham. This is the position which the higher technical schools should take

up in contrast to the universities. They should make the best men they can by mere practical instruction; the day is fast approaching when no one will despise them for this honest course.

The universities, on the other hand, are giving way far too much in the direction of practical teaching. Every kind of laxity is tolerated, in order that the medical student may live in hospitals, or attend daily clinical teaching, while he is still called a student in arts, and passes a reduced course with many indulgences. This is quite wrong. It is not in practical matters that a place of liberal education can compete with technical schools. The student of a university is first of all and essentially an arts student, and no practical teaching should be allowed to mar this distinctive character.

If it could possibly be attained that no professional studies should begin till after the arts degree, our arts students would gain by it greatly, and I much doubt that the profit to the professional schools would be one whit less. But such a reform would postulate two changes, perhaps too reasonable to be adopted. First, boys should not be kept at our public schools so long; they should be ready to come up to their university under the age of eighteen. To this there is but one serious objection. It curtails our boys' pleasures, for it is not likely that they ever have a year in their lives with more recreation and less cares than the last year at school. Secondly, the professions should be content with a three years' special course; and surely three years devoted exclusively to professional work should be not only ample, but more efficient than the present system of muddling together arts and law, or arts and medicine, for four or five years. The recent recommendation of the Medical Council I have already noted as really mischievous. It may possibly make the worst practitioners a little better; it is far more likely to make the better men somewhat worse. Nor do I think that any sensible medical man will deny that three years devoted to practical work, *by a student already trained in general intelligence by a sound arts course*, is quite sufficient to secure a competent average of knowledge, in any average intellect. No dunce will be made competent in five or even ten years. A finely tempered intellect will be wearied out and disgusted

with over-preparation. Such a scheme would enable the majority of young men to obtain a really liberal education, and yet enter their profession at twenty-three, the minor limit long since fixed for our clergy and not found in any way oppressive or injurious. Indeed, with the present arduous requirements, such an age may fairly be regarded as the earliest possible, in any but exceptional cases.

The sum of the whole matter is, therefore, this : let us distinguish clearly between technical and liberal instruction, even in the highest forms. To begin with a combination of both at our public schools is perfectly wrong. If they really aim at a liberal education, let that be attended to, and upon the old and well-established principles which have furnished us with cultivated men for many centuries. To allow young boys, or incompetent parents, to select the topics which they fancy useful or entertaining is an absurdity. On the other hand, every effort should be made to have higher technical schools, not only efficient, but so managed that lads will learn good manners there, and may not be stamped with inferiority from a social point of view. To make mere technical education as refining as the other is no doubt impossible ; but every effort should, nevertheless, be used to let those whose lives compel them to accept this narrower course still feel the truth of the old adage that "manners maketh man." It is this which affords the strongest argument for having these schools in contact with our old universities, when the very atmosphere breathes a certain kind of refinement not easily attainable elsewhere. But whatever is done in that way, let us not be tempted to muddle the two together, and spoil both, for the sake of making our universi-

ties democratic and attractive to the masses.

True cultivation can never be cheap, or hastily acquired. It must always require many years, and so far as our present methods can do it, a great deal of money also. It may yet be possible, not without ample endowment of the teachers, to make it cheap for the learners, though it is not easy to see how this can be done. But until human nature changes completely, cultivation cannot be hurried up, and this large demand upon time is, in itself, a grave item of expense. Instead of petting and pampering the masses, and pretending to them that they can attain anything by means of modern short-cuts, it is only common honesty to point out to them that good and thorough technical education is the highest object they can hope to attain in early life. Any earnest men or women, of any class, may set about self-cultivation in the leisure hours of a busy life, and may so attain to a very high level of culture ; but it will be an affair of many years, it will only be attained by minds of exceptional earnestness and grasp, and even so there will be gaps and flaws in the refinement of such people, which very ordinary people of a different class will not show. Whether a day will ever come when these distinctions will be effaced, I know not ; that it is very far off I am certain. Whether, if it be indeed possible in the nature of things, it will conduce to human happiness, I very much doubt. But if it is to be the goal of modern reforms in education, let us at least make sure that we all understand what it means, and let us not be led away by shams and impostures from a true appreciation of the enormous difficulties which remain to be overcome.—*Nineteenth Century*.

"MANY WATERS CANNOT QUENCH LOVE."

(*Solomon's Song*, viii. 7.)

COULD I only be certain that there in Heaven,
When before the Judge we stand face to face,
That He would pardon what I have forgiven,
And set you there in the highest place :
The place that surely was meant for you,
Ere ever my faith in all good you slew.

Yet after all it may well be a fable
 (Since you could deceive me can any truth be ?);
 But if there be God, or a power that is able
 To cleanse us from sin, I shall turn unto thee :
 Before the throne I shall take your hand,
 Should there be any truth in that Better Land.

"Lord," I shall say, "in the Kingdom of Heaven
 Alone Thou art Judge ; and can this thing be
 That He who saith to us 'till seventy times seven,
 Should prove more vengeful than dust like me ?
 I gave him faith, and that faith he slew ;
 I gave him love, and that love it is true.

"He is standing by me in this terrible hour,
 And the Book lies open for all to see,
 If Thou art Almighty, if Thou hast the power,
 From out of the Book let his sin blotted be :
 Bid him join the souls that are clothed in white,
 Bid him pass from the darkness into the light.

"By the might of that love which must last forever,
 In the name of that love I am pleading now.
 Lord ! blot out his sin from Thy sight, and never
 Let it be remembered again ; Lord, how
 Is it possible Thou shouldst deny this grace,
 Sitting enthroned in the judgment place ?"

And yet, after all, there may be no Heaven,
 How can I believe, since your truth could fail ?
 But always remember that I have forgiven,
 To kill my love there can nought avail.
 Could we but go back to the days ere you
 Had slain my faith in all things that were true.

—Academy.

ETHICS AND THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.

BY LESLIE STEPHEN.

IN his deeply interesting Romanes lecture, Professor Huxley has stated the opinion that the ethical progress of society depends upon our combating the "cosmic process" which we call the struggle for existence. Since, as he adds, we inherit the "cosmic nature" which is the outcome of millions of years of severe training, it follows that the "ethical nature" may count upon having to reckon with a tenacious and powerful enemy as long as the world lasts. This is not a cheerful prospect. It is, as he admits, an audacious proposal to pit the microcosm against the macrocosm. We cannot help fearing that the microcosm may get the worst of it. Professor Huxley has not fully ex-

panded his meaning, and says much to which I could cordially subscribe. But I think that the facts upon which he relies admit or require an interpretation which avoids the awkward conclusion.

Pain and suffering, as Professor Huxley tells us, are always with us, and even increase in quantity and intensity as evolution advances. The fact has been recognized in remote ages long before theories of evolution had taken their modern form. Pessimism, from the time of the ancient Hindoo philosophers to the time of their disciple, Schopenhauer, has been in no want of evidence to support its melancholy conclusions. It would be idle to waste rhetoric in the attempt to recapitulate so

familiar a position. Though I am not a pessimist, I cannot doubt that there is more plausibility in the doctrine than I could wish. Moreover, it may be granted that any attempt to explain or to justify the existence of evil is undeniably futile. It is not so much that the problem cannot be answered as that it cannot even be asked in any intelligible sense. To "explain" a fact is to assign its causes—that is, to give the preceding set of facts out of which it arose. However far we might go backward, we should get no nearer to perceiving any reason for the original fact. If we explain the fall of man by Adam's eating the apple we are quite unable to say why the apple should have been created. If we could discover a general theory of pain, showing, say, that it implied certain physiological conditions, we should be no nearer to knowing why those physiological conditions should have been what they are. The existence of pain, in short, is one of the primary data of our problem, not one of the accidents for which we can hope in any intelligible sense to account. To give any "justification" is equally impossible. The book of Job really suggests an impossible, one may almost say a meaningless, problem. We can give an intelligible meaning to a demand for justice when we can suppose that a man has certain antecedent rights which another man may respect or neglect. But this has no meaning as between the abstraction "Nature" and the concrete facts which are themselves nature. It is unjust to treat equal claims differently. But it is not "unjust" in any intelligible sense that one being should be a monkey and another a man, any more than that one part of me should be a hand and another a head. The question would only arise if we suppose that the man and the monkey had existed before they were created, and had then possessed claims to equal treatment. The most logical theologians indeed admit that as between creature and creator there can be properly no question of justice. The pot and the potter cannot complain of each other. If the writer of Job had been able to show that the virtuous were rewarded and the vicious punished, he would only have transferred the problem to another issue. The judge might be justified, but the creator would be condemned. How can it be just to place a being where he is certain to sin

and then to damn him for sinning? That is the problem to which no answer can be given; and which already implies a confusion of ideas. We apply the conception of justice in a sphere where it is not applicable, and naturally fail to get any intelligible answer.

The question therefore really resolves itself into a different one. We can neither explain nor justify the existence of pain; but of course we can ask whether, as a matter of fact, pain predominates over pleasure, and we can ask whether, as a matter of fact, the "cosmic processes" tend to promote or discourage virtuous conduct. Does the theory of the "struggle for existence" throw any new light upon the general problem? I am quite unable to see, for my own part, that it really makes any difference: evil exists; and the question whether evil predominates over good can only, I should say, be decided by an appeal to experience. One source of evil is the conflict of interests. Every beast preys upon others, and man, according to the old saying, is a wolf to man. All that the Darwinian theory can do is to enable us to trace the consequences of this fact in certain directions, but it neither reveals the fact nor makes it more or less an essential part of the process. It "explains" certain phenomena, in the sense of showing their connection with previous phenomena, but does not show why the phenomena should present themselves at all. If we indulge our minds in purely fanciful constructions, we may regard the actual system as good or bad, just as we choose to imagine for its alternative a better or a worse system. If everybody had been put into a world where there was no pain, or where each man could get all he wanted without interfering with his neighbors, we may fancy that things would have been pleasanter. If the struggle, which we all know to exist, had no effect in promoting the "survival of the fittest," things—so at least some of us may think—would have been worse. But such fancies have nothing to do with scientific inquiries. We have to take things as they are and make the best of them.

The common feeling, no doubt, is different. The incessant struggle between different races suggests a painful view of the universe, as Hobbes' natural state of war suggested painful theories as to human

nature. War is evidently immoral, we think; and a doctrine which makes the whole process of evolution a process of war must be radically immoral too. The struggle, it is said, demands "ruthless self-assertion," and the hunting down of all competitors; and such phrases certainly have an unpleasant sound. But, in the first place, the use of the epithets implies an anthropomorphism to which we have no right so long as we are dealing with the inferior species. We are then in a region to which moral ideas have no direct application, and where the moral sentiments exist only in germ, if they can properly be said to exist at all. Is it fair to call a wolf "ruthless" because it eats a sheep and fails to consider the transaction from the sheep's point of view? We must surely admit that if the wolf is without mercy he is also without malice. We call an animal ferocious because a man who acted in the same way would be ferocious. But the man is really ferocious because he is really aware of the pain which he inflicts. The wolf, I suppose, has no more recognition of the sheep's feelings than a man has of feelings in the oyster or the potato. For him, they are simply non-existent; and it is just as inappropriate to think of the wolf as cruel as it would be to call the sheep cruel for eating grass. Are we, then, to say that "nature" is cruel because the arrangement increases the sum of general suffering? That is a problem which I do not feel able to answer; but it is at least obvious that it cannot be answered off-hand in the affirmative. To the individual sheep it matters nothing whether he is eaten by the wolf or dies of disease or starvation. He has to die anyway, and the particular way is unimportant. The wolf is simply one of the limiting forces upon sheep, and, if he were removed, others would come into play. The sheep, left to himself, would still have a practical illustration of the doctrine of Malthus. If, as evolutionists tell us, the hostility of the wolf tends to improve the breed of sheep, to encourage him to climb better and to sharpen his wits, the sheep may be, on the whole, the better for the wolf: in this sense, at least, thus the sheep of a wolfless region might lead a more wretched existence, and be less capable animals and more subject to disease and starvation than the sheep in a wolf-haunted region. The

wolf may, so far, be a blessing in disguise.

This suggests another obvious remark. When we speak of the struggle for existence, the popular view seems to construe this into the theory that the world is a mere cockpit, in which one race carries on an internecine struggle with the other. If the wolves are turned in with the sheep, the first result will be that all the sheep will become mutton, and the last that there will be one big wolf with all the others inside him. But this is contrary to the essence of the doctrine. Every race depends, we all hold, upon its environment, and the environment includes all the other races. If some, therefore, are in conflict, others are mutually necessary. If the wolf ate all the sheep, and the sheep ate all the grass, the result would be the extirpation of all the sheep and all the wolves, as well as all the grass. The struggle necessarily implies reciprocal dependence in a countless variety of ways. There is not only a conflict, but a system of tacit alliances. One species is necessary to the existence of others, though the multiplication of some implies also the dying out of particular rivals. The conflict implies no cruelty, as I have said, and the alliance no goodwill. The wolf neither loves the sheep (except as mutton) nor hates him; but he depends upon him as absolutely as if he were aware of the fact. The sheep is one of the wolf's necessities of life. When we speak of the struggle for existence we mean, of course, that there is at any given period a certain equilibrium between all the existing species; it changes, though it changes so slowly that the process is imperceptible and difficult to realize even to the scientific imagination. The survival of any species involves the disappearance of rivals no more than the preservation of allies. The struggle, therefore, is so far from internecine that it necessarily involves co-operation. It cannot even be said that it necessarily implies suffering. People, indeed, speak as though the extinction of a race involved suffering in the same way as the slaughter of an individual. It is plain that this is not a necessary, though it may sometimes be the actual result. A corporation may be suppressed without injury to its members. Every individual will die before long, struggle or no struggle. If the rate of reproduction fails to keep up with the rate

of extinction, the species must diminish. But this might happen without any increase of suffering. If the boys in a district discovered how to take birds' eggs, they might soon extirpate a species; but it does not follow that the birds would individually suffer. Perhaps they would feel themselves relieved from a disagreeable responsibility. The process by which a species is improved, the dying out of the least fit, implies no more suffering than we know to exist independently of any doctrine as to a struggle. When we use anthropomorphic language, we may speak of "self-assertion." But "self-assertion," minus the anthropomorphism, means self-preservation; and that is merely a way of describing the fact that an animal or plant which is well adapted to its conditions of life is more likely to live than an animal which is ill-adapted. I have some difficulty in imagining how any other arrangement can even be supposed possible. It seems to be almost an identical proposition that the healthiest and strongest will generally live longest; and the conception of a "struggle for existence" only enables us to understand how this results in certain progressive modifications of the species. If we could even for a moment have fancied that there was no pain and disease, and that some beings were not more liable than others to those evils, I might admit that the new doctrine has made the world darker. As it is, it seems to me that it leaves the data just what they were before, and only shows us that they have certain previously unsuspected bearings upon the history of the world.

One other point must be mentioned. Not only are species interdependent as well as partly in competition, but there is an absolute dependence in all the higher species between its different members which may be said to imply a *de facto* altruism, as the dependence upon other species implies a *de facto* co-operation. Every animal, to say nothing else, is absolutely dependent for a considerable part of its existence upon its parents. The young bird or beast could not grow up unless its mother took care of it for a certain period. There is, therefore, no struggle as between mother and progeny, but, on the contrary, the closest possible alliance. Otherwise life would be impossible. The young being defenceless, their parents could ex-

terminate them if they pleased, and by so doing would exterminate the race. This, of course, constantly involves a mutual sacrifice of the mother to her young. She has to go through a whole series of operations, which strain her own strength and endanger her own existence, but which are absolutely essential to the continuance of the race. It may be anthropomorphic to attribute any maternal emotions of the human kind to the animal. The bird, perhaps, sits upon her eggs because they give her an agreeable sensation, or, if you please, from a blind instinct which somehow determines her to the practice. She does not look forward, we may suppose, to bringing up a family, or speculate upon the delights of domestic affection. I only say that as a fact she behaves in a way which is at once injurious to her own chances of survival and absolutely necessary to the survival of the species. The abnormal bird who deserts her nest escapes many dangers; but if all birds were devoid of the instinct, the birds would not survive a generation.

Now, I ask, what is the difference which takes place when the monkey gradually loses his tail and sets up a superior brain? Is it properly to be described as a development or improvement of the "cosmic process," or as the beginning of a prolonged contest against it?

In the first place, so far as man becomes a reasonable being, capable of foresight and of the adoption of means to ends, he recognizes the necessity of these tacit alliances. He believes it to be his interest not to exterminate everything, but to exterminate those species alone whose existence is incompatible with his own. The wolf eats every sheep that he comes across as long as his appetite lasts. If there are too many wolves, the process is checked by the starvation of the supernumerary eaters. Man can preserve as many sheep as he wants, and may also proportion the numbers of his own species to the possibilities of future supply. Many of the lower species thus become subordinate parts of the social organism—that is to say, of the new equilibrium which has been established. There is so far a reciprocal advantage. The sheep who is preserved with a view to mutton gets the advantage, though he is not kept with a view to his own advantage. Of all arguments for vegetarianism, none is so weak as the

argument from humanity. The pig has a stronger interest than any one in the demand for bacon. If all the world were Jewish, there would be no pigs at all. He has to pay for his privileges by an early death ; but he makes a good bargain of it. He dies young, and, though we can hardly infer the "love of the gods," we must admit that he gets a superior race of beings to attend to his comforts, moved by the strongest possible interest in his health and vigor, and induced by its own needs, perhaps, to make him a little too fat for comfort, but certainly also to see that he has a good sty, and plenty to eat every day of his life. Other races, again, are extirpated as "ruthlessly" as in the merely instinctive struggle for existence. We get rid of wolves and snakes as well as we can, and more systematically than can be done by their animal competitors. The process does not necessarily involve cruelty, and certainly does not involve a diminution of the total of happiness. The struggle for existence means the substitution of a new system of equilibrium, in which one of the old discords has been removed, and the survivors live in greater harmony. If the wolf is extirpated as an internecine enemy, it is that there may be more sheep when sheep have become our allies and the objects of our earthly providence. The result may be, perhaps I might say must be, a state in which, on the whole, there is a greater amount of life supported on the planet : and therefore, as those will think who are not pessimists, a decided gain on the balance. At any rate, the difference so far is that the condition which was in all cases necessary, is now consciously recognized as necessary ; and that we deliberately aim at a result which always had to be achieved on penalty of destruction. So far, again, as morality can be established on purely prudential grounds, the same holds good of relations between human beings themselves. Men begin to perceive that, even from a purely personal point of view, peace is preferable to war. If war is unhappily still prevalent, it is at least not war in which every clan is fighting with its neighbors, and where conquest means slavery or extirpation. Millions of men are at peace within the limits of a modern State, and can go about their business without cutting each other's throats. When they fight with other nations they

do not enslave nor massacre their prisoners. Taking the purely selfish ground, a Hobbes can prove conclusively that everybody has benefited by the social compact which substituted peace and order for the original state of war. Is this, then, a reversal of the old state of things—a combating of a "cosmic process"? I should rather say that it is a development of the tacit alliances, and a modification so far of the direct or internecine conflict. Both were equally implied in the older conditions, and both still exist. Some races form alliances, while others are crowded out of existence. Of course, I cease to do some things which I should have done before. I don't attack the first man I meet in the street and take his scalp. The reason is that I don't expect that he will take mine ; for, if I did, I fear that even as a civilized being, I should try to anticipate his intentions. This merely means that we have both come to see that we have a common interest in keeping the peace. And this, again, merely means that the alliance which was always an absolutely necessary condition of the survival of the species has now been extended through a wider area. The species could not have got on at all if there had not been so much alliance as is necessary for its reproduction and for the preservation of its young for some years of helplessness. The change is simply that the small circle which included only the primitive family or class has extended, so that we can meet members of the same race on terms which were previously confined to the minuter group. We have still to exterminate and still to preserve. The mode of employing our energies has changed, but not the essential nature.

Morality proper, however, has so far not emerged. It begins when sympathy begins ; when we really desire the happiness of others ; or, as Kant says, when we treat other men as an end and not simply as a means. Undoubtedly this involves a new principle, no less than the essential principle of all true morality. Still I have to ask whether it implies a combating or a continuation of a cosmic process. Now, as I have observed, even the animal mother shows what I have called a *de facto* altruism. She has instincts which, though dangerous to the individual, are essential for the race. The human mother sacrifices herself with a

consciousness of the results to herself, and her personal fears are overcome by the strength of her affections. She will endure a painful death to save her children from suffering. The animal sacrifices herself but without consciousness and therefore without moral worth. This is merely the most striking exemplification of the general process of the development of morality. Conduct is first regarded purely with a view to the effects upon the agent, and is therefore enforced by extrinsic penalties, by consequences, that is, supposed to be attached to it by the will of some ruler, natural or supernatural. The instinct which comes to regard such conduct as bad in itself, which implies dislike of giving pain to others, not merely a dislike to the gallows, grows up under such protection, and in the really moralized being acquires a strength which makes the external penalty superfluous. This, indubitably, is the greatest of all changes, the critical fact which decides whether we are to regard conduct simply as useful or also to regard it as moral in the strictest sense. But I should still call it a development and not a reversal of the previous process. The conduct which we call virtuous is the same conduct externally which we before regarded as useful. The difference is that the simple fact of its utility—that is, of its utility to others and to the race in general—has now become the sufficient motive for the action as well as the implicit cause of the action. In the earlier stages, when no true sympathy existed, men and animals were still forced to act in a certain way because it was beneficial to others. They now act in that way because they perceive it to be beneficial to others. The whole history of moral evolution seems to imply this. We may go back to a period at which the moral law is identified with the general customs of the race; at which there is no perception of any clear distinction between that which is moral and that which is simply customary; between that which is imposed by a law in the strict sense and that which is dictated by general moral principles. In such a state of things, the motives for obedience partake of the nature of "blind instincts." No definite reason for them is present to the mind of the agent, and it does not occur to him even to demand a reason. "Our father did so and we do so" is the sole and sufficient explanation

of their conduct. Thus instinct again may be traced back by evolutionists to the earliest period at which the instincts implied in the relations between the sexes, or between parents and offspring, existed. They were the germ from which has sprung all morality such as we now recognize.

Morality, then, implies the development of certain instincts which are essential to the race, but which may in an indefinite number of cases be injurious to the individual. The particular mother is killed because she obeys her natural instincts; but if it were not for mothers and their instincts, the race would come to an end. Professor Huxley speaks of the "fanatical individualism" of our time as failing to construct morality from the analogy of the cosmic process. An individualism which regards the cosmic process as equivalent simply to an internecine struggle of each against all must certainly fail to construct a satisfactory morality, and I will add that any individualism which fails to recognize fully the social factor, which regards society as an aggregate instead of an organism, will, in my opinion, find itself in difficulties. But I also submit that the development of the instincts which directly correspond to the needs of the race, is merely another case in which we aim consciously at an end which was before an unintentional result of our actions. Every race, above the lowest, has instincts which are only intelligible by the requirements of the race; and has both to compete with some and to form alliances with others of its fellow-occupants of the planet. Both in the unmoralized condition and in that in which morality has become most developed, these instincts have the common characteristics that they may be regarded as conditions of the power of the race to maintain its position in the world, and so, speaking roughly, to preserve or increase its own vitality.

I will not pause to insist upon this so far as regards many qualities which are certainly moral, though they may be said to refer primarily to the individual. That chastity and temperance, truthfulness and energy, are, on the whole, advantages both to the individual and to the race, does not, I fancy, require elaborate proof; nor need I argue at length that the races in which they are common will therefore have inevitable advantages in the struggle

for existence. Of all qualities which enable a race to hold its own, none is more important than the power of organizing ecclesiastically, politically, and socially, and that power implies the prevalence of justice and the existence of mutual confidence, and therefore of all the social virtues. The difficulty seems to be felt in regard to those purely altruistic impulses which, at first glance at any rate, make it apparently our duty to preserve those who would otherwise be unfit to live. Virtue, says Professor Huxley, is directed "not so much to the survival of the fittest," as to the "fitting of as many as possible to survive." I do not dispute the statement, I think it true in a sense; but I have a difficulty as to its application.

Morality, it is obvious, must be limited by the conditions in which we are placed. What is impossible is not a duty. One condition plainly is that the planet is limited. There is only room for a certain number of living beings. It is one consequence that we do in fact go on suppressing the unfit, and cannot help going on suppressing them. Is it desirable that it should be otherwise? Should we wish, for example, that America could still be a hunting-ground for savages? Is it better that a country should contain a million red men or twenty millions of civilized whites? Undoubtedly the moralist will say with truth that the methods of extirpation adopted by Spaniards and Englishmen were detestable. I need not say that I agree with him and hope that such methods may be abolished wherever any remnant of them exists. But I say so partly just because I believe in the struggle for existence. This process underlies morality, and operates whether we are moral or not. The most civilized race—that which has the greatest knowledge, skill, power of organization—will, I hold, have an inevitable advantage in the struggle, even if it does not use the brutal means which are superfluous as well as cruel. All the natives who lived in America a hundred years ago would be dead now in any case, even if they had invariably been treated with the greatest humanity, fairness, and consideration. Had they been unable to suit themselves to new conditions of life, they would have suffered a euthanasia instead of a partial extirpation; and had they suited themselves they would either have been absorbed or become a useful

part of the population. To abolish the old brutal method is not to abolish the struggle for existence, but to make the result depend upon a higher order of qualities than those of the mere piratical viking.

Mr. Pearson has been telling us in his most interesting book that the negro may not improbably hold his own in Africa. I cannot say I regard this as an unmixed evil. Why should there not be parts of the world in which races of inferior intelligence or energy should hold their own? I am not so anxious to see the whole earth covered by an indefinite multiplication of the cockney type. But I only quote the suggestion for another reason. Till recent years the struggle for existence was carried on as between Europeans and negroes by simple violence and brutality. The slave-trade and its consequences have condemned the whole continent to barbarism. That undoubtedly was part of the struggle for existence. But if Mr. Pearson's guess should be verified, the results have been so far futile as well as disastrous. The negro has been degraded, and yet, after all our brutality, we cannot take his place. Therefore, besides the enormous evils to slave-trading countries themselves, the lowering of their moral tone, the substitution of piracy for legitimate commerce, and the degradation of the countries which bought the slaves, the superior race has not even been able to suppress the inferior. But the abolition of this monstrous evil does not involve the abolition but the humanization of the struggle. The white man, however merciful he becomes, may gradually extend over such parts of the country as are suitable to him, and the black man will hold the rest, and acquire such arts and civilization as he is capable of appropriating. The absence of cruelty would not alter the fact that the fittest race would extend; but it may ensure that whatever is good in the negro may have a chance of development in his own sphere, and that success in the struggle will be decided by more valuable qualities.

Without venturing further into a rather speculative region, I need only indicate the bearing of such considerations upon problems nearer home. It is often complained that the tendency of modern civilization is to preserve the weakly, and therefore to lower the vitality of the race. This seems to involve inadmissible assumptions. In the first place, the process by

which the weaker are preserved, consists in suppressing various conditions unfavorable to human life in general. Sanitary legislation, for example, aims at destroying the causes of many of the diseases from which our forefathers suffered. If we can suppress the small-pox, we of course save many weakly children, who would have died had they been attacked. But we also remove one of the causes which weakened the constitutions of many of the survivors. I do not know by what right we can say that such legislation, or again the legislation which prevents the excessive labor of children, does more harm by preserving the weak than it does good by preventing the weakening of the strong. But one thing is at any rate clear. To preserve life, is to increase the population, and therefore to increase the competition, and, in other words, to intensify the struggle for existence. The process is as broad as it is long. If we could ensure that every child born should grow up to maturity, the result would be to double the severity of the competition for support. What we should have to show, therefore, in order to justify the inference of a deterioration due to this process, would be, not that it simply increased the number of the candidates for living, but that it gave to feebleness a differential advantage; that they are now more fitted than they were before for ousting their superior neighbors from the chances of support. But I can see no reason for supposing such a consequence to be probable or even possible. The struggle for existence, as I have suggested, rests upon the unalterable facts, that the world is limited and population elastic, and under all conceivable circumstances we shall still have in some way or other to proportion our numbers to our supplies, and under all circumstances those who are fittest by reason of intellectual or moral or physical qualities will have the best chance of occupying good places, and leaving descendants to supply the next generation. It is surely not less true that in the civilized as much as in the most barbarous race, the healthiest are the most likely to live, and the most likely to be ancestors. If so, the struggle will still be carried on upon the same principles, though certainly in a different shape.

It is true that this suggests one of the most difficult questions of the time. It is

suggested, for example, that in some respects the "highest" specimens of the race are not the healthiest or the fittest. Genius, according to some people, is a variety of disease, and intellectual power is won by a diminution of reproductive power. A lower race, again, if we measure "high" and "low" by intellectual capacity, may oust a higher race, because it can support itself more cheaply, or, in other words, because it is more efficient for industrial purposes. Without presuming to pronounce upon such questions, I will simply ask whether this does not interpret Professor Huxley's remark about that "cosmic nature" which, he says, is still so strong, and which is likely to be strong so long as men require stomachs. The fact is simply that we have not to suppress it, but to adapt it to new circumstances. We are engaged in working out a gigantic problem: What is the best, in the sense of the most efficient, type of human being? What is the best combination of brains and stomach? We turn out saints who are "too good to live," and philosophers who have run too rapidly to brains. They do not answer in practice, because they are instruments too delicate for the rough work of daily life. They may give a foretaste of qualities which will be some day possible for the average man; of intellectual and moral qualities which, though now exceptional, may become commonplace. But the best stock for the race are those in whom we have been lucky enough to strike out the happy combination in which greater intellectual power is gained without the loss of physical vigor. Such men, it is probable, will not deviate so widely from the average type. The reconciliation of the two conditions can only be effected by a very gradual process of slowly edging onward in the right direction. - Meanwhile the theory of a struggle for existence justifies us, instead of condemning us, for preserving the delicate child, who may turn out to be a Newton or a Keats, because he will leave to us the advantage of his discoveries or his poems, while his physical feebleness assures us that he will not propagate his race.

This may lead to a final question. Does the morality of a race strengthen or weaken it; fit it to hold its own in the general equilibrium, or make its extirpation by lower races more probable? I do not sup-

pose that anybody would deny what I have already suggested that the more moral the race, the more harmonious and the better organized, the better it is fitted for holding its own. But if this be admitted, we must also admit that the change is not that it has ceased to struggle, but that it struggles by different means. It holds its own, not merely by brute force, but by justice, humanity, and intelligence, while, it may be added, the possession of such qualities does not weaken the brute force, where such a quality is still required. The most civilized races are, of course, also the most formidable in war. But, if we take the opposite alternative, I must ask how any quality which really weakens the vitality of the race can properly be called moral? I should entirely repudiate any rule of conduct which could be shown to have such a tendency. This, indeed, indicates what seems to me to be the chief difficulty with most people. Charity, you say, is a virtue; charity increases beggary, and so far tends to produce a feeble population; therefore, a moral quality clearly tends to diminish the vigor of a nation. The answer is, of course, obvious, and I am confident that Professor Huxley would so far agree with me. It is that all charity which fosters a degraded class is therefore immoral. The "fanatical individualism" of to-day has its weaknesses; but in this matter it seems to me that we see the weakness of the not less fanatical "collectivism."

The question, in fact, how far any of the socialistic or religious schemes of to-day are right or wrong, depends upon our answer to the question how far they tend to produce a vigorous or an enervated population. If I am asked to subscribe to General Booth's scheme, I inquire first whether the scheme is likely to increase or diminish the number of helpless hangers-on upon the efficient part of society. Will the whole nation consist in larger proportions of active and responsible workers, or of people who are simply burdens upon the real workers? The answer decides not only the question whether it is expedient, but also the question whether it is right or wrong, to support the proposed scheme. Every charitable action is so far a good action that it implies sympathy for suffering; but if it implies such want of prudence that it increases the evil which it means to remedy, it becomes for

that reason a bad action. To develop sympathy without developing foresight is just one of the one-sided developments which fail to constitute a real advance in morality, though I will not deny that it may incidentally lead to an advance.

I hold, then, that the "struggle for existence" belongs to an underlying order of facts to which moral epithets cannot be properly applied. It denotes a condition of which the moralist has to take account, and to which morality has to be adapted, but which, just because it is a "cosmic process," cannot be altered, however much we may alter the conduct which it dictates. Under all conceivable circumstances, the race has to adapt itself to the environment, and that necessarily implies a conflict as well as an alliance. The preservation of the fittest, which is surely a good thing, is merely another aspect of the dying out of the unfit, which is hardly a bad thing. The feast which Nature spreads before us, according to Malthus' metaphor, is only sufficient for a limited number of guests, and the one question is how to select them. The use of morality is to humanize the struggle; to minimize the suffering of those who lose the game; and to offer the prizes to the qualities which are advantageous to all rather than to those which serve to intensify the bitterness of the conflict. This implies the growth of foresight, which is an extension of the earlier instinct, and enables men to adapt themselves to the future, and to learn from the past, as well as to act upon the immediate impulse of present events. It implies still more the development of the sympathy which makes every man feel for the sufferings of all, and which, as social organization becomes closer, and the dependence of each constituent atom upon the whole organization is more vividly realized, extends the range of a man's interests beyond his own private needs. In that sense, again, it must stimulate "collectivism" at the expense of a crude individualism, and condemns the doctrine which, as Professor Huxley puts it, would forbid us to restrain the member of a community from doing his best to destroy it. If it be right to restrain such conduct, it is right to carry on the conflict against all anti-social agents or tendencies. I should certainly hold any form of collectivism to be immoral which denied the essential doctrine of the abused individualist, the

necessity, that is, for individual responsibility. We have surely to suppress the murderer as our ancestors suppressed the wolf. We have to suppress both the external enemies, the noxious animals whose existence is incompatible with our own, and the internal enemies which are injurious elements in the society itself. That is, we have to work for the same end of eliminating the least fit. Our methods are changed; we desire to suppress poverty, not to extirpate the poor man. We give inferior races a chance of taking whatever place they are fit for, and try to supplant them with the least possible severity if they are unfit for any place. But the suppression of poverty supposes not the confiscation of wealth, which would hardly suppress poverty in the long run, nor even the adoption of a system of living which would make it easier for the idle and the good-for-nothing to survive. The progress of civilization depends, I should say, on the extension of the sense of duty which each man owes to society at large. That involves a constitution of society which, although we abandon the old methods of hanging, and flogging, and shooting down—methods which corrupted the inflictors of punishment by diminish-

ing their own sense of responsibility—may give an advantage to the prudent and industrious and make it more probable that they will be the ancestors of the next generation. A system which should equalize the advantages of the energetic and the helpless would begin by demoralizing, and would very soon lead to an unprecedented intensification of the struggle for existence. The probable result of a ruthless socialism would be the adoption of very severe means for suppressing those who did not contribute their share of work. But in any case, as it seems, we never get away or break away from the inevitable fact. If individual ends could be suppressed, if every man worked for the good of society as energetically as for his own, we should still feel the absolute necessity of proportioning the whole body to the whole supplies obtainable from the planet, and to preserve the equilibrium of mankind relatively to the rest of nature. That day is probably distant, but even upon that hypothesis the struggle for existence would still be with us, and there would be the same necessity for preserving the fittest and suppressing, as gently as might be, those who were unfit.—*Contemporary Review*.

SOME PORTUGUESE SKETCHES.

THE Portuguese are not wholly offensive. In politics, or when they hunger after African territory we fancy needed for our own people, they may seem so. When a rebuff excites them against the English, Lisbon may not be pleasant for Englishmen. But in such cases would London commend itself to a triumphant foreigner? For my own part, I found a kind of gentle unobtrusive politeness even among those Portuguese who knew I was English. Occasionally, on being taken for an American, I did not correct the mistake, for having no quarrel with Americans they sometimes confided to me the bitterness of their hearts against the English. I stayed in Lisbon at the Hotel Universal in the Rua Nova da Almeida, a purely Portuguese house where only stray Englishmen came. At the *table d'hôte* I one night had a conversation with a mild-mannered Portuguese which showed the curious ignorance and almost childish

vanity of the race. I asked him in French if he spoke English. Doing so badly we mingled the two languages and at last talked vivaciously. He was an ardent politician, and hated the English virulently, telling me so with curious circumlocutions. He was of opinion, he said, that though the English were unfortunately powerful on the sea, on land his nation was a match for us. As for the English in Africa, he declared the Portuguese able to sweep them into the sea. But though he hated the English, his admiration for Queen Victoria was as unbounded as our own earth-hunger. She was, he told me, entirely on the side of the Portuguese in the sad troubles which English politicians were then causing. He detailed, as particularly as if he had been present, a strange scene reported to have taken place between Soveral, their ambassador, and Lord Salisbury, in which discussion grew heated. It seemed as if they

would part in anger. At last Soveral arose and exclaimed with much dignity : " You must now excuse me, my Lord Salisbury, I have to dine with the Queen to-night." My Lord Salisbury started, looked incredulous, and said coldly, " You are playing with me. This cannot be." " Indeed," said the ambassador, producing a telegram from Windsor, " it is as I say." And then Salisbury turned pale, fell back in his chair, and gasped for breath. " And after that," said my informant, " things went well." Several people at the table listened to this story and seemed to believe it. With much difficulty I preserved a grave countenance, and congratulated him on the possession of an ambassador who was more than a match for our Foreign Minister. Before the end of dinner he informed me that the English were as a general rule savages, while the Portuguese were civilized. Having lived in London he knew this to be so. Finding that he knew the East End of our gigantic city, I found it difficult to contradict him.

Certainly Lisbon, as far as visible poverty is concerned, is far better than London. I saw few very miserable people ; beggars were not at all numerous ; in a week I was only asked twice for alms. One constantly hears that Lisbon is dirty, and as full of foul odors as Coleridge's Cologne. I did not find it so, and the bright sunshine and the fine color of the houses might well compensate for some drawbacks. The houses of this regular town are white, and pale yellow, and fine worn-out pink, with narrow green painted verandas which soon lose crudeness in the intense light. The windows of the larger blocks are numerous and set in long regular lines ; the streets if narrow ran into open squares blazing with white unsoiled monuments. All day long the ways are full of people who are fairly but unostentatiously polite. They do not stare one out of countenance however one may be dressed. In Antwerp a man who objects to being wondered at may not wear a light suit. Lisbon is more cosmopolitan. But the beauty of the town of Lisbon is not added to by the beauty of its inhabitants. The women are curiously the reverse of lovely. Only occasionally I saw a face which was attractive by the odd conjuncture of an olive skin and light gray eyes. They do not wear mantillas.

The lower classes use a shawl. Those who are of the *bourgeois* class or above it differ little from Londoners. The working or loafing men, for they laugh and loaf, and work and chaff and chatter at every corner, are more distinct in costume, wearing the flat felt sombrero with turned-up edges that one knows from pictures, while the long coat which has displaced the cloak still retains a smack of it in the way they disregard the sleeves and hang it from their shoulders. These men are decidedly not so ugly as the women, and vary wonderfully in size, color, and complexion, though a big Portuguese is a rarity. The strong point in both sexes is their natural gift for wearing color, for choosing and blending or matching tints.

These Portuguese men and women work hard when they do not loaf and chatter. The porters, who stand in knots with cords upon their shoulders, bear huge loads ; a characteristic of the place is this load-bearing and the size of the burdens. Women carry mighty parcels upon their heads ; men great baskets. Fish is carried in spreading flat baskets by girls. They look afar off like gigantic hats : further still, like quaint odd toadstools in motion. All household furniture removing among the poor is done by hand. Two or four men load up a kind of flat handbarrow without wheels till it is pyramidal and colossal with piled gear. Then passing poles through the loop of ropes, with a slow effort they raise it up and advance at a funereal and solemn pace. The slowness with which they move is pathetic. It is suggestive of a dead burden or of some street accident. But of these latter there must be very few ; there is not much vehicular traffic in Lisbon. It is comparatively rare to see anything like cruelty to horses. The mules which draw the primitive ramshackle trams have the worst time of it, and are obliged to pull their load every now and again off one line on to another, being urged thereto with some brutality. But these trams do not run up the very hilly parts of the city ; the main lines run along the Tagus east and west of the great Square of the Black Horse. And by the river the city is flat.

Only a little way up, in my street for instance, it rapidly becomes hilly. On entering the hotel, to my surprise I went downstairs to my bedroom. On looking out of the window a street was even then

sixty feet below me. The floor underneath me did not make part of the hotel, but was a portion of a great building occupied by the poorer people and let out in flats. During the day, as I sat by the window working, the noise was not intolerable, but at night when the Lisbonensians took to amusing themselves they roused me from a well-earned sleep. They shouted and sang and made mingled and indistinguishable uproars which rose wildly through the narrow deep space and burst into my open window. After long endurance I rose and shut it, preferring heat to insomnia. But in the day, after that discord, I always had the harmonious compensations of true color. Even when the sun shone brilliantly I could not distinguish the gray blue of the deep shadows, so much blue was in the painted or distempered outer walls. It was in Lisbon that I first began to discern the mental effect of color, and to see that it comes truly and of necessity from a people's temperament. Can a busy race be true colorists?

In some parts of the town, the eastern quarters—one cannot help noticing the still remaining influence of the Moors. There are even some true relics; but certainly the influence survives in flat-sided houses with small windows and Moorish ornament high up just under the edge of the flat roof. One day being tired of the more noisy western town, I went east and climbed up and up and turned round by a barrack, where some soldiers eyed me as a possible Englishman, being alternately in deep shadow and burning sunlight. I hoped to see the Tagus at last, for here the houses are not so lofty, and presently, being on very high ground, I caught a view of it darkly dotted with steamers over some flat roofs. Toward the sea it narrows, but above Lisbon it widens out like a lake. On the far side was a white town, beyond that again hills blue with lucid atmosphere. At my feet (I leaned against a low wall) was a terraced garden with a big vine spread on a trellis, making—or promising to make in the later spring—a long shady arbor, for as yet the leaves were scanty and freshly green. Every house was faint blue, or varied pink, or worn-out, washed-out, sundried green. All the tones were beautiful and modest, fitting the sun yet not competing with it. In London the color would break the level of dull tints and

angrily protest, growing scarlet and vivid and wrathful. And just as I looked away from the river and the vine-clad terrace there was a scurrying rush of little school-boys from a steep side street. They ran down the slope, and passed me, going quickly like black blots on the road, yet their laughter was sunlight on the ripple of waters. The Portuguese are always children and are not sombre. Only in their graveyards stand solemn cypresses which rise darkly on the hillside where they bury their dead; but in life they laugh and are merry even after they have children of their own.

Though little apt to do what is supposed to be a traveller's duty in visiting certain obvious places of interest, I one day hunted for the English cemetery in which Fielding lies buried, and found it at last just at the back of a little open park or garden where children were playing. On going in I found myself alone save for a gardener who was cutting down some rank grass with a scythe. This cemetery is the quietest and most beautiful I ever saw. One might imagine the dead were all friends. They are at any rate strangers in a far land, an English party with one great man among them. I found his tomb easily, for it is made of massive blocks of stone. Having brought from home his little "Voyage to Lisbon," written just before he died, I took it out, sat down on the stone, and read a page or two. He says farewell at the very end. As I sat the strange and melancholy suggestion of the dead man speaking out of that great kind heart of his, now dust, the strong contrast between the brilliant sunlight and the heavy sombreness of the cypresses of death, the song of spring birds and the sound of children's voices, were strangely pathetic. I rose up and paced that little deadman's ground which was still and quiet. And on another grave I read but a name, the name of some woman, "Eleanor." After life, and work, and love, this is the end. Yet we do remember Fielding.

On the following day I went to Cintra out of sheer *ennui*, for my inability to talk Portuguese made me silent and solitary perforce. And at Cintra I evaded my obvious duty, and only looked at the lofty rock on which the Moorish castle stands. For one thing the hill was swathed in mists, it rained at intervals, a kind of bit-

ter *tramontana* was blowing. And after running the gauntlet of a crowd of vociferous donkey-boys I was anxious to get out of the town. I made acquaintance with a friendly Cintran dog and went for a walk. My companion did not object to my nationality or my inability to express myself in fluent Portuguese, and amused himself by tearing the leaves of the Australian gum-trees, which flourish very well in Portugal. But at last, in cold disgust at the uncharitable puritanic weather which destroyed all beauty in the landscape, I returned to the town. Here I passed the prison. On spying me the prisoners crowded to the barred windows; those on the lower floor protruded their hands, those on the upper story sent down a basket by a long string; I emptied my pockets of their coppers. It seemed not unlike giving nuts to our human cousins at the Zoo. Surely Darwin is the prince of pedigree-makers. Before him the darling of the bravest herald never went beyond Adam. He has opened great possibilities to the College dealing with inherited dignity of ancient fame.

This Cintra is a town on a hill and in a hole, a kind of half-funnel opening on a long plain which is dotted by small villages and farms. If the donkey-boys were extirpated it might be fine on a fine day.

Returning to the station, I ensconced myself in a carriage out of the way of the cutting wind, and talked fluent bad French with a kindly old Portuguese who looked like a Quaker. Two others came in and entered into a lively conversation in which Charing Cross and London Bridge occurred at intervals. It took an hour and a quarter to do the fifteen miles between Cintra and Lisbon. I was told it was considered by no means a very slow train. Travelling in Portugal may do something to reconcile one to the trains in the south-east of England.

The last place I visited in Lisbon was the market. Outside the glare of the hot sun was nearly blinding. Just in that neighborhood all the main buildings are purely white, even the shadows make one's eyes ache. In the open spaces of the squares even brilliantly clad women seemed black against white. Inside, in a half-shade under glass, a dense crowd moved and chattered and stirred to and fro. The women wore all the colors of flowers and fruit, but chiefly orange.

And on the stone floor great flat baskets of oranges, each with a leaf of green attached to it, shone like pure gold. Then there were red apples, and red handkerchiefs twisted over dark hair. Milder looking in tint was the pale Japanese apple with an artistic refinement of paler color. The crowd, the good humor, the noise, even the odor, which was not so offensive as in our English Covent Garden, made a striking and brilliant impression. Returning to the hotel, I was met by a scarlet procession of priests and acolytes who bore the Host. The passers-by mostly bared their heads. Perhaps but a little while ago every one might have been worldly wise to follow their example, for the Inquisition lasted till 1808 in Spain.

In the afternoon of that day I went on board the *Dunottar Castle*, and in the evening sailed for Madeira.

A week's odd moments of study and enforced intercourse with waiters and male chambermaids, whose French was even more primitive than my own, had taught me a little Portuguese, that corrupt, unbeautiful bastard Spanish, and I found it useful even on board the steamer. At any rate I was able to interpret for a Funchal lawyer who sat by me at table, and afterward invited me to see him. This smattering of Portuguese I found more useful still at Madeira, or at Funchal—its capital—for I stayed in native hotels. It is the only possible way of learning anything about the people in a short visit. Moreover, the English hotels are full of invalids. It is curious to note the present prevalence of consumption among the natives of Funchal. It is a good enough proof on the first face of it that consumption is catching. There is a large hospital here for Portuguese patients, though the disease was unknown before the English made a health resort of it.

Funchal has been a thousand times described, and is well worthy of it. Lying as it does in a long curve with the whole town visible from the sea, as the houses grow fewer and fewer upon the slopes of the lofty mountain background, it is curiously theatrical and scenic in effect. It is artistically arranged, well-placed; a brilliant jewel in a dark green setting, and the sea is amethyst and turquoise.

I stayed in a hotel whose proprietor was an ardent Republican. One evening he mentioned the fact in broken English,

and I told him that in theory I also was of that creed. He grew tremendously excited, opened a bottle of Madeira, shared it with me and two Portuguese, and insisted on singing the Marseillaise until a crowd collected in front of the house, whose open windows looked on an irregular square. Then he and his friends shouted "Viva a partida dos Republicanos!" The charges at this hotel were ridiculously small—only three and fourpence a day for board and lodging. And it was by no means bad; at any rate it was always possible to get fruit, including loquats, strawberries, custard apples, bananas, oranges, and the passion-flower fruit, which is not enticing on a first acquaintance, and resembles an anæmic pomegranate. Eggs, too, were twenty-eight for tenpence; fish was at nominal prices.

But there is nothing to do in Funchal save eat and swim or ride. The climate is enervating, and when the east wind blows from the African coast it is impossible to move save in the most spiritless and languid way. It may make an invalid comparatively strong, but I am sure it might reduce a strong man to a state of confirmed laziness little removed from actual illness. I was glad one day to get horses, in company with an acquaintance, and ride over the mountains to Fayal, on the north side of the island. And it was curious to see the obstinate incredulity of the natives when we declared we meant going there and back in one day. The double journey was only a little over twenty-six miles, yet it was declared impossible. Our landlord drew ghastly pictures of the state we should be in, declaring we did not know what we were doing; he called in his wife, who lifted up her hands against our rashness and crossed herself piously when we were unmoved; he summoned the owner of the horses, who said the thing could not be done. But my friend was not to be persuaded, declaring that Englishmen could do anything, and that he would show them. He explained that we were both very much more than admirable horsemen, and only minimized his own feats in the colonies by kindly exaggerating mine in America, and finally it was settled gravely that we were to be at liberty to kill ourselves and ruin the horses for a lump sum of two pounds ten, provided we found food and wine for the two men who were to be our

guides. In the morning, at six o'clock, we set out in a heavy shower of rain. Before we had gone up the hill a thousand feet we were wet through, but a thousand more brought us into bright sunlight. Below lay Funchal, underneath a white sheet of rain-cloud; the sea beyond it was darkened here and there; it was at first difficult to distinguish the outlying Deserta Islands from sombre fogbanks. But as we still went up and up the day brightened more and more, and when Funchal was behind and under the first hills the sea began to glow and glitter. Here and there it shone like watered silk. The Desertas showed plainly as rocky masses; a distant steamer trailed a thin ribbon of smoke above the water. Close at hand a few sheep and goats ran from us; now and again a horse or two stared solemnly at us; and we all grew cheerful and laughed. For the air was keen and bracing; we were on the plateau, nearly four thousand feet above the sea, and in a climate quite other than that which choked the distant low-lying town. Then we began to go down.

All the main roads of the Ilha da Madeira are paved with close-set kidney pebbles, to save them from being washed out and destroyed by the sudden violent semi-tropical rains. Even on this mountain it was so, and our horses, with their rough-shod feet, rattled down the pass without faltering. The road zigzagged after the manner of mountain roads. When we reached the bottom of a deep ravine it seemed impossible that we could have got there, and getting out seemed equally impossible. The slopes of the hills were about seventy degrees. Everywhere was a thick growth of brush and trees. At times the road ran almost dangerously close to a precipice. But at last, about eleven o'clock, we began to get out of the thick entanglement of mountains, and in the distance could see the ocean on the north side of the island. "Fayal is there," said our guide, pointing, as it seemed, but a little way off. Yet it took two hours' hard riding to reach it. Our path lay at first along the back of a great spur of the main mountain; it narrowed till there was a precipice on either side—on the right hand some seven or eight hundred feet, on the left more than a thousand. I had not looked down the like since I crossed the Jackass Mountain on

the Fraser River in British Columbia. Underneath us were villages—scattered huts, built like bee-hives. The piece of level ground beneath was dotted with them. The place looked like some gigantic apiary. The dots of people were little larger than bees. And soon we came to the same stack-like houses close to our path. It was Sunday, and these village folks were dressed in their best clothes. They were curiously respectful, for were we not “gente de gravate”—people who wore cravats—gentlemen, in a word? So they rose up and uncovered. We saluted them in passing. It was a primitive sight. As we came where the huts were thicker, small crowds came to see us. Now on the right hand we saw a ridge with pines on it, suggesting, from the shape of the hill, a bristly boar’s back; on the left the valley widened; in front loomed up a gigantic mass of rock, “The Eagle’s Cliff,” in shape like Gibraltar. It was 1,900 feet high, and even yet it was far below us. But now the path pitched suddenly downward; there were no paving-pebbles here, only the native hummocks of rock and the harder clay not yet washed away. The road was like a torrent bed, for indeed it was a torrent when it rained; but still our horses were absolute in faith and stumbled not. And the Eagle’s Cliff grew bigger and bigger till as we plunged down the last of the spur to a river then scanty of stream, and we were on the flat again not far from the sea. But to reach Fayal it was necessary to climb again, turning to the left.

Here we found a path which, with all my experience of Western America mountain travel, seemed very hard to beat in point of rockiness and steepness. We had to lead our horses and climb most carefully. But when a quarter of a mile had been done in this way it was possible to mount again, and we were close to Fayal. I had thought all the time that it was a small town, but it appeared to be no more than the scattered huts we had passed, or those we had noted from the lofty spur. Our object was a certain house belonging to a Portuguese landowner who occupied the position of an English squire in the olden days. Both my friend and I had met him several times in Funchal, and, by the aid of an interpreter, had carried on a conversation. But my Portuguese was dinner-table talk

of the purely necessary order, and my companion’s was more exiguous than my own. So we decided to camp before reaching his house, and eat our lunch undisturbed by the trouble of being polite without words. We told our guide this, and as he was supposed to understand English we took it for granted that he did so when we ordered him to pick some spot to camp a good way from the landowner’s house. But in spite of our laborious explanations he took us on to the very estate, and plumped us down not fifty yards from the house. As we were ignorant of the fact that this was the house, we sent the boy there for hot water to make coffee, and then to our horror we saw the very man whom we just then wanted to avoid. We all talked together and gesticulated violently. I tried French vainly; my little Portuguese grew less and less, and disappeared from my tongue; and then in despair we hailed the cause of the whole misfortune, and commanded him to explain. What he explained I know not, but finally our friend seemed less hurt than he had been, and he returned to his house on our promising to go there as soon as our lunch was finished.

The whole feeling of this scene—of this incident, of the place, the mountains, the primitive people—was so curious that it was difficult to think we were only four days from England. Though the people were gentle and kind and polite, they seemed no more civilized, from our point of view, than many Indians I have seen. Indeed, there are Indian communities in America which are far ahead of them in culture. I seemed once more in a wild country. But our host (for, being on his ground, we were his guests) was most amiable and polite. It certainly was rather irksome to sit solemnly in his best room and stare at each other without a word. Below the open window stood our guide, so when it became absolutely necessary for me to make our friend understand, or for me to die of suppression of urgent speech, I called to João and bade him interpret. Then calm ensued again until wine was brought. Then his daughter, almost the only nice-looking Portuguese or Madeiran girl I ever saw, came in. We were introduced, and, in default of the correct thing in her native language, I informed her, in a polite Spanish phrase I happened to recollect, that I was

at her feet. Then, as I knew her brother in Funchal, I called for the interpreter and told her so as an interesting piece of information. She gave me a rose, and, looking out of the window, she taught me the correct Portuguese for Eagle's Cliff—"Penha d'aguila." We were quite friends.

It was then time for us to return if we meant to keep to our word and do the double journey in one day. But a vociferous expostulation came from our host. He talked fast, waved his hands, shook his head, and was evidently bent on keeping us all night. We again called in the interpreter, explaining that our reputation as Englishmen, as horsemen, as men, rested on our getting back to Funchal that night, and, seeing the point as a man of honor, he most regretfully gave way, and, having his own horse saddled, accompanied us some miles on the road. We rode up another spur, and came to a kind of wayside hut where three or four paths joined. Here was congregated a brightly clad crowd of nearly a hundred men, women, and children. They rose and saluted us; we turned and took off our hats. I noticed particularly that this man who owned so much land and was such a magnate there did the same. I fancied that these people had gathered there as much to see us pass as for Sunday chatter. For English travellers on the north side of the island are not very common, and I dare say we were something in the nature of an event. Turning at this point to the left, we plunged sharply downward toward a bridge over a torrent, and here parted

from our landowning friend. We began to climb an impossible-looking hill, which my horse strongly objected to. On being urged he tried to back off the road, and I had some difficulty in persuading him that he could not kill me without killing himself. But a slower pace reconciled him to the road, and as I was in no great hurry I allowed him to choose his own. Certainly the animals had had a hard day of it even so far, and we had much to do before night. We were all of us glad to reach the Divide and stay for a while at the Pouso, or Government House, which was about half-way. One gets tolerable Madeira there.

It was eight or half-past when we came down into Funchal under a moon which seemed to cast as strongly marked shadows as the very sun itself. The rain of the morning had long ago passed away, and the air was warm—indeed, almost close—after the last part of the ride on the plateau, which began at night-time to grow dim with ragged wreaths of mist. Our horses were so glad to accomplish the journey that they trotted down the steep stony streets, which rang loudly to their iron hoofs. When we stopped at the stable I think I was almost as glad as they; for, after all, even to an Englishman with his country's reputation to support, twelve or thirteen hours in the saddle are somewhat tiring. And though I was much pleased to have seen more of the Ilha da Madeira than most visitors, I remembered that I had not been on horseback for nearly five years.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

BY R. S. GUNDRY.

It was currently predicted in China, after the events of 1891, that there would be a fresh series of riots during the ensuing year. The anticipation has, fortunately, not been realized in so far as organized outbreak was concerned; but missionaries and their converts, both Catholic and Protestant, have been mobbed and maltreated, in isolated cases, in provinces so far apart as Fohkien and Honan, Szechuen and Shense. They are accused of having caused drought in one

place; the design of founding a station is rudely opposed in another; and the usual charges of mutilation and immorality have been current. In no case does there appear to be a suspicion of the political agitators who were accused of fomenting the riots in the Yang-tze valley; the attacks seem to have been the outcome of sheer dislike and superstition. But their occurrence betrays the existence of a perpetual danger, and it may be worth while trying to ascertain what are the forces at work

within this ever-active volcano. The impression that the charges levelled against missionaries in hostile placards and publications are the prevalently exciting cause is, no doubt, to a certain point justifiable; but it is, perhaps, open to question whether the very stress laid on those libels has not tended to mislead by creating a belief that, if the Chinese Government denounced them with sufficient earnestness, the enmity and the misconception might be extinguished together. A little investigation of Chinese habits of thought may enable us to form a clearer conception of the facts.

It is necessary, at the outset, to appreciate three Chinese puns. Among the many sectarian differences which have led Chinamen to imagine that foreigners have so many different religions, those regarding the proper name for God hold prominent rank. English Protestants use *Shang Te*, while Americans have coined *Chen Shen*, and Romanists have invented *Tien Chu*, which means Heaven's Lord; neither being willing to admit that the Chinese expression *Tien* (Heaven) implies a personal God. And so, the Chinese for religion being "kiau," the term *Tien Chu Kiau* has come to express Roman Christianity. But there is, unfortunately, another word having the sound of *chu* which means "pig," and another word pronounced *kiau* which means "squeak;" so that the way of the satirist was clear for converting "Religion of the Lord of Heaven" into "Squeak of the Celestial Pig." A common term for foreigners, again, is *Yang Jen*, meaning Sea-Men, or men from the sea; but there is another word having the sound *yang* which means "goat." Caricatures of pigs and goats are therefore used to depict missionaries and their converts, while a means of vilifying Christianity itself by depicting it as hog-worship is readily suggested.—Caricatures, however, only excite ridicule. It requires something more serious to inspire the angry terror which finds expression in riot and maltreatment; and it may surprise us not a little to find that charges so extravagant that they might well seem, to an European, the sheer outcome of malignant imagination are really based on common superstitions, distorted and misapplied to the strange teachers of a stranger creed. Thus, a belief in the efficacy of human flesh for medicinal purposes is

still prevalent in China, and lingers even in Japan, where a man who killed his wife in order to serve up her liver to his aged mother was sentenced, quite recently, to nine years' hard labor. To cut out and boil down a piece of one's own flesh into medicine for a sick parent is an act of the highest filial piety; and though that may be dismissed as a delusion from which only the actor suffers, it is otherwise with *materia* which can only be obtained by crime. Dr. MacGowan, a resident in China of some forty years' standing, has lately communicated to the *North China Herald* a paper showing that thirty-seven portions of the human body are named in the best work on Chinese *Materia Medica* as valuable contributions to the pharmacopœia! The gall bladder of a recently slain man, for example, mixed with other medicaments, is good for fever. The flesh of a prematurely born child possesses valuable tonic properties, and a grandfather was quite recently charged with procuring this revolting medicine for his son! There was very nearly being a riot, last year, at Nanking because Missionaries had given a youth a glass eye; the inference obviously being that they had deprived him of the original optic. There was nearly being another, last February, because some people who had been looking round the Mission premises lost a child: it was only the opportune news that it had found its way home which quieted the crowd. The eyes, ears, brain, viscera, etc., of all children possess valuable medicinal properties; and though the crime of procuring them is punishable by the severest methods known to Chinese law, kidnappers and even midwives are said to find gain in supplying bodies for the unholy purpose. A case is reported in the *Peking Gazette*, of Sept., 1873, where one of two kidnappers, who were caught red-handed, confessed to the pursuit. A certain man had provided him with a powder, lotion, sickle, and bamboo tube. "The powder was to be put into red dates and given small children to eat. They would then fall into a trance and follow me. I was to take them to a solitary place, scoop out the heart and eyes by means of these implements and rub them with the lotion to prevent decay," etc. It is hardly necessary to add that the men were promptly executed, and that such crimes are execrated by high and low though morbid

and superstitious invalids may be found willing to profit by them : what we are concerned with at the moment is to note their admitted existence. Neither is kidnapping confined to these rare and hideous cases. Children are stolen for sale to theatrical managers and to brothels ; so that we are here, again, in presence of a familiar crime. It was a belief that he had kidnapped a child which caused the attack on Dr. Greig, last year, in Manchuria ; and the suspicion was so far excusable, in his case, that the child was really seen following his cart, and had been really lost. I have known a child stand paralyzed with fear when I tried to make friends by offering it a small coin ; and though dread of the "foreign devil" might account for much, terror so excessive is more than likely to have been aggravated by tales of kidnapping.

We may be better able to comprehend, now, the origin and purport of the hideous charges of mutilation and degraded worship that find currency throughout the empire. The literature in which they are promulgated is of various kinds : placards, lampoons, and less ephemeral publications. A specimen is now before me, which has been republished with explanatory notes, under missionary auspices, in order to show how these superstitions are pointed and fanned into flame. It consists, practically, of thirty-two cartoons, each with an appropriate legend. The first seven vilify Christianity by depicting it as Hog-Worship and its teachers as guilty of atrocious crimes, while others are intended to suggest the fate that befits members of an abominable sect. The eucharist is evidently founded with the administration of a charm which converts the recipient into an abject follower of the priest, just as a certain pill is believed to subject children to the influence of kidnappers. Other cartoons represent foreigners taking out the eyes of a corpse, the insinuation evidently being that the privacy exacted during the ceremony of extreme unction affords an opportunity for the outrage ; while others depict hideous mutilations, alleged to be perpetrated on the living—especially women and children—for the sake of obtaining material to make medicines, to mix with chemicals for photography, or to employ in the conversion of lead into silver ! The worst records of clerical immorality in the Middle Ages are

eclipsed by the insinuations of others. If it were not, indeed, for such precedents as are afforded by Roman ecclesiastical history, one might be tempted to reject as outrageous the supposition that such insinuations could find acceptance.*—Nor is that all. Not only is it a question of outraging morality and perpetrating other hideous crimes, but of subverting the cult upon which the national polity is built up. Buddhism and Taoism holds a large place in the national life, but Ancestor Worship is the supreme observance and ultimate law of the Chinese social organization. Hardly has the doctrine of transubstantiation been more keenly disputed among theologians in Europe, than the exact import and admissibility of Ancestor Worship by all classes of missionaries in China. The Churches have ended, however, by damning it ; and have earned, in doing so, the contempt, hatred, and undying opposition of the educated classes. When, therefore, we see pictures of foreigners being beaten and otherwise maltreated, and their books burned while Mandarins stand by holding their noses, it is not only because they are held guilty of these enormities, but because "they do not reverence heaven, earth, prince or parents," and because their books stink of a corrupt doctrine which inculcates neglect of the Ancestral temple. Ancestral worship expands from the family to the clan ; and expulsion from the clan and from the district is indicated in the case of obstinate renegades. A series of pictures follow, in which pigs and goats are being fattened with a view to slaughter at a bridal festival and for offerings at the Ancestral shrine. Hunan is the centre from which most of this literature emanates : it is the home of Chou Han, to whom a leading part in its diffusion has been ascribed : Hunan men, accordingly, take a leading part in these proceedings, and Mandarins supposed to personify Chou Han stand by approving the deeds of violence by which foreigners and their converts are pursued. In one picture Hunan braves, under the guise of tigers, are pouncing on pigs and goats. In another, pigs (missionaries) trying to penetrate a farmstead surrounded by a bamboo grove (representing Hunan) are being chased by dogs whom the

* *Vide Lecky's History of European Morals.* cap. v., especially pp. 443-4.

watchful farmer lets loose. In another, foreigners carrying a hog to the temple of Confucius are repulsed from the portals with a scorn which implies that Confucianists reject the religion symbolized. Elsewhere, the God of Thunder is destroying those who deny his existence; the Genius of Hunan is inspiring the destruction of pigs and goats; a Taoist priest exterminates others by means of a magic pencil, from which he scatters vermilion drops; the military power of China rises under the guise of a lion and slays the principal hog while the others scamper away. There is nothing new under the sun, not even spiritualism; and we are invited, finally, to assume that the Hunanese have been consulting Spirits as to the ultimate fate of the Chief Teacher and his followers. The tortures of a Chinese hell are a pictorial response which indicates a remarkable conformity in the impression of diverse peoples as to the appropriate fate of all who have the audacity to think differently from themselves. That fate, however, is not inevitable; for the final cartoon represents pigs and goats kneeling before the Chinese unicorn—a legendary beast whose appearance is supposed to presage good government—the idea being, of course, a general restoration of harmony by submission to the imperial régime.

It is not long in the life of a nation since the vast majority of English men and women believed that people could be done to death by sticking pins in a wax image, and could be subjected to untold misfortune by the glance of an evil eye. The popular dislike and misconception of Mahomedanism was then also at its height. If the Grand Turk had chosen that moment to flood England with Mahomedan missionaries, who insisted on buying land and building mosques everywhere the whim seized them, it is not inconceivable that the then current belief in sorcery and other strange crimes might have been directed against the intruder who was bent on overthrowing the national creed. Nor, if emissaries from Ispahan had come to complicate the problem, is it likely that our ancestors would have distinguished much more exactly between Shiah and Sunnis than the Chinese discriminate at present between the various sects which bewilder them by rival claims to superior

merit.* In a certain sense, no doubt, the Roman missions are disliked most, because their reclamations under the French treaty of 1860—on which we shall have occasion to dilate later on—were exceedingly irritating to both Mandarins and people. Roman establishments represent, too, in an exaggerated form, certain practices which are peculiarly obnoxious to popular dislike. Just, for instance, as some of the calumnies which scandalized even the dissolute Court of Imperial Rome are thought to have been fostered by the tendency to surround with a certain obscurity the more mysterious ceremonies of the Church, so the traditional practice of veiling ecclesiastical premises behind high walls may be responsible for a share of the suspicion prevalent in China, where similar (national) institutions are customarily open to the passer-by.† Given the existence of kidnapping as a notorious crime, and a belief that children's eyes and brains are good for medicine, it is easy to understand the suspicion that must be excited by a system of collecting children into orphanages, and by the enormous mortality which takes place among the little waifs. That children had been decoyed in, and done to death for the sake of their eyes, was one of the commonest cries raised against Mission stations during the late riots. Given a belief that kidnappers employ medicated food to entrance their victims, it is easy to conceive suspicion of the eucharist and of the attitude of implicit subjection which the Churches are wont to expect from their disciples. Interference with the weather, again, is a common function of witchcraft; and if we remember that the Chinese are still at the stage of credulity from which Europe has not long emerged, we shall be less surprised to hear that people maddened by prolonged drought and the prospect of consequent famine should have maltreated missionaries in the belief that they had been interfering with the rain-

* Bitterly satirical as it is, Voltaire's dialogue between a Jesuit, a Jansenist, a Quaker, an Anglican, a Lutheran, a Puritan, a Mussulman, and a Jew—which the Chinaman terminates by ordering them all to be locked up in a lunatic asylum, in separate cells—scarcely overstates the case from the Chinese point of view.—*Dialogues*, vol. i. ch. xi.

† Vide Memorial by Tseng Kwo-fan, then Viceroy of Chili, China, No. 1 of 1871.

fall. It is only last year that we heard of a monk exorcising a boy who had become possessed of a devil, in Bavaria, and declaring that the devil had told him it had been enabled to take possession through the maleficent arts of a certain Protestant woman!

Charges of immorality are favorite weapons against those who set up as teachers of a new and superior creed. The low character of Buddhist and Taoist priests and the evil reputation of Buddhist nunneries may predispose the Chinese to credulity regarding accusations which are probably as exaggerated as though we were to judge the whole clerical caste in Europe from the backslidings of individual members. But neither can it be denied that in this, as in many other respects, foreign ecclesiastical customs lend themselves to misconception. A French priest admitted indeed, even before the Tientsin massacre, that the Sisters had come to China fifty years too soon. The Chinese are not alone in viewing with dislike the system of Confession and the relations of intimacy and confidence which it frequently involves. Hyper-zealous Mandarins often issue proclamations condemning the promiscuous assemblage of men and women at Buddhist temples: the denunciations fall flat, and there is no reason to suppose that greater harm ensues than on the occasion of similar gatherings in England, where a trace of the same idea may be found in the occasional separation of the sexes in church; still, they express a classical prejudice which may perhaps have inspired a certain obscene caricature of a Christian congregation. "In China," wrote the Tsung-li Yamen more than twenty years ago, in pointing out various causes of misunderstanding, "a good reputation and modesty are most important matters: men and women are not even allowed to shake hands, still less to live together. . . . Yet there are some places where men and women are together not only at church but in the interior of the house. The public . . . harbors suspicions, and thinks things contrary to propriety take place."* For the Chinese, without by any means exacting the Hindu purdah or the Egyptian veil, have decided ideas about female propriety and reserve. European ladies living at the

Treaty ports dress in foreign clothes, and their peculiarities are passed over as barbarian eccentricity. But it is otherwise with the female missionaries who make their way into the interior in Chinese costume. It is too much overlooked that Chinese dress pre-supposes Chinese manners; and not only is Chinese etiquette an elaborate code against which even the most experienced are liable to offend, but solecisms that might be laughed at in the barbarian *au naturel* become tenfold more prominent when he or she is trying to pass as a Chinese. Women travelling without escort, unmarried women travelling with male escort, women living alone in an inland town are certain to be misunderstood. Supporters of the China Inland Mission point out certain clauses in its Regulations where the necessity for caution in this respect is enjoined, and "engaged people," especially, are warned to be guarded in their intercourse. But such matters are beyond printed rules. It is patent, at any rate, to every layman in China that they fail in this case. And not only are experienced missionaries among the foremost to protest against the scandal caused, but the leading English paper in Shanghai has gone so far as to express a wish that Consuls might be instructed to refuse passports to the interior to unmarried females in Chinese dress. "They may," it writes, "do some good when they get to their posts, but that good is outweighed by the scandal which they cause in their ignorance of what the Chinese call good manners. They are perfectly innocent in intention, but they often shock foreign notions of propriety and continuously shock those of the Chinese." The matter has indeed been emphasized, by one of H.M. Consuls in the disturbed districts, as a source of the scandal which finds expression in the hostile placards; and was noted by Lord Salisbury in a Memorandum of Advice which he addressed not long ago, with the concurrence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the heads of the principal Missionary Societies.

Very many good people will have difficulty in appreciating the advice to refrain from circulating uncommented translations of certain books of the Bible, which inspire another clause in this Memorandum. Yet the practice has been deprecated by the most enlightened missionaries in China. It was debated with some ani-

* China (Blue Book) No. 3 of 1871.

mation at a Conference * held two years ago in Shanghai, and was condemned by the late Dr. Williamson in terms that cannot be better rendered than by the following extract from his speech :—

"A gentleman rose (at a meeting of the Scotch Bible Society, which Dr. Williamson was once attending) and with an air of overpowering solemnity, said : 'No notes or comments : we must give them the sincere milk of the word.' And his view gained the day. Little did he know that this was the very thing which they were preventing us from doing, by compelling us to give them mere words and phrases devoid of the spiritual meaning of the original, which no Chinese words could of themselves convey without explanation."

The delegate of the British and Foreign Bible Society, however, upheld † the old restricted view ; and another member of that Society urged that a casual Chinaman, looking at a casual copy, might carry away a single verse that might work at the last moment to his salvation. But to men who know the Chinese it will seem just possible for him to light on one which might have a contrary effect. The sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter, for instance, is not an act that would commend itself to the Chinese mind, in what light soever it be regarded : the proceedings of Ruth are at least open to misconception ; and, though Samuel's treatment of Agag may seem less than savage to a people who are traditionally familiar with *ling-che*,‡ it savors too much of the spirit in which Rameses II. killed his prisoners before the altar of Ra, to be quite in accordance with the spirit of modern Christianity. If members of the Bible Societies will reflect what they would have thought if the Archbishop of Breslau had hewed Napoleon III. in pieces before the high altar of Cologne, in reliance on that precedent, they will realize that single texts may lead to startling conclusions.§

* Records of General Conference of Protestant Missionaries. Shanghai, 1890.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Vide* "Judicial Torture in China," in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1889.

§ It is satisfactory to gather from one of a series of thoughtful papers on "The Sources of the Anti-foreign Disturbances in China," by the Rev. G. Reid, M.A., which have appeared lately in the *North China Herald*, that the Central Chinese Religious Tract Society (of Hankow) has been the means of bringing about a more enlightened view. Recognizing that the need for explanation is not confined

But the misunderstandings do not begin and end with questions of mutilation and morality. It will probably surprise English readers, for instance, to find the question of buildings alleged as a pregnant source of trouble ; but Mr. Michie* is undoubtedly right that, "hateful as the invader is *per se*, he becomes tenfold more so when he is seen erecting, on some commanding and salubrious site, beautiful (in his own eyes) but outlandish buildings which bring ill-luck to the whole district." And so it has been found necessary to recommend "that Chinese prejudice and superstition should be more carefully considered in the form and height of buildings erected." Mr. Little † instances two distinct riots caused, of late years, in Chungking, by attempts to build churches on prominent sites in that city. The Roman Catholics had succeeded, in one case, in tempting some Taoist priests to sell a beautifully situated old temple, which they proposed replacing by one of their "hideous bastard-classic brick and plaster piles : " while a Protestant missionary was about to build, on another conspicuous site, one of the "distractingly ugly whitewashed" structures that are so painfully out of harmony with their surroundings, instead of contenting himself with the Chinese house in which he had been temporarily located. The aggressive spirit of a new propaganda is prone to find expression in the sites chosen for its fanes : the church at Avebury stands right across the great rampart of the Druidical temple, which has been cut through and levelled to admit it : the Roman Catholics have built at Canton, on the very spot formerly occupied by the Governor-General's residence, a cathedral which is a source of permanent irritation : the (French) Bishop of Peking has had the wisdom to extinguish, lately, a still graver cause of annoyance by consenting to the removal of another cathedral which had been built close alongside the palace enclosure. It would take long to explain the nature of a curi-

to the Old Testament, it resolved to issue an annotated "Mark." Whether *post hoc* or *propter hoc*, the National Bible Society of Scotland is said to have decided to yield the point.—*Vide N. C. H.*, 3d March, 1893.

* *Missionaries in China*. By A. Michie. Stamford & Co., 1892.

† *Through the Yangtze Gorges*. By A. Little, pp. 239 and 245.

ous belief in Feng-shui (lit. wind and water) which missionaries of all denominations constantly outrage by these (in China) incongruous structures; but this rigid adherence to foreign ecclesiastical architecture, as though there were some inherent virtue in its shape, seems scarcely different in spirit from the superstitious antagonism of the Chinese.

The question of buildings involves that of land and residence. And this raises the whole question of the political conditions under which missionaries have settled down in the interior of China. This point is a curious one, and may repay investigation. Art. XII. of Lord Elgin's Treaty (1859) provides that—

"British subjects, whether at the ports or other places, desiring to build or open houses, warehouses, churches, hospitals, or burial-grounds, shall make their agreement for the land or buildings they require at the rate prevailing among the people, equitably," etc.

And the Editor of our *Hunan Picture Gallery* feels aggrieved because the British Government "refuse to construe this as conferring right of residence in the interior with its necessary accompaniments, the right of renting or purchasing houses or land." The words "or other places" seem to him to cover the whole ground. But that is just what comes of publishing things "without note or comment;" for the fact is that those words were introduced by Lord Elgin, at the suggestion of a diplomatist now living, for purposes of elasticity and none other. Some of the treaty ports, Shanghai, for instance, and Canton are situated up rivers; and the purpose of these words was to prevent objection if it were found desirable to open establishments, say nearer their *embouchure*, at Whampoa or Woosung. No such thought as the right of buying land and settling anywhere and everywhere was present in the minds of either English or Chinese negotiators. The supposition carries, indeed, its own refutation; for, if it had been intended that the words should bear any such extended sense, the limitation of residence to certain specified ports would obviously have been superfluous.

Let us turn, then, to the French Treaty concluded at the same time by Baron Gros, where the Editor believes there is to be found a more emphatic provision, to which he and others become entitled under the "favored nation" clause. Arti-

cle XIII. of that Treaty stipulates that, "efficacious protection shall be given to missionaries who proceed (*qui se rendront*) peacefully into the interior furnished with proper passports," and it may be held, of course, that this implies the right to sojourn. But Article VI. of a Supplementary Convention dictated (in 1860) after the capture of Peking contains a more important clause.

"Conformément à l'édit Impérial rendu [en] 1846 par l'auguste Empereur Tao Kwang, les établissements religieux et de bienfaisance qui ont été confisqués aux Chrétiens pendant les persécutions dont ils ont été les victimes seront rendus à leurs propriétaires par l'intermédiaire du Ministre de France en Chine auquel le Gouvernement Impérial les fera délivrer avec les cimetières et les autres édifices qui en dépendaient."

It has been well said that the effect of this is as though France, after beating England, were to insist on the restoration to the Roman Church of the properties confiscated at the time of the Reformation! But it still fell short of the aspirations of at least one enthusiast. The Chinese, having no knowledge of any language but their own, were necessarily in the hands of the foreign interpreters; and a French missionary, who was temporarily attached to the Embassy in that capacity, introduced into the Chinese text—presumably while the Convention was being transcribed for signature—an additional clause to the following effect:—

"*Il is, in addition, permitted to French missionaries to rent and purchase land in all the provinces, and to erect buildings thereon at pleasure.*"

Fortunately for China, another article stipulates that the French text shall rule (*fera foi*); and it was, I believe, admitted, when the interpolation came to be remarked, that the claim it apparently conceded could not be upheld. The thin edge of the wedge had, however, been inserted before the position had been well defined, and a fact had been accomplished which the Chinese have never ventured to contest.—Tao Kwang's edict, which was obtained by M. Lagréné shortly after Sir H. Pottinger had imposed the Treaty of Nanking, was of comparatively moderate scope. "Ancient houses built in the reign of Kanghi (1661–1722) which had been preserved to the present time" were to be restored, certainly, to local Christian communities which could prove their title; but "churches which had been converted

into temples and dwelling-houses for the people" were specifically excepted, and foreigners were textually "prohibited from going into the interior to propagate religion." That prohibition is distinctly removed both by the clause in the French treaty already quoted and by a provision in the Russian treaty that the Chinese Government will allow missionaries to propagate Christianity, "et ne leur empêchera pas de circuler dans l'intérieur de l'empire." But there is a wide difference between this and the clause interpolated in the Convention of Peking; nor is it too much to say that the irritation caused by claims now advanced, aggravated by the pretensions to a Protectorate over their converts which the missionaries evolved out of the phrase enjoining toleration, were largely responsible for the outbreaks that culminated in the Massacre of Tientsin. The correspondence between Lord Clarendon and Sir Rutherford Alcock in 1869-70 * proves that the English Government was not then disposed to support its subjects in claims that "rested on no solid foundation, but on an interpolation of words in the Chinese version of the French Treaty." What their French brethren enjoyed could not, however, be denied them. And so—the Chinese Government not protesting because it feared to protest—a conditional right was allowed to grow up: missionaries † being allowed to claim privileges from which merchants are specifically debarred—until a situation has been created upon which Admiral Richards, who was commanding our fleet in China, during the recent troubles, comments in the following terms:—

"It seems to be the special aim of the Missionary Societies to establish themselves outside treaty limits; and, having done so, they are not prepared to take the risks which they voluntarily incur, but, on the contrary, are loudest in their clamor for gunboats, as their contributions to the Shanghai press sufficiently demonstrate. . . .

"It appears to be necessary, after the lessons taught by these occurrences, that some understanding should be arrived at with regard to missionaries in China outside treaty

limits. . . . It seems altogether unreasonable that the Societies should exercise absolute freedom in going where they please, and then that their agents should look to Her Majesty's Government for protection." *

And as an instance in point, Admiral Richards appends the following letter, written by the Rev. W. E. Macklin to the Commander of H.M.S. *Porpoise*, when the riots were at their height:—

"What is the use of sending our men-of-war to ports like Wuhu, with only a small official? Why not bring a few gunboats to Nan-king, and order the Viceroy to stop the nonsense in his district, with the alternative of a bombardment? I hope your august presence may scare the evil elements in Wuhu. Our Government should get some good magic lanterns, and show some of the pictures of gunboats to the officials. It might save the expense of manufacturing war-vessels." †

While, "to give an idea of the way in which compromising disasters may be said to be courted at times," he quotes a report by H.M. Consul at Kiukiang, that twenty-two female missionaries attached to the China Inland Mission, whom he had requested to come down from an inland town to the Treaty port for safety, were removed back again by the Rev. Mr. McCarthy, who believed apparently that "strenuous prayer would have met the exigencies of the situation."

It will probably startle many good people who fancy they are sending out a message of peace and goodwill to be told, further, that "every missionary in every part of China is an element of more or less disturbance in the civil affairs of his neighborhood." ‡ Yet that is a missionary's verdict on the situation. A similar thought finds expression in Lord Salisbury's and Archbishop Benson's more guarded advice "to refrain from interfering in disputes between Christian and non-Christian natives;" and a high Chinese official at a Treaty Port, when asked for his opinion and advice after the recent riots, said the best remedial measure he could suggest was "that missionaries should cease to favor their converts in lawsuits with non-Christians." In this, as in many other cases, Roman missionaries are certainly the most aggressive, though Protestants

* *China*, No. 9, of 1870.

† There is not space to examine, here, the arrangement made by the French Legation in 1864-5 for the vesting of proprietary rights in the native *Chrétiens* rather than the priest—an arrangement which has not apparently commended itself to, or has, at any rate, not been made available by, Protestant Missions.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LVIII., No. 3.

* *China* (Blue Book), No. 1, of 1892, pp. 24, 25.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *The Riots and their Lesson*. By the Rev. J. Ross. *Chinese Recorder*, August, 1892. Also in *N. C. Herald*, November 11, 1892.

are by no means free from blame. Reference has been made to the "pretension to protect" into which they promptly expanded the "prohibition to persecute;" and the Chinese have persistently alleged that disreputable persons enrolled themselves as nominal converts in order to profit by this protection. A serious outbreak which occurred in Szechuen just before the Tientsin massacre was ascribed to a dispute between avowed Christians and non-Christians, in which the (local) French priest not only advocated the part of the former but went the length of putting arms in their hands. The propensity to meddle in temporal affairs was one of the points most strongly urged by the Tsungli Yamen during the negotiations which followed that terrible outbreak; and I have heard British officials of long experience in China give it as their opinion that it is one of the most pregnant causes of official ill-will. In case of trouble, a Mandarin's duty is, of course, to maintain order at all hazards and with all the resources at his command; but there is a deal of human nature even in a Mandarin; and an official who has found himself between the devil of foreign interference and the deep sea of popular irritation would be more than human if he felt kindly disposed toward those responsible for the worry.

There can be equally little doubt that a fertile cause of anger is hinted at in Lord Salisbury's final recommendation "that any endeavors to combat heathen prejudices and superstitions should be conducted with moderation and judgment, and that care should be taken to avoid giving legitimate cause for offence." There are large-minded missionaries in whose case that advice is unnecessary; for the simple reason that experience, education, and sympathetic perception lead them to act in accordance with the precept. There is, unfortunately, equally little doubt that it is too often infringed. It is a missionary * who admits that "standing with his back toward the tablet of Confucius, he (or his companion) addressed the assembled crowd on the folly and sin of worshipping deceased men—perhaps the first Gospel discourse ever delivered in a temple dedicated to the worship of the Chinese sage." It may strike some as strange

that he has not also to admit that he and his companions were summarily ejected, as would presumably happen if a Chinese, *mutatis mutandis*, could be found to act similarly in St. Paul's. Another prominent missionary * lately suggested that the foreign Governments should insist on a certain clause relating to Christianity being expunged from the Sacred Edict, which is much as though France and Turkey were to insist that all reference to heretics and infidels should be struck out of our own liturgy. It is gratifying to have to add that this proposal evoked a rebuff from Bishop Moule,† who remarked that, from the Confucian point of view, Christianity must be unorthodox, but that he could hardly imagine dissuasion from what the compiler (the Emperor Kanghi) believed to be erroneous expressed in less passionate language. People who are sensitive to a word against Christianity should reflect that the Chinese may equally object to denunciation of their cult. When foreigners exact the destruction of anti-Christian literature, Literati retaliate by advising that foreigners should be requested to burn Christian books and "to study, instead, the sixteen chapters of the sacred exhortation of Yung-Cheng."‡ When foreigners protest indignantly against the foul misrepresentations of themselves and their creed contained in such books as *A Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrine*, Literati are found to retaliate that the books circulated by missionaries "tend to insubordination and anarchy and destruction of morality," that they "bark at departed ancestors" and declare that Chinese reverence has no real existence.§ Missionaries are naturally shocked by the blasphemous play upon the word "*chu*," and by the revolting caricatures in which they are so foully libelled. They would do well, however, to reflect that a Literate who is publicly told that "Confucius is in hell" || may feel tempted to retaliate in cartoons implying an opposite supposition. The Gothic chief who was well-nigh yielding to the preachers of his day was deterred by their assertion that his ancestors were in a similar predicament!

* N. C. Herald, December 29, 1891, and January 8, 1892.

† Ibid, February 19, 1892.

‡ China, No. 1, of 1892, pp. 134-5.

§ Ibid, 171-3.

|| Vide *The Riots and their Lessons*, *ut supra*.

* *Social Life of the Chinese*. Rev. Justus Doolittle. Ch. 14.

The Chinese have a culture of their own—defective in our eyes—but of which they are intensely proud; they have classics which are remarkable at least for purity of thought and expression, and a cult which has served as a bond of social union through untold generations. It is fantastic to suppose that the first European commissioned to inform them that Christianity is superior to Confucianism will be able to convince them that his impression must necessarily be true. Only men of wide education and large sympathies, men sufficiently acquainted with the religious thought of China to understand what they are attacking, and sufficiently familiar with a difficult language to preach and argue without exciting ridicule, can hope to gain a sympathetic hearing. The day is past when public opinion approved proselytism by force; yet it is little less to insist that missionaries of every conceivable sect and of every intellectual standard shall be allowed to establish themselves and their buildings in the teeth of popular dislike, and to expect that that dislike can be hindered from finding expression. Not that the Chinese Government can escape responsibility. If they have not dared to protest against an aggressive propaganda, neither have they exhausted themselves in efforts to restrain their own people. They have allowed, and possibly connived at, tacit opposition, where they would have done better to protest before the world against undue encroachment. Missionaries have been right, too, in accusing the local officials of worse than indifference to the gathering storm. There is intense anti-foreign feeling in Hunan, and the Mandarins have not, probably, much control over the turbulent population of that famous province. But in Hupeh, Kiangse, and Anhwei, where the late outbreaks occurred, they have the ascendant; and if it had not been for an apathy partly characteristic, but arising partly, no doubt, from tacit sympathy, the rioters would probably not have gone the lengths they did. For the officials can exercise much influence in the beginning, though they have little force available to quell a riot that has once begun. Broadly speaking, sympathy with the actual rioting lessens, doubtless, as responsibility increases, and is more than counterbalanced by fear of diplomatic trouble in the Cabinet itself. Guilty of *fainéantise* the

latter undoubtedly is; and it is difficult to acquit it of unwillingness as well as weakness in its failure to punish adequately men to whom the responsibility for disseminating hostile literature has been brought home. But the trouble, anxiety, and diplomatic embarrassment which riots superinduce, forbid the assumption that it is willing to see them occur. The object-lesson afforded by France, where the Government has difficulty in holding the balance between Anti-clericals and the Church, notwithstanding that the religion is national and all concerned are French, may suggest that Chinese statesmen (themselves unconvinced of its value) have perhaps real difficulty in compelling respect for teachers of an alien creed whose ritual gives rise to so much misconception, and whose bearing constantly shocks the inmost sentiments of those whom they would convert. So far as religion pure and simple is concerned, the Chinese are by no means intolerant. There stands out, as Mr. Michie remarks, against any such assumption, "the broad historical fact of toleration and patronage extended to Buddhism and Mahomedanism. The presumption is, therefore, irresistibly strong that it is not the religious, but some other element in the missionary propaganda, that rouses their passions." What that element is—or rather what those elements are—may be gathered in some measure from the foregoing pages. It has, of course, been impossible to deal with every aspect of the question within the space at my disposal. I have been concerned only to exhibit certain forces that are continually operating to produce outbreaks which periodically disturb our political relations with the Chinese; and enough has probably been said to justify the conclusion that the whole question of missionary intercourse needs regulation and revision. "You may burn"—writes Mr. Ross, and remember it is a missionary who is speaking—"you may burn every pamphlet written against the foreigner and his religion; you may imprison and bamboo every writer of every sentence inciting to outrage upon the foreigner; you may get the Chinese Government to levy a heavy tax on the neighborhood where any outrage has taken place; you may make them pay tenfold for every damage done; but you do not touch the root of the whole mischief. You are sim-

ply sitting on the safety-valve; and if your remedies go no further, then I fear you are preparing for an outburst among the populace which will be more drastic than anything that has yet occurred."*

Writing three-and-twenty years ago, Sir Rutherford Alcock, then Her Majesty's Minister at Peking, closed an exhaustive review† of the missionary question by remarking that it seriously affected the interests of commerce, inasmuch as it tended to excite jealousies, fears, enmities, and popular tumults, which are inimical to interests that depend largely on peace and goodwill. Missionaries protested that the use of force in connection with their operations was abhorrent to their feelings; but "all experience in China tends to establish the fact that moral

means are only effective in so far as they are sustained by force, latent or manifest, and known to be available to give them efficiency. . . . In the end, therefore, the whole question of missionary difficulties resolves itself into one of peace or war; the propagation of Christianity under the menace of forcible intervention by one or more foreign Powers against the will of the rulers, in defiance of the moral convictions of the nation—that is to say, of all who form public opinion . . . of the millions who are saturated with a knowledge of the history and philosophy of their country." Much has happened since then, but events seem to prove that, in this respect at least, the situation has not greatly changed.—*Fortnightly Review*.

THE BRAIN OF WOMEN.

BY PROFESSOR LUDWIG BUCHNER.

AMONG the many reasons which have been put forward to justify the legal and social oppression of man by his fellow man the well-known argument of the *relative smallness of the female brain as compared to that of the male* plays a prominent part. If we observe, so say the opponents of women, that as a general rule woman has always taken and still takes a subordinate position as compared to man in the affairs of the world, we shall see that the cause is not only her inferior *bodily* strength, but also her lower moral and intellectual powers, the explanation of which lies in the simple and natural fact that the brain, the organ of thought and feeling, is, as scientists tell us, smaller and less developed in the woman than in the man. Thus does Nature show to us the limits which she has placed on the action of women.

To be sure, such an argument as this follows a purely materialistic line of thought in that it assumes exact proportion to exist between size of brain and brain power, and has therefore a strange sound from the lips of those who claim to uphold an ideal. But as far as it goes the basis of this argument must be held to be fully proved, and there can be no serious

doubt of the fact that the average size of the female brain is considerably less than that of the male. Numberless anatomical measurements and careful weighings have established this result. Professor Huschke, in his celebrated work, *Skull, Brain, and Mind in Men and Animals* (Jena, 1854), estimates the mean contents of the skull of the male European at 1,446 cubic centimetres, those of the female European at 1,226, so that, according to him, a difference exists between the sexes of no less than 220 cubic centimetres per individual.

Again, the surface measurements of the male and female skulls yielded, on comparison, similar results. Thirty-two men's skulls measured by Huschke yielded on the expansion of their surface areas of from 52,000 to 68,000 millimetres each, while twenty-two women's skulls gave similarly areas of from 45,000 to 57,000 millimetres apiece, no single one among them attaining to 60,000. On an average Huschke estimates the area in men at 59,000, in women at 53,000 millimetres.

Dr. Weissbach (*Anthropological Record*, III., p. 50), in his measurements of German skulls, gives the proportion of the cubic contents of the female skull to the male as 878 to 1,000. In weight, according to Professor H. Bischoff's testimony, the male brain is on an average 134

* *Chinese Recorder*, *ut supra*.

† *China*, No. 9, of 1870.

grammes heavier than the female, while the French savant, Topinand, places this difference at 200 grammes, and the estimates of Wagner, Huschke, Kranse, and Vany between 117 and 172 grammes. In space this would about equal the contents of a good-sized coffee cup.

The celebrated brain investigator, Professor Meynert, considers the relative weight of the male brain to the female brain to be about as 100 to 90, and that the brain of a man attains its greatest weight in the fourth and that of a woman in the fifth decade.

The French *savant* Professor Paul Brocar estimates the relative weights between the ages of thirty and forty as 110 or 111 to 100. From Professor Rudolf Wagner's numerous experiments it appears that the female brain is on an average a ninth to a tenth part lighter than the male. The same author found the convolutions of the female brain fewer, as a rule, than those of the male, and states that in its general construction the brain of the female adult remains more or less in an embryotic and childish stage.

Huschke, supported by similar observations, is even ungallant enough to say, "Woman is a constantly growing child, and in the brain, as in so many other parts of her body, she conforms to her childish type."

A circumstance must here be pointed out which is of the highest importance in considering the whole question, and to which we shall return later on, viz., that though the singular difference between the weights of the male and female brains is distinctly observable in all races, yet the higher in culture the race the more perceptible does this difference appear, so that the male European surpasses the female European in size of skull far more than the negro the negress, or the male Australian the female Australian, or the male gypsy the female gypsy, and so on. Thus, while, for example, according to a table published by Le Bon in 1879, the Indian pariah surpassed his wife as to the contents of their skulls by only 81 cubic centimetres, between two modern Parisians this difference amounted to no less than 222 cubic centimetres. Between these two extremes the difference rises in the following order:—Australians, Polynesians, Austrians, Ancient Egyptians, Chinese, Italians, Merovingians (French and German). If we should now judge

by these estimates and observations only, without taking further considerations under our notice, it would indeed seem that the fair sex must make but a poor show in the matter of brains. But here two other circumstances come into view which are calculated to modify our verdict very considerably. The first of these is that the mere size or material expansion of an organ, particularly of the brain, gives us, when considered alone, only a very imperfect measure of its capacity for action; particularly is this so in the case of the intellectual value of an individual brain. No one—to take an obvious instance—will maintain that a person with a large nose can smell better and more delicately than one with a small nose; rather the opposite of this will often be the case. Similarly a relatively small and light brain, if its construction be a superior one, or if the development of those parts which solely or specially appertain to the intelligence is greater, can accomplish far more than a larger brain which lacks these advantages. And this is so particularly when these intellectual parts have been satisfactorily developed by education and use. Nor would it be difficult to show by the examples afforded by individuals and nations in antiquity and in our own times that the small heads have not only equalled the big ones in their intellectual performances, but have often far surpassed them. And from an anatomical point of view this is the less to be wondered at since the gray substance of the brain, in which alone psychical processes are brought about, presents in the smallest brain—by means of the vast quantities of nerve globules and cells which it contains—a more than sufficient basis for the most extreme psychical activity. In accordance with this fact, investigation has shown that the difference in size between the brains of two men of great gifts may be greater than that between the normal man and the normal woman. Thus the brain of the great French anatomist Cuvier was one of the heaviest known to us, and weighed 1,829 grammes, or nearly 4 lbs., while that of the distinguished mineralogist Hausmann weighed but 1,226 grammes, or less than 2½ lbs. Now, between Cuvier and Hausmann a whole sequence of celebrated men can be inserted the weights of whose brains vary between these extremes. Thus it is clear that the intellectual value of the indi-

vidual brain does not depend on its mere bulk or expansion, but quite as much or more on a whole multitude of other causes or conditions which up to the present have eluded our knowledge, and which may be chiefly connected with the inner formation, etc., of the organ or with the degree of cultivation of single parts thereof, especially those appertaining to the intelligence.

On the other hand, it must be conceded that up to the present we know of nothing to justify the assumption that there is anything in this inner formation of the female brain to make good its deficiency in size as compared to the male.

As it is, neither chemical nor physical examination of the brain by means of the microscope has yet shown any real difference between the two species of brain by which any distinction of functional capacity can be discovered; and although Professor G. B. Brühl, of Vienna, is wrong when, in his well-known paper on "Woman's Brain, Woman's Mind, Woman's Rights," he thinks that from this fact he may deduce the absolute intellectual equality of the sexes, for our means of investigation are at present too imperfect to admit of so hasty a conclusion, yet there is not the shadow of a foundation for the assumption that the female brain is superior to the male by reason of its more delicate formation. Nor have the advocates of women the least cause to boast of such a possibility because another and more important circumstance comes to their aid, which makes the supposed superiority in the size of the masculine brain appear quite irrelevant and insignificant. For not only the positive size of the brain, but also its relative size—i.e., its size in relation to the body, must be considered. Were this not the case, then man, for example, would stand below the elephant and the whale, as the brains of these animals far exceed his in positive size, while as regards relative size of brain they stand so far below him that while the brain of the elephant amounts to the five hundredth and that of the whale to the three thousandth part of the bodily weight of these animals respectively, the brain of man varies from one thirty-fifth to one thirty-seventh of his entire weight. The anatomical explanation of this is very simple, and lies in the fact that the brain is not only the organ of the intellectual or mental functions, but also

the centre of the whole nervous system, and that, consequently, in its bulk it must stand in a fixed proportion to the magnitude of the nerve cords that converge into it from all parts of the body. If we apply these rules to the matter under consideration we shall now find that our conclusions will have undergone a considerable change. In general, and of course with many exceptions,* the whole structure of woman is smaller and prettier than that of man, and in particular her delicate nervous system is in keeping with her inferior muscular development, as would be seen could averages of the size of these organs in both sexes be obtained. Hence it follows that the brain of woman, considered as a nerve centre, will also be less in bulk than that of man. As a matter of fact, when the relative and not the positive weight of the female brain is considered, we find (according to several investigators) that it is not less, but even slightly greater, than that of man. In other words, woman, taking into consideration her smaller bodily size, possesses not only not less but probably even more brain than man!

If, then, we are to judge only from the facts already stated, woman must be the equal, if not the superior, of man in mental powers.

But now, as truth is in all things the first object, notwithstanding our kindly sentiments toward the fairer sex we must not conceal the fact that this superiority is again cancelled by another great disadvantage of the female brain as compared to the male—a disadvantage which is caused by the singular proportions of its shape. The development of the female brain is less as regards the front portion and greater as regards the top or crown portion in comparison to the male; so that if one looks at a woman's skull from above, its outline approximates to that of two cones with blunted ends joined together at their bases, whereas a man's skull presents, from a similar point of view, an egg-like appearance, expanding in the middle and toward the back. It is also a matter of daily observation that, as a rule, the forehead and temples are lower in women than

* The exceptions occur mainly among the lower ranks and agricultural classes, in which the women perform hard bodily labor, and also in the lower human races, among whom the physical differences between the sexes are reduced to a minimum.

in men ; and so much is this the case that a low forehead is regarded as a requisite of female beauty, while a broad arched forehead is held to be an adornment to man.

The ancient Greeks as a rule gave their female statues relatively small foreheads, while, on the contrary, their representations of male figures, such as, for example, the Zeus of Phidias, exhibit the powerful forehead of intellectual ascendancy. The strange fashion of wearing a "fringe" of hair over the brows is undoubtedly an endeavor to make the forehead appear as low as possible. This experience in daily life, which, like all rules, is of course limited by numerous exceptions, receives full confirmation from the observations made by Professor Huschke in brain and skull measurements, according to which the frontal bone of the female is less in area than that of the male by 2,000 millimetres, while on the other hand the female crown bones possess a proportionate advantage over the male. In the course of his measurements of the brains of Germans, who of all nations possess the largest crowns, Huschke found that in the male this part measured on an average 262 cubic centimetres, in the female only 208. He also ascertained that the "middle brain" containing the "central gray" matter, which has no connection with the intelligence, and which in animals shows a considerable proportionate development compared to the rest of the brain, exhibits also in women a noticeable preponderance. In other words, the woman possesses more crown and middle brain, the man more forehead and thinking brain. Now, according to many scientific experiments, the details of which would lead us too far from our subject, it may be assumed that the front sections of the brain are the seat of the intelligence and higher intellectual activities, that is, the powers of imagination, proportion, and determination, while the *locus operandi* of the emotions and feelings lies in the crown or hinder part. Huschke sums up the result of his investigations as follows : The character of the masculine disposition is shown in the frontal bone, that of the feminine in the crown bones, and the woman whose physical character is a continuation of the child-like has remained a child in respect to her brain also, though more exceptions to the rule occur than in the case of the ordinary

child, and though the difference between the crown and frontal bones is not marked in the same degree. This scientific result is therefore in accord with the view held for so many thousand years, that the woman is designed more for the life of the heart and of the emotions than for that of the mind and the higher intellectual activities.

It is well known that logic or exact reasoning is not regarded as the strongest side of a woman's mind, and that brilliant performances of women in the domain of strict science are of exceptional occurrence. Daily experience teaches that woman can only with difficulty be convinced by reason when the result to be obtained is one which runs counter to her feelings ; she always, as one says, comes back to the point she started from and sees things more from a subjective than from an objective point of view. Therefore, argue the opponents of women, she is naturally kept in an inferior position in the legal and social scale, and it would be useless as well as foolish to struggle against such a law of nature. At the first glance this inference appears to be a very just one, and, as must be conceded, it has a certain amount of abiding force. But on the other hand it has many weak points, and should rightly be used only as an explanation and not as a justification of the present position of the sex. For in the first place the bare fact of the weaker nature (mental or bodily) of the woman cannot palliate her oppression. Have we not long ago condemned the old law of slavery which said that the weaker was rightly oppressed because of his weakness ? Do we not in this more enlightened age strive more and more for the realization of the idea of the universal right to equality possessed by all mankind without distinction of color, condition or sex ? And would it not be absurd to omit this last consideration when the differences in mental ability between individual men are often far greater than those between man and woman ? Further, it must not be forgotten that the proof of the foregoing explanation of the functions of the various portions of the brain is by no means as yet included among the dogmas of physiological science, but is regarded by many authorities as at least doubtful. Yet it has on the one hand so great an intrinsic probability, and on the other it agrees so well

with the experiences of history and of everyday life, that it requires an exceptionally strong consideration to blunt the edge of the deduction formed from it. This consideration we find in the influence which cultivation and education exercise on the quality and capacities of the intellectual organ—an influence which is so considerable as to raise the question whether this singular defect in the female brain should not be regarded as the effect rather than the cause of her oppressed condition. We know that the human brain is a very receptive organ, that it easily changes its equilibrium, and that by use, as is the case with the muscles, it gains in strength and capacity, increasing even in bulk, while disuse on the other hand entails on it a loss of development. Sufficient evidence of this is furnished by comparing the brains of learned men, and of the educated classes generally, with those of the lower orders, or of the civilized races generally with those of savages, and it is well exemplified by the gradual increase referred to by Professor Brokas in the size of the skulls of the Parisian population in the course of the last century. Seeming exceptions to this rule are easily explained by the fact that people with a large or talented brain have often not availed themselves of the same, whereas persons with comparatively fewer powers have understood how to make a better use of them by means of industry and the faculty of concentration—or else because a comparatively small brain may have been more finely developed in the regions of the intellectual powers than a large one. If, therefore, we consider that for thousands of years woman, by reason of her subordinate social position, has received a different education from her male partner, and that her training has led her in quite another direction to his; that her horizon has been a more limited one, and moreover that every encouragement has been given to the play of her emotions at the expense of the activity of her intellect; and finally that this state of affairs has lasted from generation to generation, through mother to daughter, then I say, that from a physiological standpoint there should be no cause for surprise that as a result woman should differ from man, that her brain should be inferior to his, or at any rate should have developed on different lines, or, as we have been saying, that the fore

part of her brain should be found to be proportionately less and the hind part proportionately greater than that of man.

The opponents of the movement in favor of women always point out, as did even the otherwise unprejudiced Darwin, that the intellectual achievements of individual women do not amount to a very imposing total and that a comparison between the sexes on this point must result very unfavorably to the women. This is certainly the case, and in face of their social disadvantages it would be wonderful if it were otherwise. But we cannot here deduce the conclusion that nature has for all time ordained the intellectual inferiority of woman, but rather must we agree that nature has not here spoken at all, especially when we call to mind the important circumstance mentioned at the beginning of this article, that the lower in the scale of civilization that we look, the less do we find the difference in size between the brains of the sexes. This circumstance proves that in civilization and not in nature must lie the causes for this difference in development. The fact is that in the process of the division of labor which has ever accompanied the march of civilization, the intellectual or brain work has fallen more and more to the lot of the man, while the sphere of woman has been confined more and more to the domestic duties. It may in all probability be assumed that the difference which has been found to lie, in this respect, between the higher and lower human races will be found to be still further accentuated between the upper and lower classes in civilized society, though no examination of this point has as yet been made; because the man whose labor is entirely physical generally works under the same conditions as the woman.

It must indeed be conceded that nature, while not directly causing the defect in woman's brain, is not entirely free from responsibility in the matter, since from the very beginning she has confided to the female sex the duties of maternity and the care of the young, while giving to man that sphere of active labor from which woman has almost always been of necessity excluded. Nor has this fact tended to improve the brain of woman, as the exercise of the domestic duties calls for a less active exercise of the mind than the more exacting labors of man, who has to strain

every nerve to find sustenance for himself and for all his weaker dependants in the struggle for existence—a process which by natural selection is bound to tell in favor of the race. On the other hand, again, among the higher classes in the United States, particularly in the New England States, the remarkable fact has been experienced that the women frequently excel their husbands in general culture and the higher intellectual powers, since side by side with their domestic occupations they retain sufficient leisure to pursue their intellectual education, whereas the men in the absorbing rush of American business life deteriorate in intellect and are able to continue their education only in a superficial manner. Hence it appears that the causes which suffice as a rule to exercise an impeding influence on the progress of the intellect of women will be found to have a similar effect when acting on men, and that not in the sex of the former, as sex, must the cause of her intellectual inferiority be sought; indeed, all that has been said about the defective brain formation of women is not meant as a hard and fast rule for all women, but as a statement of a general fact, nor is there a lack of individual women who possess an intelligence far transcending the average of their more favorably circumstanced rivals.

History and daily experience combine to confirm this and to show that there does not exist a sphere of intellectual activity in which individual women might not achieve the highest excellence. And similarly there have been and still exist men who might have been, and would be, better employed in sitting over the distaff or knitting-needle than in attending the stern councils of men or in attempting the administration of affairs which require energy and discernment. Notwithstanding all this, the meanest of men, be he laborer or be he domestic, whose whole life has been spent in mere physical labor, stands, by virtue merely of his sex, as to his legal, political, and even social relations, far higher than the most intelligent and accomplished of women, and by exercising his right to vote takes his share in the government of his country while the whole female portion of the population has to remain dumb. To the great majority of women, who are accustomed to seek their whole life's happiness within the family circle, this state of affairs is in no way irk-

some, nor do they desire any change in their condition. Quite otherwise is it with those women—and their number is considerable—who by force of intellect or character tower above the general level of their sex, and who feel the need of being, to others as to themselves, something more than a tolerably useful piece of family furniture.

Now, the fact that such women as these, even should they be but exceptions, should be hindered from the free development and use of their powers solely by reason of their sex, and in compliance with political and social tradition, appears to the writer of this article a matter of great injustice; and he is therefore in favor of the introduction of absolutely free competition between the sexes and of the removal of all the bars which at present restrain woman in her industrial life or in her legal, political, and social relations. He also holds that the dangers, arising from such an emancipation, which are apprehended to the dignity and modesty of the sex are for the most part chimerical, and the dangers from the competition not even worth mentioning. For if, as so many men maintain, woman by reason of her weaker nature cannot stand the strain of competition with man, then surely the latter has little to fear from such competition; but if, as we have seen history has shown frequently, woman can stand the strain of the competition, and if so many highly cultivated nations think women capable of ruling a State and therefore admit them to the succession, why should they not also be allowed to aspire to less elevated positions of responsibility?

In every way it would be a benefit to society were the many powers of woman which now lie fallow permitted to be cultivated and to bring forth their proper fruits. How many women, both in and out of the married state, now wear out their hearts in bitterness for want of some useful occupation, and how many of the complaints of hysteria and weak nerves owe their origin, at least in part, to this cause!

Women so placed either fall into a state of fatal idleness which is considered a necessity to the social position, or seek compensation in gossip, in love of dress, and in toying with all sorts of unworthy objects; and in four-fifths or even nine-tenths of women find a sufficient object in life in the management of their own house-

holds, yet there still remains a large fraction of the sex for whom this is not the case.

There are, as it is well known, in nearly all European States more women than men, an excess which on the whole is estimated at one million. To this we must add the increasing difficulty of material existence, the continual augmentation of the unmarried state, and the strain on the fathers of families owing to their having to bear the entire burden of the support of their children, so that, as far as we can see, the number of unmarried women will be ever on the increase. What, then, is to become of these? Or of those deprived of the husbands who now maintain them? Or, finally, of those women who are animated by the higher intellectual activities and who prefer personal independence, even if accompanied by work, to the chances of an uncertain marriage? Certainly no one can deny that the unmarried state is ten times preferable to a bad or uncertain marriage; yet at present, owing to the iron hand of prejudice, there are few things so much dreaded by girls as the prospect of remaining unmarried.

In America it is otherwise, and in Boston particularly there are said to be not a few women who systematically shun marriage in order to enhance the value of their powers in all kinds of useful employments. Nor is the struggle which American women wage with singular energy and persistence for their emancipation, but particu-

larly for the acquisition of a right to the political vote, in any way so ridiculous as European papers love to picture it; for with what feelings must a highly educated American woman view a dirty, idiotic negro shoeblick or street sweeper going to the ballot-box while she herself remains excluded from it? All this with us, too, would be quite different if woman were given the opportunity to develop her powers and capacities in all directions just as freely as the man; if the path to independence were not closed to her, either by custom, usage, or statute; if she stood face to face with man as his equal by right and by birth. Then, too, that boundless fear of the unmarried state, which at present still dominates the natures of our women, and which has already done so much mischief, would disappear. The number, too, of unhappy marriages would diminish, and with it amelioration in the conjugal life and the general welfare altogether be brought about. Liberty, spontaneity, and complete reciprocity form the vital air in which happy marriages and those promoting the general good alone can thrive.

We close this article with the impressive words of Radenhausen, the spirited writer of *Isis*:—

"We men must accustom ourselves to look on and to treat the female half of mankind not as a means for the use and enjoyment of men, but as *our equals*."—*New Review*.

THE ORIGIN, PERPETUATION AND DECADENCE OF SUPERNATURALISM.

BY R. G. M. BROWNE.

To summon before one's imagination one of the most intellectual and cultivated aristocrats of the earth, and to place by his side an unmitigated savage, tattooed it may be, and besmeared with the blood of an adversary on whom he and other members of his tribe had just been feasting, and to say to the pair, "Behold, each of you, one who is a brother in all those respects which constitute a common humanity," might seem to be the suggestion of a most incongruous picture, and to be offering violence to that widely subsisting creed which avers that mankind has fallen from his original high estate of virtue and light

to a condition of utter degradation and degeneracy.

Yet, there can hardly be a doubt that whether in the case of the uttermost of primitive savagery, or in that of people of the most refined and educated, and advanced in civilized attainments, the elements of which the human character consists are everywhere and in all times the same.

It is not intended to venture here upon an excursion into those regions of natural history wherein the biologist and the comparative anatomist specially disport themselves, nor, indeed, is it meant that the

specialism of the expert in any department of science shall be invoked. The aim is rather to take a brief superficial survey of the circumstances, under which superstitions become engendered, and to glance at some of the influences which tend to their perpetuation for a greater or less length of time, and to their ultimate decadence after they have reached their culmination.

It may appear somewhat paradoxical to suggest, but it would nevertheless seem to be the case, that superstition originates in or is bred of that elementary faculty—namely, the intellectual faculty—which is characteristic alike of the savage and untutored man, who is a sort of early link in the ever-lengthening chain of knowledge, experience, and reason whereof the development of the human race may be said to consist; the educated and civilized man being regardable as an advanced link in that chain.

The creed concerning the "fall of man," seems to illustrate that suggestion. On the one hand, it is the basis of the religious theory of nearly every section of so-called Christendom at the present day; that is to say, it is part of the formulated theological belief of nations who regard themselves as being at the very forefront of reasoning and enlightened progress. It is founded upon the idea that man, as originally appearing upon the earth, was righteous, pure, sinless; that, through yielding, in the exercise of the freewill with which he had been endowed, to the suggestions of an evil personality of vast power, who was antagonistic to Almighty, Omniscient, and All-Beneficent Goodness, he fell from that condition, in disobeying a Divine command which had been laid upon him; that Divine Goodness was displeased on account of his disobedience; and that all the pain and misery which exists among mankind is an inheritance consequent upon that original misdemeanor.

In effect that creed would seem to be the exact equivalent and counterpart of the reasoned deduction or inference at which, from actual experience, wild or primitive man arrives, concerning the displeasure with which he conceives that the powers ruling over the world regard mankind.

In the exercise of his intellectual faculty, wild or primitive man reasons from experience—namely, from premises or circumstances which present themselves to his

childish and untutored mind through or by means of his bodily senses, that the powers or forces of nature whence calamities ensue, are wielded by, or are themselves, personal actualities. "What can be plainer," he would seem to ask, "than that the lightning is hurled by, or is itself, a living spirit? Behold how silently and instantaneously it cleaves its way through the forest and leaves a charred track of ruin behind it, destroying, mayhap, crops and cattle and human beings on its ruthless way! Hark how it is followed by an appalling voice of anger! Are not those dread effects unmistakable tokens that the human race has somehow provoked the wrath of the Powers which rule over the earth?"

Why those powers should entertain such displeasure he does not inquire, and not having arrived at a stage of civilization which includes the practice of goodwill and beneficence rather than of vengeance and cruelty, he applies the angry manifestations to himself, and, by their action upon his imagination, and upon the germs of reason and of conscience wherewith he is primarily endowed, he is led to infer that the deities require sacrifice and suffering on the part of man, in order that their wrath may be appeased and their judgment averted. In his dealings with his fellow-men he knows that the goodwill, or seeming goodwill, of those who are stronger than himself may be purchased by gifts that are valuable—whether consisting of food, of slaves, of wives, or of any other commodity—and judging of the personalities whose powers are so manifestly great, by the only standard with which he is acquainted, he conceives that such offerings cannot but be acceptable to them.

In the exercise of the very same faculties which the wild man possesses in a vastly less degree, educated, civilized man draws like conclusions from what he actually witnesses. He points to the savagery of the savage—to his cannibalism, to his demoniacal rites, to his numberless vices, and to his unutterably ruthless cruelties; and he asks, "Did man come thus into existence from the hand of the Almighty?" He refers to the state of moral degradation which marks the great majority of so-called civilized populations—to the murders, the debaucheries, the trained criminalism, which are everywhere rampant; to the countless wrongs which

the weak and defenceless are ever suffering at the hands of their stronger but heartless fellow-creatures; to the vast amount of mental and physical agony produced by the abounding wickedness around and in the midst of us; to the bodily deformities, the mental aberrations, and the innumerable ills which children inherit through the sins of their parents—and he triumphantly inquires, "Are not all those iniquitous results so many irrefutable proofs that a great moral calamity has happened to mankind, who has obviously exercised for evil and not for good, the freewill with which he is to a certain extent endowed? Is it not plain that the heart of man is only evil continually and desperately wicked, and that the effects of savagery and of sin which we behold in such glaring and hideous forms, are effects of degradation and degeneracy in the human race, and are only to be accounted for by 'supernatural' explanations?"

Whether one accepts or rejects either the savage man's or the civilized man's interpretations concerning certain of the facts of nature which are obvious to every one of us, this at least seems indisputable; first, that both interpretations originate in or are bred of the intellectual faculty which is common alike to primitive and to civilized man; next, that they are both fostered by another elementary characteristic which is also common to both of them—that is to say, by the imagination—and lastly that both are of a character which is commonly termed supernatural. Both interpretations are arrived at, logically or illogically as the case may be, by an intellectual process. To some of us the more modern interpretations may be deemed the least reasonable, and as being nothing more or less than a survival of the superstitious idea which primitive barbaric folk entertained upon the subject. But, however that may be, the creed in either view of it, has for a concomitant the self-refutatory conception of there being somewhere or somehow—but where or how does not appear to have been ever suggested or defined—a mystical arrangement or constitution of things which is not natural, which is not part of the material and physical universe, and which, in fact, is termed supernatural.

It doubtless seems undeniable that there exist forces or influences or powers which are not visible to mortal sight, nor imme-

diately appreciable by mortal touch. Every phenomenon we behold can be regarded in no other sense than as being due to forces, powers, or influences of that character. Gravitation, heat and its converse, the infinitely numerous and infinitely various chemical and other physical effects in the midst and by virtue of which we live, appear to be only so many illustrations of the fact that every effect and phenomenon is somehow brought about by an invisible and intangible *causa causans*. What is the phenomenon of life with its will-power and its various moral qualities but something of that kind? In no case has the existence or thing or whatever it may be, which is called "life," ever been tracked; in no case has it been followed after the organism in which it seemed to dwell has ceased to be animated by it. But that it or any other invisible and intangible existence, or force or power or influence, or whatever it may be, is "supernatural" in the sense of its not being a part of, and not being comprehended within "universal nature," seems to be an absolutely contradictory and impossible supposition. And what is superstition but a belief in existences or circumstances which are imaginary only, and are altogether inconsistent with, and are in no wise attested by any of the phenomena we behold, or are in any way practically acquainted with?

What is all the imagery of ancient Egypt and of other Eastern nations but an attempt to depict in material form the conceptions of supernatural beings who are nothing more nor less than the imagination-offspring of the people who conceived them, the forms themselves being the more grotesque and distorted and unmeaning, according as the folk in whose childish fancies they originated were nearer to a state of aboriginal and primitive wildness.

If, therefore, that which is usually termed "supernatural" is definable as comprising supposed existences or beings or circumstances which are not part of that wondrous organization called "universal nature," it is as plainly and self-evidently a contradiction as would be the averment that a whole does not comprise all its parts, or that infinite space has its outside boundaries. Obviously it is nothing more nor less than imaginary; it is altogether illogical; it has no warrant in the facts and

phenomena of Nature; in short, it is superstition.

Among all aboriginal people supernatural beliefs appear to be entertained as to nearly every matter connected with human interests or wherein human thought is occupied, and it does not seem difficult to trace the manner of such beliefs being engendered and perpetuated. From earliest infancy it is only through personal agency that a child's wants are supplied, that its actions are controlled, and that it experiences pleasant or painful impressions. Its nurture and bringing up are entirely a matter of personal ministrations, and it is in connection with personal instrumentality that its imagination chiefly comes into play while its physical powers are developing. The imagination is a lively faculty whose functions would seem to precede, in exercise, those of reason. But while the child's reasoning faculty becomes more and more a governing power over its actions so far as they are employed in the attainment of what is desired, yet its imagination is but in a small degree subject to the restraints and tests of practical and educated reason. If, therefore, its thoughts are in any way awakened either by what it sees of, or by what it is taught respecting, conspicuous natural events, such as the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and stars, it seems natural that in the child's mind the idea of personality should become more and more associated with their occurrence as their immediately producing cause, while the child is growing up and gradually entering into those maturer conditions of aboriginal life which are controlled by notions comprising little else than mere methodized expansions of childish wild and fantastic beliefs.

The parents of a family are, of course, its natural rulers, and the elder offspring as naturally become the leaders of the younger. Somewhat similarly do those individuals become the leaders of a tribe or community who possess the greatest strength and capability, or whose aspirations and ambitions prompt them to assume or accept the control.

Hence, through what may be deemed a course of natural development, chiefs and counsellors come or are urged to the front in aboriginal "society." While they are themselves imbued with the supernatural ideas wherein they have been brought up, they experimentally, though more or less

unconsciously, find their government of the folk over whom they hold sway, to be the more easily maintained by the aid and encouragement of ideas which, though in part suggested by what is seen by bodily vision, are in reality the product of imagination. Thus, also, professors of various sorts find their vocation, and in that way would it seem probable that the medicine-man, the rain-doctor, the fetish-worker, and necromancers in general become established institutions.

Such would appear to be some of the circumstances in which the elements of the human character, as primarily constituted, are brought into exercise. Having regard to the nature of those circumstances, it is hardly strange that superstition, idolatry, and poetical phantasy should be the striking features of ethnological evolution which history shows them to have been.

But history further indicates that with the development of reason, aided by experience, those component parts of the human entity which are definable as conscience, and good-will or beneficence, become increasingly operative in our race. Hence from time to time there appear upon the historical stage of uncivilized life, men who were in advance of their neighbors in keenness of intelligence, and in whom a sense of right and wrong, and an approximately reasonable conception of natural equity had been awakened. Such men, therefore, become opposed to the hideous and cruel practices of aboriginal fanaticism. They may have come upon the scene through their own force of character, or by means of individual or general immigration, or they may have been the cause or the product of conquest, or of the blending of tribes or communities. In virtue of their ability, and of their power to discern opportunity, and of their promptness in utilizing it, they become recognized leaders of thought and of action. A disturbance of many existing personal interests and of private conscience, with that dissension and strife which always ensue whenever ancient "authoritative" beliefs are seriously threatened or attacked, would seem to be some of the inevitable consequences of the leadership of such persons.

In the case of a character of that type becoming a leader in any primeval or other community, he is not likely to be alone in the advanced views he advocates. His

ascendency being due to the following he commands, he may be regarded as a public exponent of a more or less numerous party of sympathizers, over whom he has exercised an educating influence. Having acquired corrected ideas of the operations of physical nature, he does not attribute thunder and lightning and other ordinary phenomena to the anger of evil spirits, whose wrath can only be appeased by painful sacrifice on the part of mankind. But yet it may be that the repulsive practices and absurd superstitions of the savage society above which he has risen have begotten in him a conviction that the human race has become hopelessly wicked by a process of degeneracy. He does not seem to have yet arrived at the perception of its being from a primitive state of wildness that the human character is developed by experience, and by the ever-increasing exercise of reason and conscience. Hence, in explaining any great catastrophe of former times, the tradition of which has come down to his own days, he misinterprets its meaning. He refers, for instance, the occurrence of a great traditional flood, which involved the destruction of entire villages, with numberless human lives, such as would ensue from a continuance of torrential rain, and the bursting asunder of valley barriers, behind which vast deposits of water had accumulated, to a judgment of the Almighty which the wickedness of the world had provoked. The fabulous suggestion accompanying the tradition of a few righteous folk having been miraculously saved out of the general havoc, commends itself to his sympathies. It may be, that in putting the legend into the concrete form of a narrative, he deals with it in the belief that it is in part or altogether an historical fact, or it may be that he makes use of it as an allegory to convey what he deems to be a useful lesson for the ignorant folk upon whom he is desirous of exercising a civilizing influence.

In like manner it does not seem difficult to understand that the tradition of any great calamity by fire having occurred, should be similarly interpreted in pre-scientific times; and that the effects of an enormous volcanic outburst should, when after a long interval it came to be ultimately formulated into narrative, be described as having been preternaturally occasioned. The utter destruction of the cities and peoples and vegetation of a dis-

trict by the raining down of brimstone and fire, and by other concomitants of volcanic disturbance, is a sufficiently awe-inspiring event in any period of the world's history. And that, whether at the time of its taking place or subsequently after passing as a tradition through the credulous minds of two or three or more generations of mankind, it should be interpreted by its ancient narrator as only so far supernatural that it was a visitation from the Almighty and a judgment upon the people for their wickedness, at least shows that superstitious beliefs as to the causation of the phenomena of nature had become to a great extent modified among a considerable section of the human race.

Of course every one knows that belief in supernaturalism has not been limited to the earlier ages of the world's history, and that it is not only among the primitive races of the present day that it still maintains its ground. In some form or another it appears to be, as it ever has been, common to all people. While, however, so many folk still seem to delight in wandering in the great jungle of superstition, yet among a large proportion of the human race the wild and primitive belief, that the heavenly powers which are supposed to rule over the earth are inimical to mankind, has been superseded by more generous ideas.

Interpreting, as Judaic monotheism seems to have done, the works of nature as indicating a single originating cause in their unity of design, and as proclaiming that cause to be Almighty, and All-beneficent, by the manner in which the operations of nature appear to work together and to produce their infinitude of effects, that conception of Godhead is in striking contrast to aboriginal beliefs in cruel deities, and to the mythological systems which included a multitude of divine powers such as were and still are expressed in the grotesque imagery of some nations. Ever since it emerged and separated itself from pagan polytheism, it has quietly held its own amid every political vicissitude and in spite of rancorous persecution. And although in travelling westward according to its wont, civilization brought with it the polytheism of the East which, by a seemingly inevitable process of development, resolved itself into the more spiritualized mythology which found portrayal in the sublime poetical phantasies

and in the exquisite sculpture of Greece and Rome, yet, polytheism, after traveling westward and becoming modified in its aspects, ultimately came to decay. And when the monotheistic faith, in the person of its great exponent, took upon itself proselytizing functions and found advanced expression in the original utterances of Christianity and became extensively developed, it entered into serious conflict with materialistic and polytheistic conceptions and finally overcame them. Thus history shows that notwithstanding the very general and pertinacious tendency or proclivity of the human mind toward preternatural conceptions, the intellectual or scientific religious faith which is based upon the facts of nature, and which endeavors to interpret those facts by the aid and in the light of reason and its included quality or function which goes by the name of common sense, at length supplants creeds which are principally or largely made up of superstitions or supernatural ideas.

It is obviously only after the ideas constituting any branch of religious belief have become established in the minds of a people that they can be said to have acquired the condition or status of a settled "creed." During the growth of the creed, and while it has been expanding and becoming permanently systematized, the authority of its leading professors will have gradually increased, and numerous kinds of material interests in connection with its practices will have been developed. Where it has become incorporated with the State, or where it exists as an exclusively legalized creed, its influence will also, of course, be of vast efficacy in connection with the wielding of the political power; and the greater the degree in which the characteristics of human personality are a part of the attributes of its deities, the greater will be its effect upon the minds and affections of the people.

It does not seem difficult to understand how, under such circumstances, it comes about that ancient superstitions should be perpetuated as they are. A more or less established doctrinal theory of religion; a few docile and zealous believers to constitute its nucleus of vitality; a great multitude of indifferent believers, whose conformity involves no exertion of thought, and no violence to conscience; and numerous trade and other material interests in

connection with its practices, are matters which together form a strong barrier against the invasion of new ideas, and against the ingress of any light that is calculated to break up time-honored phantasms.

If, ever since human societies somehow came into existence, man has entertained superstitious beliefs which are the more grotesque and unreasonable, according to the nearness of the believers to a state of aboriginal or primitive wildness, it would seem as if the religious instinct were one with which man is endowed by nature. It appears impossible, indeed, for beings who are in possession of intellectual faculties, including the power of reasoning and the exercise of imagination, to avoid thinking of, or surmising about, and comparing the facts which influence them at every instant of their lives, and are always being manifested around them. If that is so, the "evolution of religion," which Professor Caird has so succinctly traced in his series of interesting lectures upon the subject under that specific title, and which has been so extensively dealt with by Professor Max Müller and other learned writers, would seem to be an effect which is concurrent with ethnological evolution generally. It would, in fact, appear to be a part of the process of development which the human race undergoes, beginning with its aboriginal state of wildness, and thence advancing in civilization through an ever-increasing acquirement of knowledge and experience—through an ever-growing intellectual capability, and through a continual strengthening of will power in connection with moral perceptions and conscientious restraints.

To the extent that a creed consists of supernatural elements, its gradual decadence seems to be inevitable as soon as independent and educated thought obtains a substantial footing among the people who profess it. If it be a State-professed or a State-legalized creed it will of course hold its own with considerable vigor and tenacity long after it has begun to be assailed by those leaders of progress who have emancipated themselves from the fetters of superstition, and who have the sympathies of a large section of the community. If the enthusiasm of the innovators is such as to prompt them to become proselytizers, the more earnest devotees of the creed will regard them as sacrilegious enemies of the

faith, and if their proselytism assumes such serious proportions as to threaten the stability of existing institutions it will not be long ere authority steps in to arrest their incendiary efforts by the use of the secular arm.

In all descriptions of government, religion and politics are necessarily more or less intermingled. Even if there be no professed union in that respect, it is obvious that it is by their religious motives and impulses that a large proportion of the members of a community are influenced in the exercise of their political and secular functions. And when it is in considerable numbers that the people come to see an established creed to be mainly fallacious, and to be utilized in connection with the wielding of political power, and in furtherance of personal ambitions, and of class and family privilege, and that it consequently operates in restraint of private right and liberty, then does it become a necessity on the part of the upholders of the creed to meet attempted proselytism with persecution, and in order to extirpate heresy the only alternative at their disposal is the total annihilation of the heretics. History emphatically attests how, both in ancient and modern times, the shedding of blood has been resorted to as the means of extinguishing theological heresy, and how, in very many of the civil strifes and international feuds which have occurred, the religious element as a motive, or as an instrument, has exercised an enormous influence.

Supernaturalism, as defined in the sense above suggested, is still extant. It continues to hold an important place in the various creeds of the present time. It doubtless affords great consolation, comfort, and peace, to a vast number of folk, who in many respects may be regarded as the salt of the earth, while they take their full share in the many conflicting activities which constitute the great battle of life. But the fact of there being a large array of the most estimable, sincere, and educated persons, whose creed is largely made up of supernatural ideas, does not make ideas which are nothing more than suggestions of the imagination, the more real or logical. And a truth, whether moral, religious or physical, is as much a truth at the present day, and at least as manifestly discernible, as it was some four or five thousand years or more ago, when

as it is supposed, it was miraculously whispered into the ears or as miraculously revealed to the minds of certain holy men, who may have put it into the form of writing which the great multitude of the folk of their own times did not understand, or from whose oral teaching it may have been derived, and similarly transmitted from generation to generation until it finally came to be inscribed on some material so as to become a record of a less variable character than that which depended for its accurate transmission upon the memory of those who passed it on.

It is obvious that a moral or religious truth can be none the more and none the less a truth because a written definition or delineation of it was inscribed in some ancient manuscript which passed from time to time through the hands of individuals or communities who were more or less interested in perpetuating certain specific interpretations of what had been thus written.

The discernment of truths of that character would seem, in fact, to be a part of the moral and intellectual development of the human race; or, in other words, a part of civilization itself, which takes place in virtue of a natural law. Yet, in the instances of some nations, it may be plainly seen to how great an extent the operation of that law may be retarded and interfered with by the fostered and persistent disinclination of the people to entertain and to be actuated by new ideas. Whenever it is that the great bulk of the people remain in a stereotyped condition of childishness in respect to their theories, and to the practices and habits of their daily lives, there it is also to be seen that the grosser forms of supernaturalism and superstition are retained in connection with the government and general institutions of the country.

On the one hand it seems obvious that the only means whereby civilization can be effected, and that its advance can take place, is by the independent exercise of conscientious and more or less scientific or educated thought. On the other hand, both history and common-sense analysis of the circumstances upon which human progress depends, appear to point emphatically to the conclusion that supernaturalism in religious beliefs is an element of weakness and mischief in connection with a nation's domestic life, and in regard to its politi-

cal functions and its international relationships.

As a matter of fact, the question as to the condition in which our race first appeared upon the earth, whether in that of primitive wildness whence it has advanced to higher conditions, or in a state of approximate perfection from which it has degenerated, is a strictly scientific question, which is only determinable as only all scientific questions are determinable, by means of actually existing evidence, and of reasonable and consistent inferences from it.

If supernaturalism or preternaturalism is thus synonymous with superstition; if it is definable as consisting of mere mental delusions; as being the product of false reasoning concerning the facts and phenomena of nature; as comprising fallacious and imaginary inferences from those facts and phenomena; where, then, are to be found, and what are the circumstances

and premises whence can be formulated a reasonable and reliable creed, such as will tend to satisfy the craving of the human mind and the human heart after an approximately immaculate epitome of religious faith?

The discarding of supernatural or superstitious ideas such as the so-called "origin of evil," "the fall of man," and the spiritual assaults of an unseen but almost omnipotent arch enemy, and of unseen evil spirits generally, does not seem to involve the necessity of giving up such theological or spiritual conceptions and beliefs as are consistent with reason and common sense and are more or less certainly indicated by, and are in harmony with, the manifold seen and unseen facts of nature in the midst of which we pass the time of our sojourning upon the earth.—*Westminster Review*.

SPRING IN THE WOODS OF VALOIS.

BY MADAME DARMESTETER.

I.

"THE prettiest April still wears a wreath of frost!" So runs the old French proverb, proved false for once by this mirific April of 1893. By the end of the month the heat was parched as midsummer; roses and strawberries were hawked through the streets of Paris; the dust was a moving sepulchre, and the sunshine a burden. We longed for a plunge into the great forests of the North. Oh for the cool grass and the deep glades of woods that have been woods for these two thousand years! 'Tis something to feel one's self in a Gaulish forest—though I can remember older trees in Warwickshire. But here at least, from father to son, the succession is imposing, and the delicate silver birches of Chantilly spring from ancestors which may have shadowed Pharamond.

At Chantilly the train put us down on the edge of the forest. I always wish that we had stayed there, in the little station inn, where, the air is still sweet with may and lilies. But we drove on to the town, with its neat, expensive hotels, its rows of training stables, and parched, oblong race-

course. 'Tis a true French village, with its one endless winding street, pearl-gray, with a castle at the end of it. From almost any point of it you see, beyond the houses, a glint of waters and hear a rustle of woods. There is an indescribable airy lightness about the place, about the fresh fine air, the loose sand of the soil, the thin green boughs of silver birch and hornbeam, the smooth-trunked beechen glades that are never allowed to grow into great forest trees. It is with an effort of the imagination that we realize the ancient stock of this slim rustling underwood: nothing looks older than Louis Philippe. The Sylvanectes, the Gaulish foresters, have so entirely disappeared!

II.

Chantilly is the game-preserve of a hunter-prince, and everything about it is ordered for the chase. Those wide-open grassy glades studded with birch or oak-scrub are haunted by the deer; and in those thickets of golden broom the heavy does prepare their nurseries. Great, floundering, russet pheasants come flying by; at every step a hare or a white-tailed rabbit starts up out of the grass. At the fur-

ther end of the forest, there are deep, unsightly thickets of mud and thorn, left darkling amid the trim order of the place ; for the wild boar delights in them. As we walk or drive down the neat-clipped avenues of the forest, the roads appear impassable to the traveller, and we wonder at the contrast between their shoals of sand and the careful forestry that pares and cuts every wilding branch of the over-arching hornbeam roof. But the roads are bad on purpose ; every spring they are ploughed afresh, lest they lose the lightness beloved of the horseman.

Every May, a beautiful fault frustrates this skilful venery, for, thick as grass, thick and sweet, the lily of the valley springs in all the brakes and shady places. The scent of the game will not lie across these miles of blossom. The hunters are in despair, and the deer, still deafened with the winter's yelp of the hounds—the deer, who sets his back against the sturdiest oak, and butts at the pack with his antlers, who swims the lakes, and from his island refuge sells his life as hard as he can—the deer, accustomed to be always vanquished, beholds himself at last befriended by an ally more invincible than water or forest oak, by the sweet innumerable white lily, innocent as himself, that every May-time sends the huntsmen home.

The lily that saves the deer is the consolation of poor women. Every morning during the brief season of its blossom they are up before the dawn. Holding their children by the hand they are off to the innermost dells of its forest ; and before our breakfast-time they are back at the railway stations of Chantilly or Creil, laden with bunches of lilies, which they sell to the dusty passengers bound by the morning mails for London or for Brussels. Sweet flowers with the dew upon them, fragrant posies, who would not give a five-penny piece for so much beauty ? "What would you buy with your roses that is worth your roses ?" sings the Persian poet. They would know what to reply, these tired countrywomen of the Oise : new sabots for the goodman, a white communion veil for the second girl, a shawl for the old grandam, and a galette for the children's dinner ! The lilies are a harvest to them, like any other—a sweet, voluntary, unplanted harvest that comes three months before the corn is yellow.

The lilies were all out when we drove through the wood at Chantilly. I had never seen such a sight, for we had not yet visited Compiègne, where they are still more profuse and, I think, of a larger growth. In the Hay-woods in Warwickshire they grow sparsely, in timid clumps ; and how proud of them we were ! But nowhere have I seen such a sheet of any flowers as these. Anemones and tulips of Florence, tall jonquils of Orange, ye have at last a rival in the North ! The whole way to Commelle the glades were sweet with lilies.

Every traveller from Calais to Paris has marked unwitting the beauty of Commelle. You remember the view that precedes or follows (according to your direction) the little station of Orry Coye ? The rails are laid on the summit of a hill ; the train rushes through a delicate forest of birch. Suddenly we come upon a clearing, and on the one hand we see, in a wide blue vista, the slow declining valley of the Thève, placid and royal amid its mantling woods ; while, on the other side, the hill breaks in a sort of precipice, and shows, deep below, a chain of lakelets asleep amid the trees ; a turreted white castle rises out of a sedgy island, and appears the very palace of the Belle au Bois dormant. These are the Pools of Commelle—pools or lakes ? Pool is too small and lake too large for the good French word *étang*. They are considerable lakelets, some miles round, four in a row, connected each with each. They lie in a sheltered valley, almost a ravine, whose romantic character contrasts with the rest of the forest. Here the clipped and slender trees of Chantilly give place to an older and more stately vegetation. The gnarled roots of the beeches grip the sides of the hills with an amazing cordage, spreading as far over the sandy cliff as their boughs expand above. In the bottom of thecombe, one after another, lie the four sister pools. The road winds by their side through meadows of cowslips, past the bulrushes where the swan sits on her nest, and past the clear spaces of open water, where her mate swims double on the wave. The brink is brilliant with kingeup in a film of ladysmock. At the end of the last pool the ground rises toward the forest. There are some ruins ; an old gray mill rises by the weir. The swell of the land, the grace and peace of the

lake, the sedgy foreground are exquisitely tranquil. It is a picture of Vicat Cole's—*à la dixième puissance*.

We return along the other track to the Sleeping Beauty's Castle—le Château de la Reine Blanche, as the people prefer to call it. It is no castle at all, in fact, but a small hunting lodge belonging to the Prince de Joinville. A tradition runs that in 1227 the mother of St. Louis had a château here. Six hundred years later, the last of the Condés built the château of to-day, with its four white turrets, the exaggerated ogives of its windows, and its steep gray roof. 'Tis the romantic Gothic of Gautier and Victor Hugo, the Gothic of 1830, more poetic than antiquarian. For all its lack of science, there is an ancient grace about this ideal of our grandfathers, a scent, as it were, of dried rose-leaves, and a haunting, as of an old tune, "Ma Normandie," perhaps, or "Combien j'ai douce souvenance." The mill-race rushes loud under the Gothic arches. A blue lilac flowers near the hall-door. It is very silent, very peaceful, very deserted. The Castle of St. Louis would not have seemed so old-world as this.

We must make a long road home by the Table Ronde, or we shall not have seen the best of the Forest of Chantilly. There is still the village to see, and the castle, and the charming country that stretches on either side of the long village street. I remember one walk we went. A row of steps leads steeply down from the marketplace to the banks of the Nonette, which runs demurely as befits its name, between an overspanning arch of lofty poplars. They quite meet at the top above the narrow river. But the river is richer than it looks, and, as sometimes we see a meek-faced slender little woman, mother of some amazing Hebe of a beauty, so the small Nonette supplies the sources of yon great oblong sheet of artificial water, more than two miles long and eighty metres wide! A stone's-throw beyond the poplar walk, it glitters, it shines, it dazzles in the valley, visible from the windows of the castle on the hill. A bridge crosses the bright expanse, and leads to a beautiful meadow caught in between the water and the forest which rises steeply here into a long low hill. There we found a score of bloused, bareheaded workmen, lying on the grass, dreaming away their dinner hour. Chantilly is not picturesque,

but at every turn the place is full of pictures.

Before we leave, we must turn round by the castle, with its fine old gardens planted by Le Notre, its vast stables imposing as a church, its sheets of water out of which rises, elegantly turreted, the brand-new château of 1880, so reminiscent of the older castles of Touraine. For once there was an older castle here, built by Jean Bullant for Anne of Montmorency. The great Constable left the splendid palace to his son, and in 1632 Chantilly, as it stood among the waters and the gardens of Le Notre, was a thing to wonder at and envy. Here Henri, Duke of Montmorency, kept his court and filled his galleries with famous pictures. He was a great patron of the arts. His wife, the "Silvie" of the poets of her time, has left her name still, like a perfume, among the avenues and parks of Chantilly. It was a princely life; but the duke was discontented in his castle; private wealth could not console him for public woes, and he joined in the revolt of Gaston d'Orléans. He was defeated at the head of his troops, taken prisoner, and beheaded at Toulouse by order of Cardinal Richelieu. "On the scaffold," says St. Simon, "he bequeathed one of his best pictures to Richelieu, and another to my father."

The duke was a near kinsman of the Prince of Condé. Until the last, "Silvie" had believed that Condé, powerful and in the king's good graces, would intervene, and save her husband's life. To her surprise, Condé held his peace. The axe fell—and "Silvie" understood, when the king awarded the confiscated glories of Chantilly to Condé.

For a hundred and fifty years, Chantilly continued the almost royal pleasure-house, the Versailles of the Princes of Condé. Then the great Revolution razed the castle to the ground. It was not here, but some miles away—at St. Leu-Taverny—that the last Condé died in 1830. Chantilly, which had come into the family by a violent death, left it also in a sombre and mysterious fashion. The last Prince of Condé was found one morning hanged to the handle of his casement-window. The castle of Chantilly passed to the Duc d'Aumale. In 1840 he began the labor of restoring it; but the Revolution of 1848 sent him into exile, and only in 1872 was Chantilly restored to its rightful pro-

prietor. Then, like a phoenix, the new castle began to rise swiftly from its nest of ash and ruin. It is as like the castle of the Renaissance, from which it descends, as a young child is like its illustrious ancestor. 'Tis a princely and elegant palace, and we find no fault with it beyond its youth. It stands with a swan-like grace amid its waters; it holds, as in the days of Montmorency, a rare treasure of old pictures and priceless manuscripts; and so far as eye can reach from its terraces, the lands and forests are subject to its lord. Chantilly is in truth a great possession; and the Duc d'Aumale, as we know, has no sons. He has chosen the most gifted men of his country for his children, and Chantilly is bequeathed to the Institute of France. May the five Academies watch their laurels flower through many a spring before they enter into their magnificent inheritance!

III.

If the day is cold or windy, drive through the forest of Hallatte to Creil, and thence take the train to Compiègne, for there blows a stiffish breeze across the plateau of the Oise. But if mild airs and sun attend you, hire a light victoria, choose a good driver (you can get one to do the thing for five-and-thirty francs or so), and set out by Senlis and Verberie for Compiègne. 'Tis a matter of five-and-forty kilomètres; and to make the drive a success, you must stretch it a little further still, and go through the forest of Chantilly, round by St. Léonard, to Senlis. Senlis is a charming little town, perched on a hill in true mediæval fashion, and grouped in a cluster round its fine cathedral and the ruins of the castle of St. Louis (a real castle, this one—at least so much as is left of it). Half way up the hill the antique bulwarks, turned into a raised and shady walk, wear their elms and limes and beeches like flowers amid a mural crown. From this green garland the streets rise ever steeper, darker, more irregular; yet not so narrow but that here and there we spy some white half-modern house, with pots of pinks in the windows, and a garden full of flowers, which looks the natural home for some provincial heroine in a novel of Balzac's. I should like to end my days, I think, in just such a little town, to sit in my garden and receive my rare visitors under the green roof of the

lime-tree walk. The notary, the sous-préfet (is there a sous-préfet?), the curé perhaps, and some of the country neighbors would come once a week to play écarté, tric-trac and boston with each other, and chat with us in a polished little parlor, with squares of carpet in front of all the chairs. Once a week, on the afternoon consecrated by local fashion, we should walk on the rampart and meet our neighbors, talk of the crops and pull the Government to pieces (it stands a great deal of pulling!). We should shake our heads over the Conseil Municipal, but forgive the individual councillors, who are invariably amiable in private life. The terrible M. Dupont would give me a cutting of Malmaison pinks for my garden, and that breach would be healed. . . . Stop carriage! let us begin at once that peaceful imaginary comedy of old age. But ah, the little white house is already out of sight. We are in front of the shattered round towers of the thirteenth century palace, all fringed with brown wallflowers against an azure sky. We climb higher still, for see—here is the high, sunny little square where the tall cathedral stands.

Senlis cathedral is a fine ogival building, its great porches arched around with sculptured saints and prophets. There are two towers, one of them topped by a surprising steeple, a hundred feet in height, which is a landmark for all the country round. The deep porches rich in shadow, the slender lofty towers, compose an exterior altogether simple, noble, and religious. To my thinking, Senlis, like all Gothic churches, is best seen from without. Within, that bare unending height of pillar, that cold frigid solemnity, that perfume of dreary Sabbath, is less touching than the grand yet homely massiveness of Romanesque, or even than the serene placidity of the classic revival. Who, unabashed, could say his prayers in these chill Gothic houses of the Lord, built apparently for the worship of giraffes or pelicans? Oh, for the little, low-roofed chapels of St. Mark's, the unpretending grandeur of San Zenone or Sant' Ambrogio, or even the simple, pious beauty of such a Norman village church as St. Georges de Boscherville, near Rouen! Think of the quaint, sombre poetry of Notre Dame du Port at Clermont-Ferrand, or Saint Trophime at Arles; or even the elegant and holy grace of the Parisian St.

Etienne du Mont—those be the churches in which to say one's prayers. Whereas all your Northern Gothic is a marvellous poem from without, but how frigid the chill interior of those august and chilling monuments! Duty divorced from charity is not more cold; and I can easier imagine a filial and happy spirit of worship in the humblest square-towered parish church.

As it happened, we did not see the interior of Senlis at its best. The spring cleaning was in full force; the straw chairs heaped in an immense barricade by the font. In the middle of the cathedral—and really in the middle, dangling in mid-air like Socrates in his basket—an energetic charman was brushing the cobwebs from the capitals with a huge besom made of the dried leafy boughs of trees. He had been hauled up there in a sort of crate by some ingenious system of ropes and pulleys. The one solitary figure in that vast chalky interior was not unpicturesque; it was like a caricature of any picture of Mr. Orchardson's.

IV.

Senlis was the capital of our friends the Sylvanectes. Hence stretched on either hand the vast forests which even to-day are still considerable in a score of relics—the woods of Chantilly, Lys, Coye, Ermenonville, Hallatte, Compiègne, Villers-Cotterets, etc., but which in Gallo-Roman times were still one vast united breadth of forest. To-day, all round Senlis the lands are cleared, and the nearest woods, north or south, are some six miles away. We rumbled regretfully down the hill out toward the windy plains of Valois, windiest plains that ever were; bleak champaigns where the sough and rushing of the wind sounds louder than at sea. The forests of this northern plain are beautiful. O woods of Chantilly! O birchen glades of Coye! O deep and solemn vales of Compiègne, spinnies of Hallatte, and mossy pine-knolls of Villers-Cotterets, are ye not as a necklace of green emeralds upon the breast of Mother Earth? But, shorn of their trees, the plains of Oise have not the grandeur, the ample solemn roll of the plains of Seine-et-Marne. 'Tis a lean, chill, flat, and as it were an angular sort of beauty; like some thin thirteenth-century saint, divinely graceful in her robes of verdure, more graceful beneath

those plenteous folds than her better nourished sisters. But never choose her for your model of Venus Anadyomene. Leave her that imperial cloak of woods and forests.

We pass by fields of sun-smitten, withered pasture; by stretches of sad precocious corn, already in ear on its scanty span-high stems of green; by quarries and hamlets, into the deep wood of Hallatte; then forth again by more fields, ever bleaker, ever higher, till somehow suddenly we find ourselves on the steep brow of a down (they call it a mountain here, la Montagne de la Verberie), with below us, half seen through the poplar screens of the precipitous hillside, a lovely blue expanse of country with the Aisne lying across it like a scimitar of silver. Far away beyond the bridge, beyond the village in its meadows, depths of forest, blue and ever bluer, make an azure background that reaches out to Compiègne.

We dash down the hill and clatter along the sleepy pebbly village street, past the Inn full of blouses and billiards, till the trees press thicker and thicker among the lengthening shadows. The forest is full of the peculiar soft beauty that foreruns the summer dusk. These outskirts are fragrant with thorn-trees and acacia-trees. O white-flowing delicate mock-acacias, were I the king of France, I would multiply ye by all my high roads—for none is more beautiful to the eye and none is more majestic or more bountiful than you. Throughout this parched spring of 1893, when the hay is withered a span-high from the ground, your long green leaves are fodder for our cattle, most succulent and sweet. And what shall I say of your blossom—delicious to every sense—an exquisite rain of white pearls dropping fragrant perfumes from the tree, which, plucked and delicately fried in batter, make a *beignet* worthy of Lucullus? I love your black and gnarled thorny trunk, so dark in its veil of lacy green and white, and it always seems to me that the nightingale sings sweeter than elsewhere from your high and twisted branches.

Here we are still on the rim of the forest. The white may-trees still in flower grow in rounds and rings together on the broken ground studded with silver birch. They stand in the dusky summer stillness, very fair and sweet, their muslin skirts spread white under the gleam of the rising

moon. The lanky sentimental young silver birches bend their heads above them, and sigh in the breeze. We pass—and as soon as we have passed, no doubt, they clasp their fragrant partners to their glittering breasts and whirl sway in some mystic, pastoral May-dance to celebrate the spring.

But we go on, still on. The trees press closer and closer. They are now great forest-trees. The wind sighs among them in utter melancholy. Far away, here and there, a thin spectre of moonlight glides between their branches. Have you ever felt at night in some deep glade the holy horror of the forest? If not, you have no Druid and no Dryad among your ancestry. You have never felt with a shudder just how they sacrificed the victim on yonder smooth gray slab, by moonlight, to the Forest God! Think, on this very spot, the moonlight fell even as it falls to-night, among the gleaming beeches, ere ever the Romans entered Gaul. Man has never sown or reaped his harvest on this sacred soil: it is still consecrate to the God of Forests. The beech-boughs rustle immemorial secrets; the oaks shoot up their trunks of mail, like columns to support the temple roof. And there is something in the temple, something vast and nameless—something that sighs and laments and chills, superhuman or anti-human, and has no place in any of our creeds. What is it, this obscure, religious dread, this freezing of the blood and tension of the spirit, that locks us in a holy awe amid the shades of the nocturnal forest? Who knows? Perhaps a dim unconscious memory of the rites of our ancestors, Celts or Germans; a drop of the heart's blood of the Druid or the Alruna-woman, still alive in us after two thousand years. They say that children fear the dark because they are still haunted of the dread of prowling beasts, they long obscurely for the blazing camp fire which keeps the wolves and bears at bay; an old anxious forest-fear survives in them and forbids them to sleep without that bright protection. Brr . . . I wish we could see the friendly glow to-night in the wood of Compiègne!

At last, far off, there is in truth a glow as of a friendly beacon. 'Tis a blacksmith's forge, and then some straggling houses. Again a space of scantier wood, and we clatter up the streets of the outly-

ing faubourg. The streets grow steeper, the houses taller, our pace quicker and more exhilarating. And at last we draw up with a clack of the whip before the famous friendly Hôtel de la Cloche at Compiègne.

V.

The market is in full swing when we throw our shutters open in the morning, and the gay wide square is full of booths and country-people, clustered round the bronze statue of Joan of Arc. (It was here, you know, we took her—worse luck to us!—at the gate of Compiègne. But it was at Rouen she made her entry, and that exit for which, alas! we stand ashamed through history.) Nothing could look cheerfuller than the market-place this morning. It tempts us out; and then we find that we could not see the best of it from the windows. For cheek by jowl with our hotel stands the fine Hôtel de Ville, with its fretted Flemish-looking front and its tall belfry for the chimes. It was finished in 1510, when Louis XII. was king. There he rides, on the large arcade on the first story, every inch a king; but the statue is modern.

Gay, bright, with charming environs, Compiègne is a pleasant county town; but it has not that look of age, of historic continuity, which are the charm of smaller places such as Crépy and Senlis. No sign is left of the great palace of the Merovingian kings, no relic of that stalwart fortress whence are dated so many of the acts of Charles the Wise; that castle of Compiègne where, says Eustache Deschamps, "Tel froid y fait en yver que c'est raige," built against the river bridge, "le Chastel que se lance Dessus Aysne, lez le pont du rivaige." Bit by bit one discovers, lost in the modern prosperity of the place, here and there a souvenir of the more illustrious past. Certain roads in the forest were planned and laid out by Francis the First. Here and there, on the limits of the town, a towered wall rises in some private garden, and we recognize a fragment of the fortifications raised under Joan of Arc. Then there is the city gate, built by Philibert Delorme in 1552, with the initials of Henry and Diana interlaced. A few old houses still remain from the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries, and among them that "Hôtel des Rats" where Henri IV. lived with Gabrielle d'Estrées

in 1591. There are one or two old churches, too much restored. And then, of course, there is the great uninteresting palace, the very twin of the Palais Royal, which Gabriel built for Louis XV., and which we remember for the sake of the two Napoleons.

The charm, the attraction, of Compiègne is elsewhere. The forest here is beautiful as Fontainebleau. True, here are none of the wild romantic deserts, the piled crags hoary with juniper, the narrow gorges, and sudden immense vistas of Fontainebleau. The trees themselves have a different character. We find few of those great gnarled and hollow giants whose twisted arms made such uncanny shadows toward sunset in the Bas-Bréau. Here the oaks shoot up to an inconceivable height, erect and branchless, until they meet at last in a roof of verdure just tinged with April rose and gold. If Fontainebleau reminds us of a comedy of Shakespeare, Compiègne has the noble and ordered beauty, the heroic sentiment of Racine. What solemn arches and avenues of beeches; what depths of forest widening into unexpected valleys, rippling in meadow-grass, where the hamlet clusters round its ruined abbey; what magical lakes and waters interchained where the wooden hills shine bright in doubled beauty. Ah, Fontainebleau after all is a blind poet: the forest is ignorant of lake and river. But Compiègne has the Oise and the Aisne, and the Automne—Compiègne has its lakes and tarns, and pools innumerable, its seven-and-twenty limpid brooks, its wells and ripples in every valley-bottom. The loose soil, rich with this continual irrigation, teems with flowers. The seal of Solomon waves above the hosts of lily of the valley. The wood-strawberry and wild anemone enamel the grass with their pale stars. Here and there on the sandier slopes a deep carpet of bluebells, or at the water's edge a brilliant embroidery of kingcups, gives point to the sweet monotony of white and green, which vibrates from the flowers in the grass to the flowering may-bushes, to the acacias only half in blossom, and thence more faintly to the lady birch and beech with gleaming trunks and delicate foliage. White and green appear again in the wide sheets of water amid the shimmering woods. So I shall always think of the wood of Compiègne as of some paradise,

too perfect for violent hue and passionate color—some Eden haunted only by the souls of virgins, sweet with all fresh pure scents, white with white flowers, and green with the delicate trembling green of April leaves.

VI.

Where shall we go to-day? There are many lovely drives in the forest. Champ-lieu has its Roman camp, its antique theatre and temple. Morienvall its abbey church with the three Norman towers; St. Nicholas its priory, St. Pierre its ruins, St. Jean its marvellous old trees, and St. Perrine its lakes where the deer come to die. Shall I confess that we know these beauties still by rumor only? For we went first of all by the foot of Mont St. Mard to the hamlet of the old mill and round the lakes of La Rouillie to Pierrefonds. And on the morrow, when we set out for Champ-lieu or St. Jean, after the first mile, we would cry to the driver, "Go back, and take us the same drive as yesterday." And so three times we drove past the Vieux Moulin.

This is a sad confession. But, reader, if ever you visit Compiègne go *last* to Pierrefonds, round by the Vieux Moulin, or, however long you stay, you will never see the rest.

VII.

Let us set out again for the Vieux Moulin! We are soon deep in woods of oak and beech. We pass the stately avenues of the Beaux Monts; a steeper height towers above us. See how wonderful is this deep green glen where the oaks rise sheer to an immeasurable height from the sheet of lily of the valley at their feet! The picturesque declivity of the dell, the beautiful growth of the trees, the whiteness and sweetness and profusion of the flowers, the something delicate, lofty and serious about this landscape, makes a rare impression amid the opulence of April. Our glade slopes downward from the base of Mont St. Mard; at its further extremity begins the valley of the Vieux Moulin.

It is a valley of meadow land beside a stream, which, thousands of years ago, must have cut the shallow gorge in which it lies. On either side rises a line of hills, not high but steep and wooded. There is just room in the valley for the small Alpine-looking hamlet and its hay-meadows.

They are full of flowers ; marsh-flowers down by the stream, with, higher up, sheets of blue sage and yellow cowslip, and here and there a taller meadow-orchid. Somewhere among the flowers, out of sight, but never out of hearing, runs the stream that feeds the mill, the Ru de Berne.

The hamlet is clustered at the nearer end, a hundred or so dark little houses, irregularly grouped round an odd little church with a wide hospitable verandah, all the way round it, and a quaint balconied spire. The houses are gay with climbing roses—out in flower, to my astonishment, on this 28th of April ; and in their little gardens the peonies are pink and crimson. It has quite the look of a Swiss hamlet ; and, if you choose, there is an "ascension" to be made ! True, the Mont St. Mard can be climbed in some three-quarters of an hour ; but none the less its summit boasts a matchless view. See, all the forest at our feet, with its abbeys and hamlets, and lakes and rivers, out to the blue plains streaked with woods, where Noyon and Soissons emerge like jewels circled in an azure setting. The view is quite as beautiful if we keep to the valley. The meadows grow lushier and sedgier, and the kingcup gives place to the bulrush, and the bulrush to the water-lily, till, behold, our meadows have changed into a lake, a chain of winding waters, in which the wooded hills are brightly mirrored. The road winds on between the wood and the water till we reach a long, slow, mild ascent, and at the top of it we find ourselves upon the outskirts of a little town. A sudden turn of the road reveals the picturesque village, scattered over several roundly swelling hills, but clustered thickliest round an abrupt and wooded cliff, steeper than the others, and surmounted by a huge mediæval fortress, one frown of battlements, turrets, and watch-towers behind its tremendous walls. Below the castle and the rock, and in the depth of the valley, lies a tiny lake, quite round, girdled with quincoces and alleys of clipped lime. Far away, beyond the hills, on every side, the deep-blue forest hems us in. Except Clisson in Vendée, I can think of no little town so picturesque, so almost theatric in the perfection of its *mise en scène*. And see, the castle is quite perfect, without a scar, without a ruin ! Was the wood,

after all, an enchanted wood, as it seemed, and have we driven back five hundred years into the Valois of the fourteenth century ?

VIII.

Pierrefonds ! It was here that a sad ne'er-do-weel (for whom I have a liking none the less) built himself this famous castle in 1391. It was the wonder of the age, too strong and too near Paris for the safety of the Crown. It was dismantled in 1617 ; and all that remains of the fourteenth-century fortress is, with the foundations, one side of the keep and part of the outer wall. Its restoration, begun in 1858, was the triumph of Viollet-le-Duc. Before the decoration was finished, the last moats delved, or the palisade laid out, the Second Empire fell ; the munificent patron became an invalid in exile, and Pierrefonds was dubbed a national monument, kept from ruin, but no longer an occasion for expense. I own that I should like to have seen it before it was restored, to have seen the real, time-stained, historical document. Yet after all the world has a goodly harvest of ruins, of documents ; and there is only one such magnificent historical novel as the Castle of Pierrefonds.

The decoration is often poor and gaudy ; but architecturally Pierrefonds is a work of genius. To walk through it is to see the Middle Ages alive, and as they were : a hundred phrases of mediæval novels or poems throng our memory. See there is the great Justice Hall, built separate from the keep above the Salle des Gardes ; and these, connecting it with the outer defences, are the galleries or *loggies*, where the knights and ladies used to meet and watch the Palm Play in the court below. Here is the keep, a fortress within a fortress, with its postern on the open country. From its watch-towers, or its double row of battlements, we can study the whole system of mediæval defence. Ah, this would be the place to read some particularly exciting Chronicle of Froissart's, "The Campaign in Brittany," for instance, or one of those great Gascon sieges, full of histories of mining and counter-mining, of sudden sallies from the postern gate, of great engines, built like towers, launching stones and Greek fire, which the enemy wheels by night against the castle wall. I am deep in mediæval strategy when a timid common-sensible voice interrupts :

"Mais comment cela se peut-il que le château soit si ancien, p'isque vous me dites qu'il était construit sous le Second Empire?"

'Tis our fellow-sightseer, apparently some local tradesman, bent on holiday, and tramping the forest with his wife, their dinner in a basket and bunches of *muquets* dangling from their wrists. He is a shrewd little fellow. In his one phrase, he has summed up the sovereign objection to Pierrefonds:

"How is it possible that the castle be so ancient if, as you say, 'twas built under Napoleon III.?"

Decidedly Pierrefonds is too well restored!

IX.

The castle is the chief interest at Pierrefonds, but not the only one; for, down by the lake in the overgrown and weedy path, there stands the *Etablissement des Bains*. Here tepid sulphur springs are captured and turned to healing uses. Happy sick people, who are sent to get well in this enchanting village! How they must gossip in the lime-walk and fish in the lake, read on the castle terraces, and wander in the forest! Happy sick people, for, alas! (unless one stand in need of sulphur baths) Pierrefonds, in its lovely valley, is not, they say, a very healthy place. So, at least, from Com-

piègne, proclaims the trump of Envy: or perhaps the inparadised Pierrefondoise, eager to keep their lovely home safe from the jerry-builder, have started these vague rumors of influenza, of languor, of rheumatism. 'Tis a wise ruse, a weapon of defence against the Parisian—a sort of sepia shot forth to protect the natural beauty of the woods against the fate of Asnières.

There are three courses open to the visitor to Pierrefonds. He may stay there, and that would certainly be the pleasantest course. Or he may take the train, and after a little more than half an hour arrive at Villers-Cotterets, where he will sleep, reserving for the morrow the lovely drive through the forest to Vaumoise, and the visit to the quaint old high-lying town of Crépy-en-Valois, whence the train will take him on to Paris. Crépy is a dear old town. No one would think that such a dull disastrous treaty once was signed there. The road that slopes down from Crépy to the plain is full of a romantic, almost an Umbrian picturesqueness. We drove there once, more than a year ago, and visited the knolly forest full of moss and pines. But we have never seen Villers-Cotterets; for when we were at Pierrefonds we followed the third and worst course open to us: we drove back to Compiègne, and thence we took the train direct to Paris.—*Contemporary Review*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of William and Mary College, Virginia—whose charter was granted February 8th, 1693, by King William and Queen Mary—took place at Williamsburg on June 21st. The "Free Schoole and Colledge" at what was then known as the Middle Plantation was one of the earliest great institutions of learning in the New World, and many of the most distinguished statesmen of American history were there educated. The college had for some time been in decline, and, indeed, became extinct, but some years ago it rose again, and is now flourishing under the presidency of Dr. Lyon Tyler, son of a former President of the United States. This bicentennial occasion was celebrated with a poem by Mr. Charles W. Coleman, an oration by Mr. Allen Watts, and other addresses, besides festivities.—*Athenæum*.

THE trial of A. H. Smith, the forger of the spurious manuscripts which caused so much stir in Scotland, has resulted in his being sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.

BLUNDERS.—Miss A. C. Graham has taken a prize offered by the *University Correspondent* for the best collection of pupils' blunders. She vouches for them all as literal copies of the originals, and explains that she was led to set about their collection by reading one day the surprising statement that "Iliad and Odessæ translated Euripides." The *Youth's Companion* gives a few of the choicest gems of her collection:—Esau was a man who wrote fables and who sold the copyright to a publisher for a bottle of potash.—The Jews believed in the Synagogue and had their Sunday on a Saturday, but the Samaritans believed in the Church of England and worshipped in

groves of oak ; therefore the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans.—Titus was a Roman Emperor—Supposed to have written the Epistle to the Hebrews—his other name was Oates.—Oliver Cromwell was a man who was put in prison for his interference in Ireland. When he was in prison he wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress" and married a lady called Mrs. O'Shea.—Perkin Warbeck raised a rebellion in the reign of Henry VIII. He said he was the son of a prince, but he was really the son of respectable people.—The heart is a comical shaped bag. The heart is divided into several parts by a fleshy partition. These parts are called right artillery, left artillery, and so forth. The function of the heart is between the lungs. The work of the heart is to repair the different organs in about half a minute.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER has been entrusted with the task of writing a biography of the late Edwin Booth. There will be a special edition, containing portraits of the actor in the principal characters in which he used to appear.

MR. F. VON WENCKSTERN, assistant librarian to the Japan Society, is engaged upon the compilation of a Japanese Bibliography from 1859 to 1893, in continuation of the Bibliography of Pagés. He has already collected and classified several thousand titles.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH will have two stories running serially in a few months' time, one in the *Pall Mall Budget* and one in *Scribner's*.

THE series of the "Story of the Nations" is being translated into the Marathi and Gujarati vernaculars. The volumes on Egypt, Carthage, Persia, and Turkey have already appeared. The work has been undertaken by the tutor of the son of the Gaikwar of Baroda at the expense of the State.

WE understand that Mr. Alfred Austin has disposed of the *National Review* to Mr. Leo Maxse, and that Mr. Earl Hodgson, to whose able editing the *Review* has latterly owed much, will retire from it. The next number will contain a short story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

MR. BELFORT BAX is at work upon a history of the social side of the Reformation in Germany. The work will be in three volumes : the first dealing with the general conditions of the period and with the earlier symptoms

of social upheaval, the second with the great Peasant Rising of 1525, and the third with the rise and progress of the Anabaptists down to their final defeat at Münster in 1534. Each volume will have an independent interest, and the first will be published early in October. The work is, so far as we are aware, the first comprehensive sketch of this side of the Reformation history in English.

DR. Y. SARRUF, the editor of *Al-Mukattaf*, has just arrived in London, after having made a tour of the principal cities of Europe. From this country he will proceed to Chicago. Dr. Sarruf is also joint editor and proprietor of the daily *Al-Mokattam*, which is considered to be the leading native newspaper in Egypt, as *Al-Mukattaf* is the leading scientific and literary monthly. This periodical, founded about twenty years ago, was the first to introduce the latest developments of Western thought and achievement to the Arabic-speaking world.

FRENCH SPELLING REFORM.—The French Academy has at length given its assent to a scheme for the reform of French spelling [says a *Daily News* telegram]. The Duc d'Aumale was in favor of the old spelling, M. Gréard (Rector of the University) in favor of the new. The new rules of spelling will shortly appear in a booklet issued by the Academy with accompanying commentaries. Among the new alterations submitted to public approval are the suppression of the hyphen in compound words, and the reduction to symmetry of regular plurals. The addition of the "s" is to be henceforth the uniform sign of this number. Thus voices will be spelled "vois" instead of "voix." "Paragraph" will become in the plural "alinea" instead of as now "alinea."

OBITUARY.]

PROFESSOR HENRY NETTLESHIP.—We greatly regret to announce the death, on Monday, July 10th, of Henry Nettleship, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. The cause of death was typhoid fever, from which he had been suffering for three months, the symptoms throughout having been unusually severe. He has succumbed less than eleven months after the terrible death of his brother, Richard Lewis Nettleship, who perished of exhaustion during a storm on Mont Blanc on August 25th, last ; and thus, within a year, the University of Oxford has lost two of the most distinguished of her sons, and a

remarkable family two of its most eminent members. Henry Nettleship's public lectures on classical subjects, such as that on the "Ancient Lives of Vergil," were models of scholarly learning and clear expression; his more private work with his pupils was very fruitful; and, above all, by years of elaborate philological and literary research he laid the foundations of a great Latin Dictionary which—it may be hoped at no distant day—the University Press is to publish. It is matter for infinite regret that so valuable a life should have been cut off in its prime; and this regret will be felt with increased poignancy by Professor Nettleship's private friends, to whom he was endeared by a remarkable affectionateness of disposition and sweetness of manner.—*Public Opinion.*

GUY DE MAUPASSANT.—In Henri Guy de Maupassant, who died on July 6th, at the early age of forty-three, as the *Times* Paris correspondent announced by telegraph, France has lost a brilliant member of that special school of imaginative writers which is at once her glory and her shame. M. de Maupassant was born of an ancient and noble Norman house in 1850. As a young man he entered a Government office and at first pursued literature in a more or less furtive and irregular fashion. Soon, however, he fell under the influence of Flaubert, and resolved to devote himself exclusively to fiction. The astonishing fertility with which he threw off his highly polished gems may be gauged by the fact that the thirty volumes which he produced in the eleven years of his literary life are mainly composed of such tales. Most of these stories first appeared in the *feuilletons* of Paris newspapers, and the fact that they were written in all the hurry inseparable from newspaper work renders the perfection of form which they invariably possess little short of marvelous. Immediately after his first success M. de Maupassant brought out a volume of verse, as is the usual custom of youthful French prose writers. This was followed by "La Maison Tellier," in 1881, and "Mademoiselle Fifi" in the succeeding year. Next came "Contes de la Bécasse," and "Une Vie," in 1883. The last named book was more ambitious, at all events in length, than most of the author's efforts. It proved too deeply saturated in pessimistic lubricity and its circulation on the railway book-stalls was forbidden. Yet a third volume, "Clair de Lune," which

has reached several editions, saw the light the same year. A sketch of a trip to Algeria appeared in 1884, together with the volume of stories, "Les Sœurs Rondoli." The series continued practically without intermission, until the health of the author finally broke down a couple of years ago. The distressing circumstances under which the catastrophe occurred will be fresh in the recollection of our readers. Incessant and relentless mental toil brought on nervous exhaustion, and to banish the depression which he experienced and stimulate the flagging brain to one more effort, M. de Maupassant had recourse to the treacherous aid of opiates. At last the restless brain gave way, and the brilliant author finished his short and feverish spell of life a secluded invalid.

MISCELLANY.

WOMEN AS JOURNALISTS.—It was inevitable that women should take to journalism as a profession, and therefore it was inevitable that some of the heaviest and most grievous burdens of that profession should fall upon their shoulders. What else could be expected? They had received the education of the other sex, and, with the exception of journalism and medicine—if, indeed, the life of a doctor can yet be said to be open to them—they were debarred from following the careers to which a man's education leads. Whatever may be possible in America, an Englishwoman cannot become a clergyman or a barrister, a soldier or a sailor, even though she pass triumphantly all the tests and examinations which those professions exact. Consciousness of her newly acquired faculties, and sometimes a dire necessity, have driven her into the one field open to her to dispute with man for its rewards. Men may look at her askance, and her fellow-women regard her with suspicion, but she fights bravely on, turning her very disadvantages into advantages, ousting selfish man by her superior power of self-sacrifice, and converting her own manifest weakness into strength. Why should not a woman become journalist? asks common-sense. What more suitable occupation could she find than to fill in her idle hours at home by writing for the papers, and supplying the same with the products of her lighter fancies, or the outcome of the sweet reasonableness and dainty logic that is so characteristic of her sex? Unfortunately, in the new division of labor, it is not

the lighter and more pleasant toil that has fallen to a woman's lot. As a rule, she sues for employment in *formâ pauperis*; not in the strength of her superior capacity for the task, but because she must have some task, and because she is willing to take anything that is given her, however burdensome and ill-paid. In fact, she is willing to undersell her male competitor—and, under the circumstances, who shall blame her? But the natural result is that she thereby undertakes the most disagreeable and thankless of the labors which are entailed by a journalist's life. A weekly contemporary the other day contained a contribution from a lady journalist who, without complaining, gave an amusing sketch of the drawbacks of her profession. She at once illustrated the hardness of the toil and her own unfitness for it. "There are days in the life of a lady journalist," she said, "when she flies from house to house, and has little time for solid nourishment, and she principally subsists on a cup of tea and a cucumber sandwich, with an occasional ice for a change." There is something delightfully feminine about this peculiar diet. Who but a woman would choose a cucumber sandwich or an ice to sustain her through a day's hard work? And how long does she suppose she will be able to stand the strain upon that unsubstantial food? It is to be hoped that she is not married, and does not attempt to feed a husband in the same airy fashion, or he might well echo the words of the poet:—

"Ah me, ah me! what dainty food
My love does live upon!"

It is, perhaps, in this respect also that she not unsuccessfully competes with the male person for her employer's favor. Man, however industrious, will not willingly go without his food and some at least of his creature-comforts; while a woman is more than willing to sacrifice everything, even her afternoon tea. When once she has conceived the idea of working hard, she shows the most reckless disregard of her comfort, her health, her sleep, her personal appearance. A reporter's life is by no means an easy one; for a woman it is doubly hard; and for a woman who fancies that she can do without everything it must be simply destructive. Undoubtedly a good many of them do presume upon that privilege, and do much hurt to their sex in so doing. However much one may shrink from the idea of women journeying at all in the rough battle of life on equal terms with men,

if they do join the fight, it must and can only be on equal terms, and they must try to imagine that the shelter of their sex does not protect them, and therefore refrain from exposing themselves in positions which the prudent man avoids. It is impossible not to feel the fullest sympathy with their eager anxiety to find employment and not to admire their dauntless courage in facing the obstacles that confront them, or to fail in recognizing their success; but it is also impossible not to deplore the necessity which has brought them into the field at all. However, there they are, armed with their pens, and ready for the fray; and the generous man will not only wish them well, but will do his best to assist them. Indeed, as it is, their worst enemies are to be found in their own ranks; and perhaps the worst of them is the woman who demands special consideration as a woman's right. Whether it be in her search for employment or in the exercise of her employment, this good lady does much discredit to her sister journalists by trading on the privileges of her sex. Another and perhaps more formidable danger is a spirit of self-denial carried beyond all bounds, and an almost perverse determination to sacrifice themselves to their work. It is not at all a matter of surprise that the lady journalist should fly from place to place on the strength of an occasional ice and a cucumber sandwich; that is precisely the kind of diet which one would have fancied for her. Somebody once remarked that women, if they were left to themselves, would subsist entirely on cake, and there was more than a grain of truth in the exaggeration.—*Spectator*.

THE AFGHAN'S VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.—I have often repeated a story (which, although true to the very letter, has always excited an incredulous smile among my American and English friends) which illustrates the very slight value which an Afghan places upon human life. On one occasion among my guests was an Afghan chieftain from Kunar with a large retinue of servants. As my custom was, I invited the chief and his party to an evening entertainment in my library. I showed him a magic lantern; I explained to him the movements of the magnet. I sent shocks of galvanism through his stalwart frame; I illustrated and explained the method of the telegraph. The chieftain and his servants were all deeply interested. When the entertain-

ment was over, the chief dismissed his servants and sought a private interview with me in my study. Drawing his chair near to mine, in a confidential mood, he said: "Sir, it is very evident that you are a man of science, an alchemist, and a medicine man of high attainments. May I inquire if you have a poison which, if administered, will take effect about a week or ten days afterward?" I replied, "I have no such poison, but may I ask for what purpose you want it?" Drawing his chair still closer to mine, he, in a low whisper, said, "I want to take the life of my enemy." I sprang from my chair with indignation, and exclaimed: "It is very evident that you do not understand the work and office of a Christian minister. I am not here to take life, but to save it." "Don't get angry, Padre Sahib," he said, placing his hand gently upon my shoulder. "If you will only sit down quietly and listen patiently to my story, I will tell you the circumstances under which I want that poison; and then, after all, you will see that I am not the villain you take me for." "I am open to conviction," I said; "proceed with your story."

He then related as follows: "Some time ago a mortal feud existed between myself and the chief of a rival tribe. For many years this man sought my life; but he never found me alone, nor could he seize me unguarded and unarmed. But one summer's night, when we were all sleeping in our beds in the open court facing my house, this man crept stealthily to my cot, and, raising his dagger, plunged it violently through the quilt under which he thought I was sleeping. It so happened that I was not sleeping in my cot that night, but my beloved child, a little maid of ten years, was. The villain's knife had pierced the heart of my favorite child! I sought revenge. I pursued the man over hill and dale, by night and by day, but I could not catch him. But one evening, when I was in my chamber alone, he came to me unarmed, and, casting his turban at my feet, begged that I would spare his life. The sight of my enemy, who was in our country esteemed a warrior of renown, pleading at my feet, touched my heart, and I forgave him. But," he continued, heaving a deep, heavy sigh, "an Afghan never forgives. And when I saw you do those wonderful things, and felt those strange shocks of lightning pass through the nerves and sinews of my body, I thought to myself, this man is a man of science, and if he could give

me a poison which I could put in the food of my enemy when I entertain him as my guest, and which would take effect a week or ten days afterward, so that I never could be suspected, then I could take the life of the murderer of my beloved child, and yet keep my word and pass as a man of honor among my own people."

This story is perfectly true, and it illustrates that strange contradiction of character, that admixture of base treachery and impulsive sense of honor with low meanness and great personal bravery which, all combined, form that strange complexity of the Afghan character which is utterly beyond the comprehension of an Occidental mind. It perplexes the English ruler as well as the Christian missionary.—*Thomas D. Hughes, in the Independent.*

A RIDE ON A COWCATCHER.—Before leaving Vancouver we had secured a permit to ride on the cowcatcher. There had been some difficulty in getting it, as the officials of the Canadian Pacific had rather discouraged the idea, and had tried hard to persuade us that all purposes would be answered by our riding with the engine driver; but then they were obliged to allow that the scenery could be seen very much better from the front of the engine—that, given a strong head, the ride on a cowcatcher was delightful, and that several ladies had done it already. What other ladies had done we felt sure we could do too, and so eventually we received our permit. It desired the engine driver to let us ride in front of the engine between certain named stations, and it stated that we did so at our own risk and peril, and took all danger to life or limb on ourselves. It was rather an alarmingly worded missive, but we saw that the order was numbered far on into the second hundred, so that we were far from being the first people who had treated themselves to these risks and danger, and we took comfort accordingly. We found the cowcatcher to be an arrangement of iron bars fastened to the lower part of the front of the engine, and so making a kind of blunt plough in front of it; and it was on the engine with our feet dangling over this cowcatcher that we found we were to sit, one on each side; and there we rode from the foot of the Selkirk Mountains till we reached Glacier House close to the top of the pass.

A wonderful two hours' ride that was; the air whizzing past us, the huge engine panting

and grunting at our backs; such a roar in our ears that we couldn't hear each other speak, and mingled feelings of danger and security that were exciting and thrilling indeed. Winding in and out among the mountains the long snake like train went, swiftly and steadily, almost doubling back sometimes round some sharp curve, shooting across wonderful black wooden trestle bridges built just wide enough to take the wheels of the carriages—skeleton bridges through which the eye could penetrate in every direction and clearly discern the torrent, the Illicilliwaet dashing itself about among the rocks below. As we got higher up the pass, the train began to dash in and out of the snow sheds, showing where in winter the dreaded snowslips occur; and backward and forward across the chasms, and winding about among the snow-capped mountains went the track. Presently came a tunnel, and a tunnel when riding on a cowcatcher is a thing to be remembered! I saw the narrow track in front of me vanish in a little black hole in the mountain side, and the next moment we were in that black hole and plunged into utter darkness.

On and on the train rushed with a deafening noise through the cimmerician blackness. I had a vague feeling that I must hold fast for my life, my only idea the confident one that I should see the light presently; the cold, heavy, damp air whizzed past me; my ears were filled with the roar of the train, my eyes ached with staring ahead for the point of light which seemed never coming. Then a tiny flash like a star appeared, and in another moment we were out of the black darkness and into the sunshine, with the green trees dancing in the light and the blue sky above us! Was there ever sky so blue before, or sun that shone so brightly on green pine-trees? Or would ever air again seem so fresh and warm and pure? We looked at each other across the huge engine, and though we couldn't hear ourselves speak, we waved our hands and laughed with joy at being once more out in the open.—*Lady Grey-Egerton, in the North American Review.*

A "No. 1 GOOD KLISSTENING."—The first English child born in the district of Pampanga, in the island of Luzon, certainly deserved what it received, a "No. 1 good klisstening."

No Protestant church nor clergy being permitted in the Philippine Islands, the babies

had to wait for that ceremony till an English war-ship arrived, when the chaplain usually had to do duty wholesale.

On one occasion three children (one being nearly two years old) were baptized in our house, a large shell, locally called "Taclobo," forming an appropriate if novel font.

But on the occasion referred to, the wife of one of the civil engineers on my husband's staff, being Italian and a Roman Catholic, wished her infant to be baptized into that faith, so in that case there were no difficulties in the way.

In order to be present we left Manila early in the morning by steamer, and sailed across the beautiful bay, which is large enough to hold all the fleets of the world. We took three hours to reach the other side, *not* steaming *à la* Teutonic. Meantime, we were regaled with a Spanish breakfast of twelve or more courses, consisting of meat, fowl, eggs, rice, and tomatoes flavored with cuttle-fish, passing on to fish and ending with sweets and a delicious cup of coffee, to our taste usually the best part of the repast.

Having reached the other side of the bay, we entered the Rio Grande de la Pampanga, whose windings were something wonderful, at times almost forming a figure eight.

There were mountains in the distance, but here, as at Manila, the scenery was flat as a pancake.

The banks were wooded in most places with the nipa-tree, a kind of palm (resembling, but smaller than, the coco), from which is produced the so-called *nipa wine*, really a very strong spirit, on which the natives when so disposed can lull themselves into forgetfulness at a small cost. The spirit is also stated to be an excellent remedy for inflammation of the eyes.

Several flocks of white herons rose at our approach; one of them numbered thirty birds, a beautiful sight, their snow-white plumage gleaming in the bright sunlight.

After an hour's steaming up the river we land at Guagua, and drive over a very rough and bad road to San Fernando, a small town in the usual native style—huts made of bamboo and thatched with the long leaves of the coco-palm, the better-class houses of wood, and all raised two or three feet from the ground on account of the floods which in the rainy season transform the place into one vast lake, while the roads alternate between mud in the rainy and dust in the dry season.

The houses are gayly painted in blue and green, crude enough to make æsthetic hair stand on end; their chief beauty generally being the flooring of polished wood, which is often very fine, and I have even seen a flooring of plaited cane, curiously wrought, and rather more elastic than one is accustomed to.

As there is an enormous duty on glass, its place is generally supplied by oyster-shells, cut very fine and set into small squares of wood, forming picturesque windows, which do not serve the usual purpose, for they are not transparent enough to see through, though they very well obscure the too bright light of the tropical sun.

As we arrive at San Fernando the usually sleepy little town is showing signs of a "fiesta" in prospect—flags and decorations of flowers and evergreens, Chinese lanterns in profusion—and crowds are gathering in the streets.

A short rest, a hasty lunch, for already it is time to dress for the great ceremony. A band strikes up under our windows, and the guests begin to arrive. As there are no other Europeans in the place, the god-parents are the chief people of the town, rich Mestizos—that is the name applied to half-native, half-foreign—in this case the foreign element being Chinese.

The godmother is the first to arrive, resplendent in the picturesque and elegant dress worn by all the natives of the Filipinas, rich and poor alike, and which only varies in texture according to position and wealth, the cotton skirt of the poorest peasant being cut in the same style as the silken robe of the rich.

The *commadre* (godmother) wore a *saya*, or skirt of crimson satin, brocaded in amber, the short white *camisa* of *piña*, made from the silk of the pine-apple embroidered so delicately as to resemble lace (its wide sleeves starched so stiffly that they stood out like balloons), while a kerchief of the same material was pinned across the breast. She was literally blazing with diamonds, and was also wearing the upper skirt, called *tapis*, of black brocade, without which no native woman will leave her own dwelling. This is pinned as tightly as possible round the limbs, and makes walking difficult; it is to the native what putting on a bonnet is to an Englishwoman.

By this time most of the guests have arrived, the ladies all in the same style, but in different colors, each with her luxuriant black hair tightly coiled into a glistening twist at

the back of the head, on each side of it a spray of diamonds; indeed, there are diamonds wherever they can be arranged on neck and arms, and even on the shoes. They all wear sandals with an embroidered front and no back; and on one damsel letting her foot peep out from her shoe, behold she wore no stockings!

I made a point of inspecting them one by one, and found that they were all equally innocent of hose. All covered with diamonds, and not a pair of stockings in the crowd!

Indeed, they were rather fond, while enjoying a cigarette, of tilting off the shoe and displaying a brown but small and elegant foot, their hands and feet being remarkably small and well formed.

The men also wore native costume, of course, which consists of a white shirt, often made of "abacá," a thin, semi-transparent material made from hemp, but occasionally of ordinary calico—said garment being worn *outside* of a pair of dark trousers; a stud in the shirt and a ring on a finger worth several hundred pounds being no unusual accompaniment—a combination which to our Western eyes looked rather peculiar. But buying diamonds is their way of investing money, and it is quite common for a man to put all a year's earnings from crops, etc., into a single ornament for his wife, while the number and purity of her gems is an indication of his wealth. False or imitation stones are unknown, and the natives are good judges of the purity and brilliance of these gems.

The street is now a mass of human beings, shouting, laughing, singing, but all merry and good-natured, waiting to see the show. I fear they were sadly disappointed, at least as far as the foreigners were concerned, for the mother of the babe and I were the only European women, and in quiet English dress were not much to look at. But the babe was gorgeous. It was strapped down tightly in a sort of basket which looked like one pillow on top of another, and was nearly smothered in lace. Over everything was thrown a magnificent lace shawl, like a bride's veil, looped up on one side in an immense knot of white ribbon. The infant was carried by the nurse, a cross-looking specimen in rainbow-colored garments.

The ladies donned their black lace mantillas, which hid their faces entirely, and without which they would not enter the holy building. Though only a few yards distant we went in carriages to the church, escorted by

the band, which continued to play vigorously outside of the building all the time of the ceremony.

The church, an immense building, was crammed to the door, and it was with difficulty that way was made for us, but at last we were all in our places in front of the altar, where three *padres* in magnificent vestments were ready to perform the ceremony. Bells were ringing, the organ pealing, while an orchestra added its quota to the noise, and in the din of such mixed sounds we could hear nothing.

We were each given a lighted candle about a yard long, and when I turned round from my place beside the mother it was a curious sight that met my gaze.

The church was quite dark except for the candles on the altars and in our hands, so one saw only vaguely in the background a sea of eager dark faces. Nearer the veiled faces of the women, and standing in a semi-circle round us, our body-guard of fair-faced, handsome Englishmen, each carrying his lighted candle and trying to look solemn as befitted the occasion.

After the usual rites of the Roman Catholic Church, the priests changed their vestments and we all went in procession to a side chapel, where stood the font, and the baptism proper was performed, and the child named Lucy Maria Augusta Faustina Fernanda Fortunata, the first name being for the mother, second for the godmother, third the saint on whose day she was born, and Fernanda in honor of her birthplace.

At last it was all over, and we were thankful to escape from the building, where the heat was suffocating. The band escorted us back to the house, where it continued to play during dinner and at intervals all the evening.

The ladies amused themselves by throwing coppers to the crowd, who scrambled eagerly for them. Fireworks in profusion were sent off, and a reception took place, when all the principal people of the town crowded in to pay their respects.

The noise, the heat, and the fatigue made us really glad when they all took their departure, and allowed us to snatch a few hours rest before our early start on the following morning.

The father of the infant had no part whatever in the day's proceedings. The godparents took the whole management into their own hands, and as the day came to an end, congratulated themselves on its success.

The godfather had picked up from the Chinese a few words of pigeon English, and informed me with pride that they had given the little stranger in their midst a "No. 1 good klistening."—*Good Words*.

THE RIGHT USE OF TOBACCO.—Tobacco consists of the leaves and stalk of a plant charged with an aroma purifying, sustaining, exhilarating, and fragrant to the human being. Like the aroma of a rose, this aroma should be inhaled in the form of cool vapor by the human nose. The chewer, like the cab-horse, eats the leaves and stalk. He uses the tobacco at the right temperature but in the wrong form, and puts it into the wrong place. The snuffer reduces the leaves and stalk to powder, and puts it into his nose. He uses the tobacco at the right temperature and puts it into the right place, but converts it into a wrong form. The cigar smoker gets the tobacco into the right form, but puts it at a wrong temperature into a wrong place. The cigarette smoker blends the filthy rags and other materials out of which paper is made with the tobacco. The pipe smoker puts his tobacco into a receptacle which is used for an indefinite time, is very difficult to clean, and tends to produce cancer of the tongue and lips. Moreover, in all forms of smoking the tobacco becomes saturated with the smoker's breath. This seems to be almost poisonous. It is this which causes the lower half of a smoked cigar, if left on a table for a few hours, to become indescribably rank. It is this which makes the smoke of tobacco in a foul pipe noxious, and the smoke of tobacco not pressed down to the bottom of a clean bowl nauseous, even to the smoker himself. Nature protests against this abuse of her bounty. She tweaks the incipient snuffer's nose. She weakens the cigar smoker's heart, and sometimes threatens him with paralysis. She inflicts cancer of the lips and tongue upon the pipe smoker. A child who sucks a foul pipe she sometimes strikes dead. What is the lesson she is trying to teach? What is the right mode of using her delightful gift? Obviously to reduce it to vapor, to cool the vapor, and to apply the pure cold vapor to the nose. For this end a combination of the hookah and Rimmel's odorizer is all that is needed. If you stand on the grating of a snuff manufactory how delicious is the odor! Such would be the contents of a tobacco scent-bottle, equally exhilarating to both sexes, a disinfectant, a restorative, and a perfume in one!—*Gentleman's Magazine*.